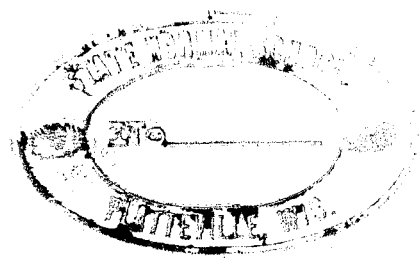

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. II. OCTOBER, 1887. No. 4.

THE PARIS SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS.

By Henry O. Avery.

THE phenomenal results produced by the French School of Fine Arts, which for nearly four and a half centuries has successfully trained men from every civilized country of the earth, is a constant refutation of the criticisms of those who insist that to bring a student in contact with the masters of his art is merely to develop imitative ability through a system of instruction tending to perpetuate mannerisms, cramp individuality, and fetter genius—rather than to stimulate genuine originality.

To believe these critics is to admit that schools of art are monuments of public dereliction that hasten the decay of art and taste, by giving artificial elevation to mediocrity, deadening natural talent, and introducing into the freedom of art an unsalutary degree of the master's authority and interference.

Even as great a genius as Horace Vernet recommended the suppression of the goverment school and academy at Rome. But the long list of artists who, since his time, have obtained their first public recognition and recompenses, while still at the school, proves how disastrous the adoption of his views would have been to the art of France, and those countries which have been influenced by it.

A school that can elevate a nation's taste, which makes itself felt in the smallest article of usefulness that enters into the commerce of the world, has a right to exist, and a mission to maintain, especially while its superiority of standard is sustained through the teachings of men no less famous and world-renowned than Taine, Viollet-le-Duc, Lesueur, Lenoir, Heuzey, and many others, whose writings and lectures explain all the truths and theories of art. It is a rare treat to be shown by such talent how architecture goes through a regular gradation of changes from æsthetic to utilitarian principles—from principles founded upon self-imposed laws of imaginary construction, to those founded on the necessities of actual construction, the one concomitant and co-temporaneous with ideal art, the other with imitative art; to have pointed out these changes, beginning with the Egyptians, whose buildings were hewn out of the rock, when economy was never questioned, and ornament was flat and conventional, all to become, in the hands of the Greek, a style of greater elegance and refinement, though still stable, firm, and severe, with the perfect repose of a system which was complete, simple, integrate, but limited, as the Greeks were moderate, always showing a refined reticence in their work; to note how the Romans, who robbed the column of all pretence of occupation, carried their processes from unity to disintegration, from mass to detail, from æsthetic to utilitarian construction, which finally led to that decadence of truth and beauty, which arrived with the advent of the early Christian ages.

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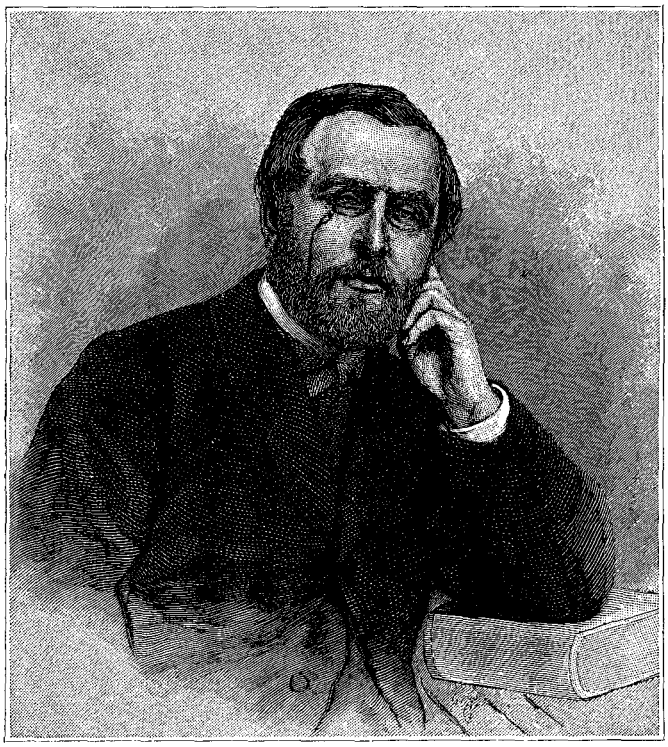

Hippolyte-Adolphe Taine, Professor of Æsthetics, Section of Belles-Lettres.

When Taine speaks, the *élite* of the Parisian art world often mingles with the ambitious students struggling for success. In elegant words, that are often translated in all the principal languages of Europe, he shows how the same changes are made obvious in painting that apply to its sister art, though their chronological sequence may not be so continuous, when mass becomes abandoned for detail, severity for picturesque effect, breadth and simplicity for brilliancy and force, and how by degrees we come to more perfect art while going through the same phases as in architecture, from simplicity, breadth, and largeness, both of style and material, to complexity, detail, realism, and finish.

It is interesting to trace the history of a school whose position and eminence among the art centres and countries of the world is incontestable. It was virtually created more than half a century before the discovery of America, when Charles VII. founded the Academy of St. Luke for the instruction of painting, and gave it special privileges by exempting the professors and members from taxation and military duty. These privileges and powers were confirmed, and even extended, under the various monarchs and the several Louis, until the Fourteenth instituted, at the instigation of his prime minister, Colbert, the "National School of Fine Arts," which he thoroughly organized and equipped, while placing it under the complete control of the Academy, now known as the Institute of France. These great prerogatives were maintained through the dynasties of all the Orleanists, and until the third Napoleon, who changed the organization and arrogated to himself the control of the school, through his Minister of the Fine Arts. The latter penetrated into the councils of the administration, as the emperor insisted that the institution was a service of the state, whose management should be one of the attributes of a ministerial department, regulated and administered by doctrines, rules, and principles in keeping with the theories of Imperialism. This reform, so radical, of a system which had lasted two hundred years, aroused violent recriminations, as the Institute of France saw, with great displeasure, escape from it attributes that had given it a rôle and considerable importance. But time and results have justified the change, and the "Forty Immortals" of the Academy, have since admitted the sagacity of the act, and concede that the transfer of authority was for the best interests of France and its art.

For the encouragement and emulation of about one thousand pupils of the school the state has instituted a large number of medals and cash prizes, to

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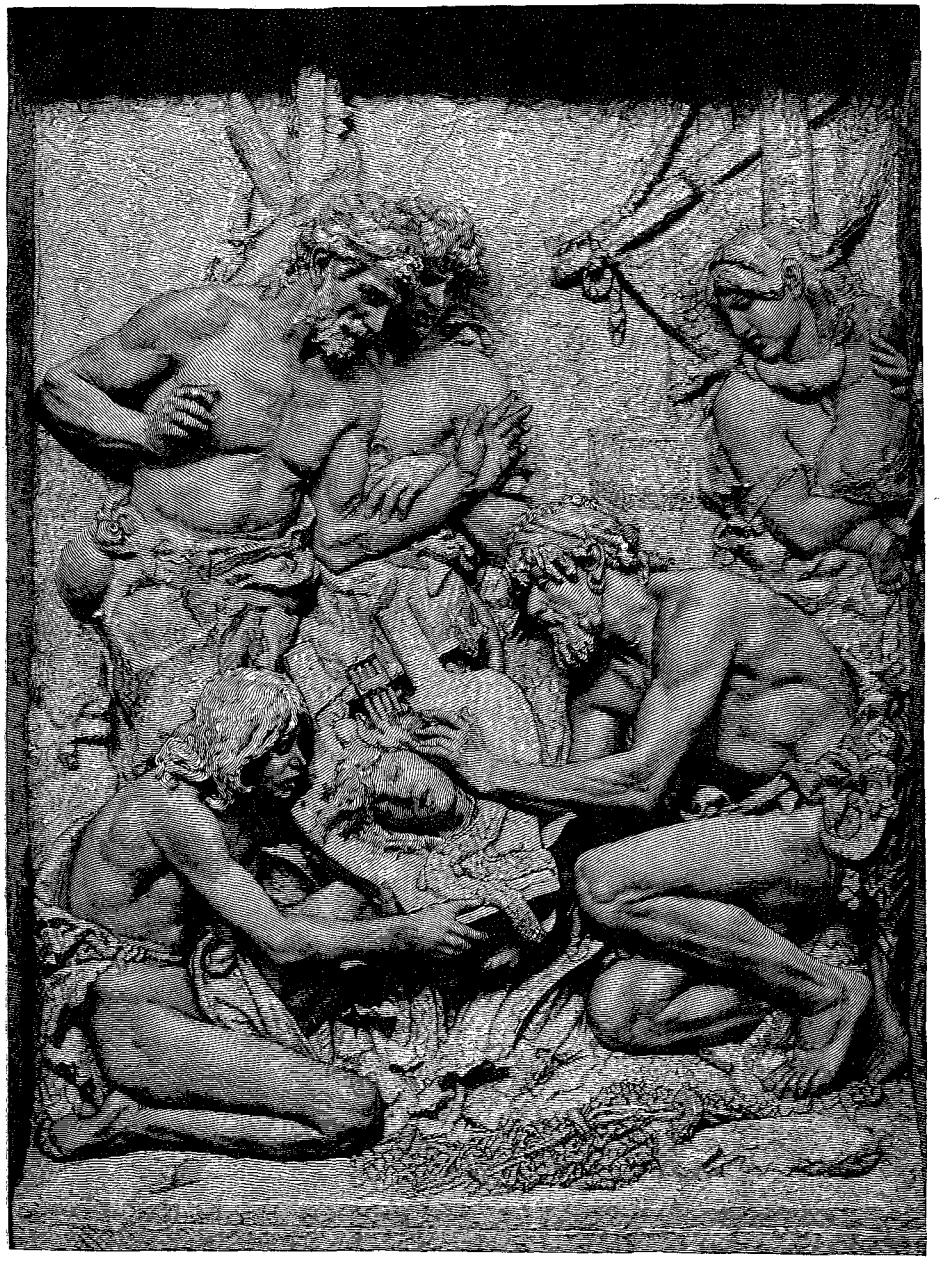

"The Finding of the Head of Orpheus."
Successful sculptor's sketch for the Grand Prize of Rome in 1878.

beauty of the Sicilian tombs, and the antiquities of Greece. This group of copies, studies, and restorations represents heroic efforts, fatiguing journeys for distant researches, discoveries impregnated with talent and intelligent discipline in the investigation of the principles of art and the traditions of antiquity.

The competition for this travelling scholarship is the most exciting of the year; while the results often crush many

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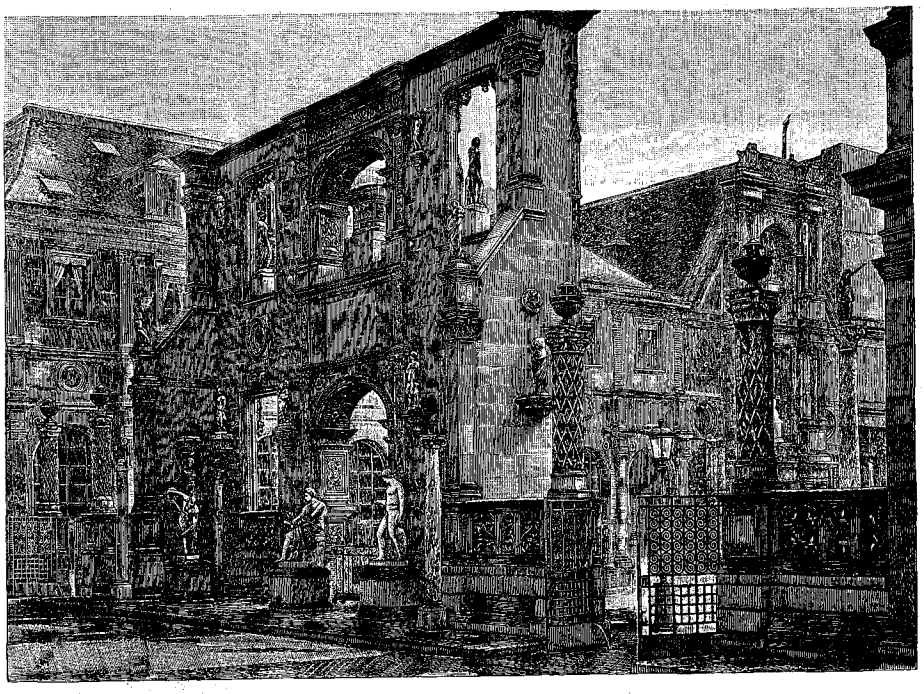

Part of the Château Gaillon.

a heart, and blast many a hope, for only one is chosen, out of an average of two hundred and fifty who annually present themselves in each of the four departments. These are lessened in number by a series of tests, until finally ten from each are selected for the final struggle for the highest gift in the hands of the state. These forty men, brothers in the sister arts, devote their entire strength, energy, and talent for one hundred days, while working, like slaves in a quarry, or criminals in a prison; each competitor is guarded, separate, in a room about fifteen feet square, while the corridors and entrances to the building are controlled by patrolling "guardians." Here they work unaided by assistance or documents. The award, which is made in August of each year, is generally accepted with good grace by the vanquished, and only once in later years has there been any demonstration of dissatisfaction,—when Bastien-Lepage lost the prize by the adverse vote of his own master, Cabanel, who was greeted on his departure from the council-room by a storm of hisses and groans; while a band of discontents, headed by Sarah Bernhardt, the actress, gained access to the exhibition-room, and surrounded the picture of the talented artist with palms and wreaths of immortelles, keeping possession of the place until the fair tragedienne, who was an enthusiastic admirer of the genius of Lepage, was politely requested to retire, and the men were less ceremoniously ejected. A similar, but quieter, protest was made in 1865, when Regnault lost the prize; though he had his revenge the next year, when he was unanimously chosen —a boon that never came to Lepage, though he tried three times.

The list of successful men is a long one, and to give it would be but to repeat the names of the greatest men who have brilliantly figured in the history of cotemporary art in France. During the competitions the government allows each candidate a small pension for his expenses, which has been generously added to by private endowments. The successful man becomes, on receiving the prize, a pensioner of the state for five years in Italy and Greece; has six

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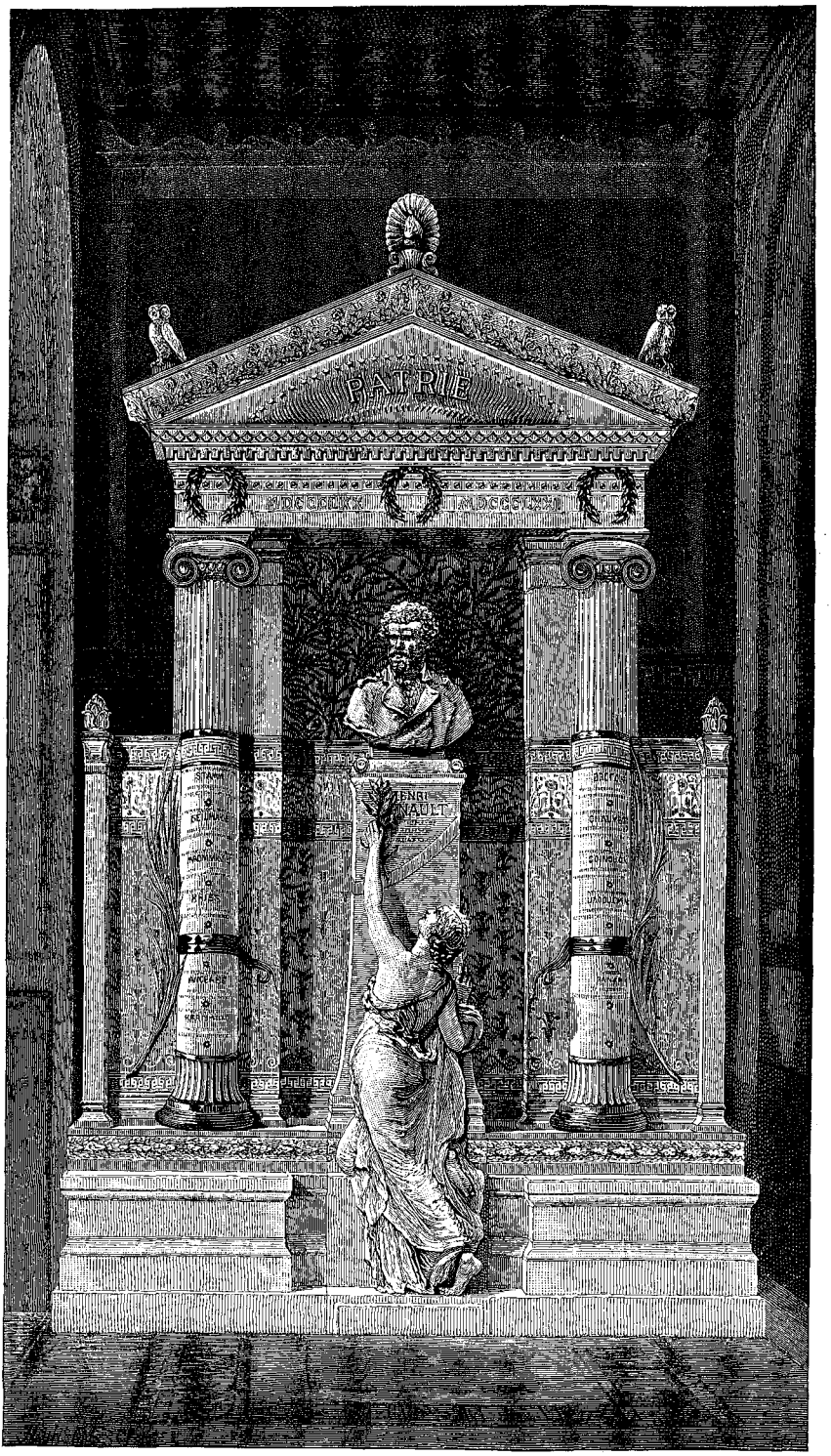

Monument, in the École des Beaux-arts, to Henry Regnault.

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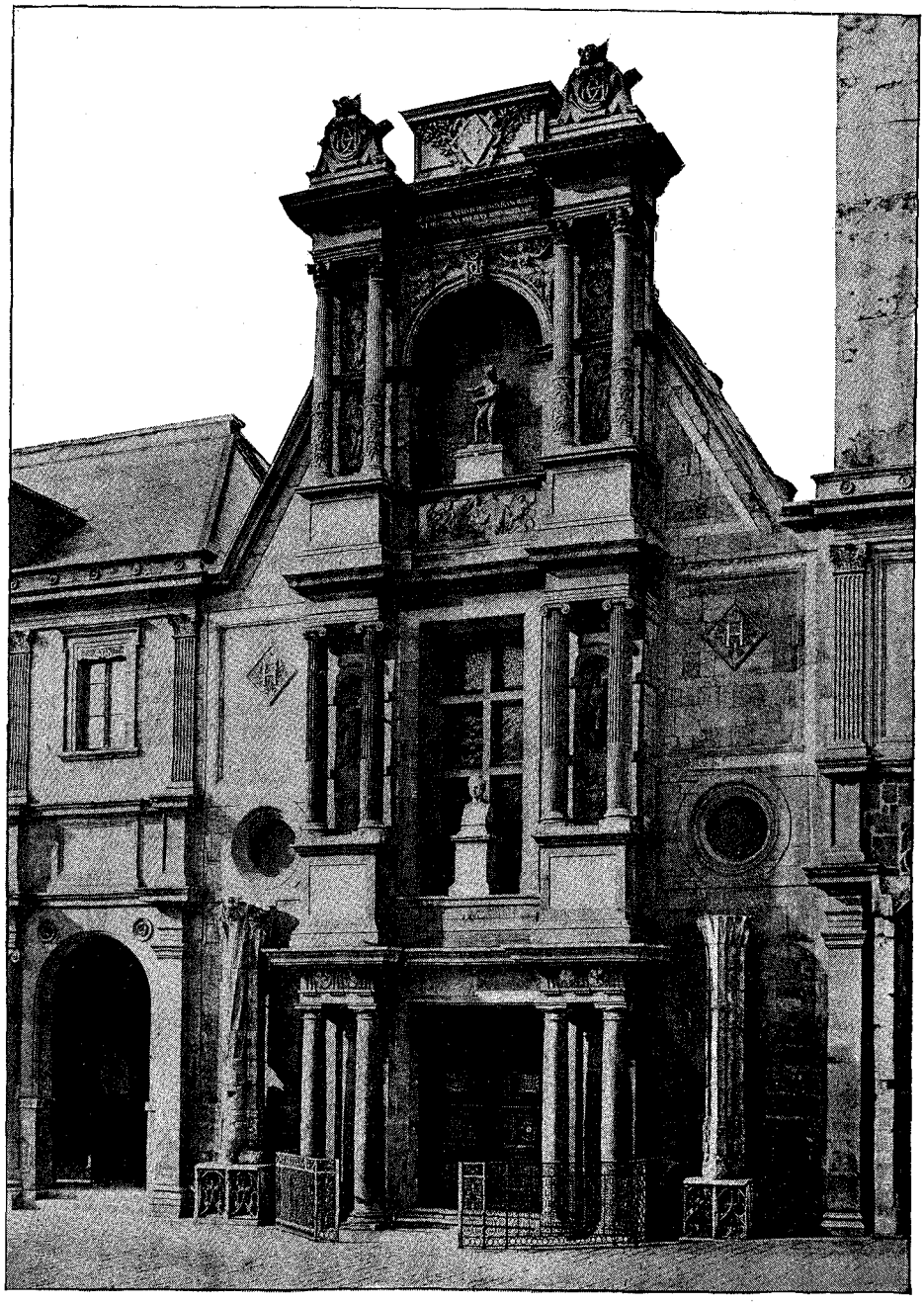

Entrance Court.

hundred dollars a year, besides an allowance of two hundred dollars for travelling expenses; and for three years after his return to France receives six hundred more a year, and an inspectorship on a government cathedral, palace, or building, until his reputation is established—a magnificent encouragement for the culture of the fine arts worthy of copying by the other nations of the earth.

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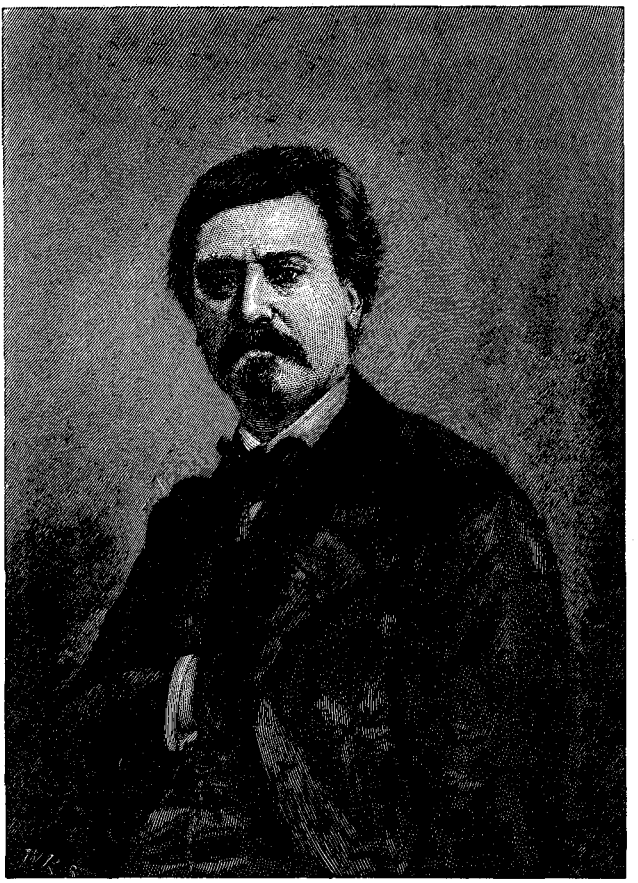
The school is built on the site of the old convent of the St. Augustins, converted, under Henry IV. into a museum of French monuments. The buildings are isolated, irregular, and picturesquely grouped, having been arranged at first more especially to receive the collection of over five hundred architectural fragments of ancient France, than to meet the requirements of a School of Fine Arts. These relics are placed chronologically, in a series of courtyards and halls, themselves built with some of the débris.



Isidore Pils, Professor of Painting.

The incoherency of disposition and unfitness of the arrangement of this series of halls for the necessities of the institution, led the third Napoleon, in the early part of his reign, to employ the famous architect of the Louvre, Félix Duban, to better adapt the buildings to the conveniences of the students and the requirements of the administration; and his genius created a series of studios, amphitheatres, hemicycles, recitation, lecture, examination, and council rooms, with a grand art library and museums of painting, sculpture, and architecture, besides fascinating series of courts, corridors, halls, loggias, and gardens, that are beyond comparison with anything in Europe. Each feature has a varied character, an expressive ornamentation, a philosophical idea to maintain, and a poetic story to tell; nothing has been neglected to excite the young student, either by original works or the copies of great men.

Here, for instance, is a reduction of the Sistine Chapel, with its copy of the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo in the old chapel of the Augustin nuns, and beside it the Loggia of the Vatican, with the Raphael frescos accurately and faithfully repeated, giving to thousands of students of France and other countries the same sensations and pleasures that must have been experienced by those who have lived among the originals. This Loggia is ably seconded by porticos, where are presented, restored into a frieze, with majestic continuity, the famous reliefs of the Partheniæ; while the large entrance-court is virtually incrusted with endless fragments, which admirably tell the fascinating story of the dawn of France's second Renaissance, and which have been so cleverly adapted to the surrounding buildings as to appear members of them rather than ornaments. Finally, what remained of the débris collected after the sacrilegious ravages of the Revolution has been used in a second inner court, in so picturesque a way—

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framed in, reanimated, and reconstructed—that the ruins have become a monument. Nothing could be more perfect than these two courts, beginning with the Châteaux of Gaillon and Amboise, and leading through fragments of successive

Jules André, Professor of Architecture.

centuries down to the main building of the school, in the correct and elegant style of later times, with its long series of marbles copied from the antique by the prizemen at Rome.

These courts should be seen early in the day, through the slanting rays of the morning sun, casting its long shadows; for then no noise disturbs the visitor, for whom the place is no longer a court, but rather appears the entrance of an Italian palace, with its many fragments that seem to announce the approach to a museum. For a while one is transported to that part of Northern Italy ornamented by the clever Lombards who were called to Rome by the popes; then he imagines himself in Florence, in an unknown promenade, not far from the old palace; while it seems as though a few steps only would bring him before the Loggia of the Lanzi or the Palace of the Strozzi, so true is the harmony of the disposition and the arrangement of the detail.

In the gardens, farther removed, another order of sensations begins, for we are transported near to Rome, to a corner of a villa that recalls the habits and tastes of the Roman princes; on the lawns rise isolated columns of marble, supporting only their own capitals, like the votive pillars of the Forum, while all is surrounded by a row of ruined vine-covered arcades, within the shade of which are thrown, with an art full of abandon, capitals, cornices, friezes, and débris of many a ruined French monument, worthy to rival those of Greece and Rome; a high sculptured fountain spreads its freshness and tempts one on to the old cloister of the Augustin nuns, which has been transformed into a Pompeian atrium, the upper floor having the character of the Campagna homes of old; while the mulberry-tree in the corner, the lawns, the flowers, and the single jet of water in the centre Etruscan basin, all surrounded by the warm-tinted arcades, with marble floor-mosaics, on which rest statuettes in every nook and corner, transport one within the very walls of a Roman house.

In the presence of these courts, gardens, and cloisters one experiences an indescribable feeling of calm; and a serenity here creeps over the brain of the dweller in a large city which shows how great must have been the genius of Duban to be able so to express what he felt in his artistic being—to bring here and perpetuate, for others, what he himself loved and the joys he felt in his travels. The students are justly proud of the school, and grateful to the artist, poet, and dilettante who knew how to transform it from a place of study into this enchanting one, and create for them a palace that for richness of effect is equal to Pompeii and for originality is worthy of the best periods of the Renaissance.

With all this general effect of high artistic beauty another aim was successfully joined by the architect, which was to present in detail to the students facsimiles and replicas of the most famous works existing in the world of art. This has been successfully accomplished in various picturesque ways; for in the large Exhibition "Hall of Melpomene" are the celebrated prophets and sibyls of Michael Angelo and the masterpieces of Raphael and others; in a "Hall of Models" are graphically and intelligently presented, in cork, the entire range of Egyptian, Greek, Roman, and me-

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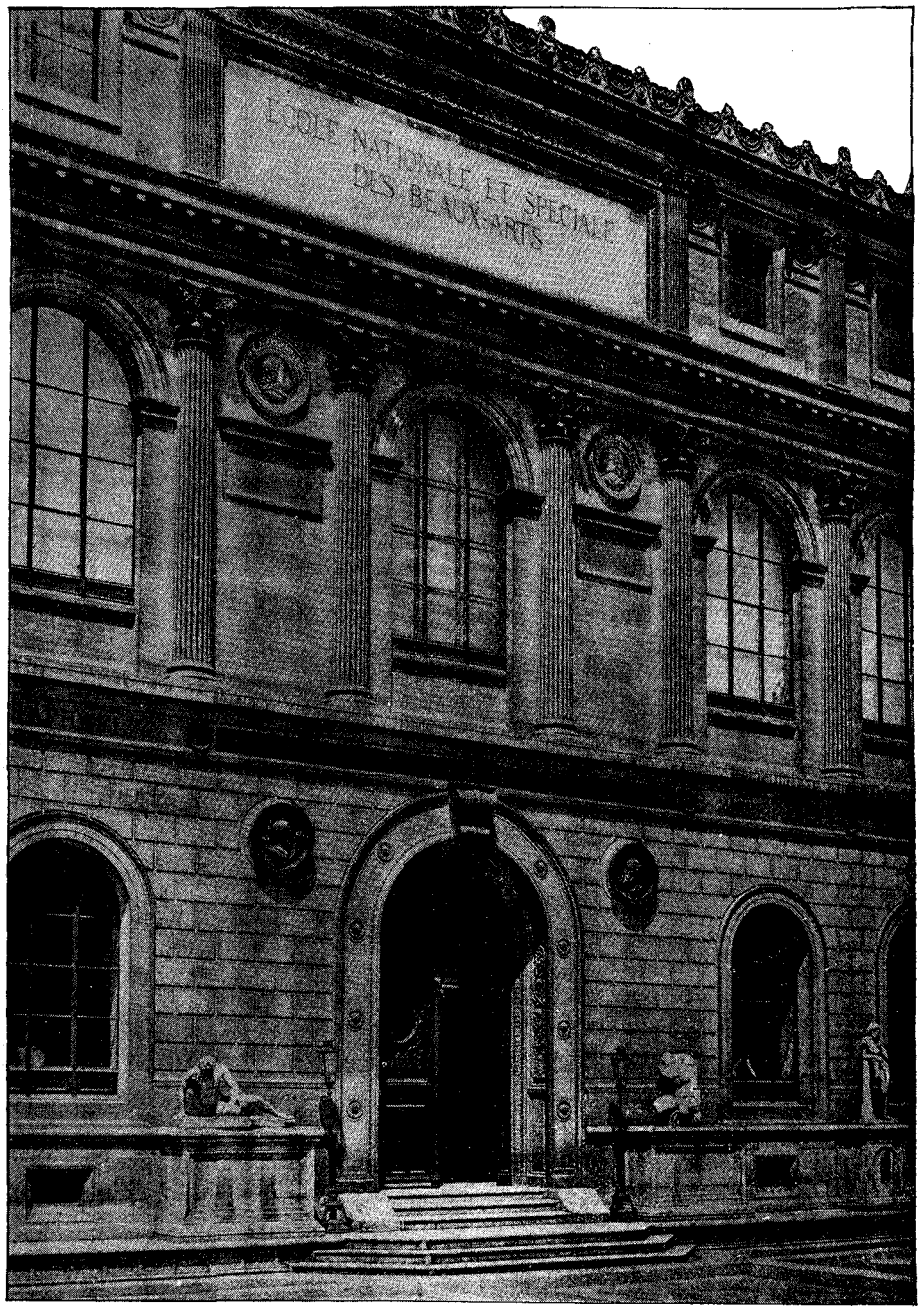

School and Library Entrance.

diæval architecture; while in the famous "Gallery of Casts," the largest and finest in the world, rise, grand and majestic, above the thousands of other objects, the full-size columns of the Parthenon and the Temple of Jupiter Stator. These casts, in endless rooms, halls, and corridors, all grand types, appear as mute teachers, who seem to say to the student: "In us are contained the secret of beauty and

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Exhibition Entrance.

proportion, and the highest expression of true art; do not copy us, but remember the laws that control us; do not imitate, but create, by returning to simplicity and grandeur, while writing naturally, and without affectation and pretension, that beautiful universal tongue called art. Be thinkers, besides observers; and, above all, maintain in France that initiative which, in the arts, has procured for her so

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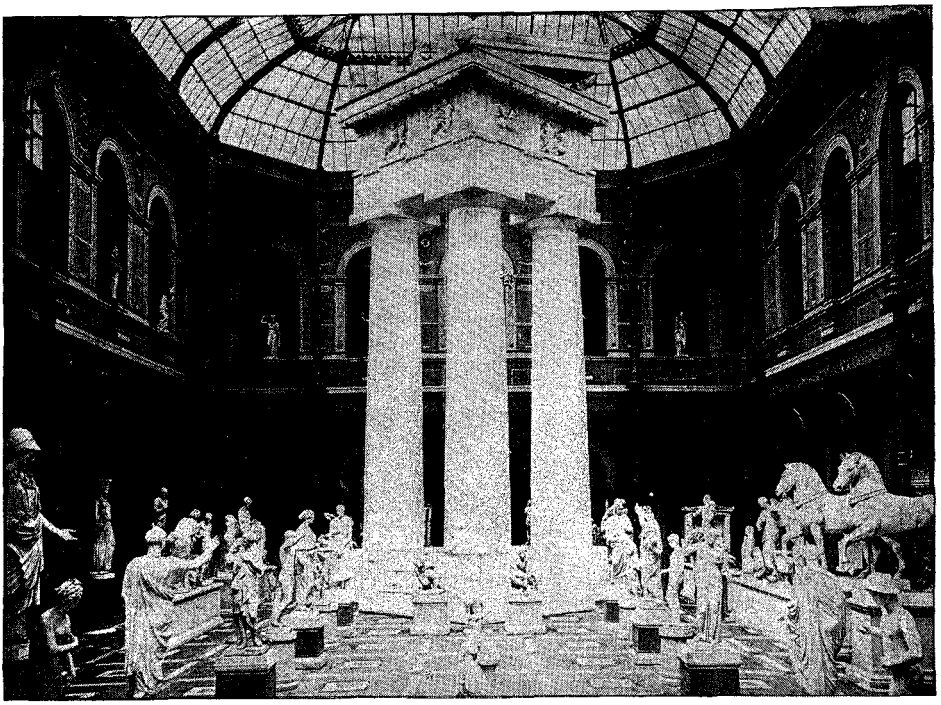

The Gallery of Casts.

many victories and such constant supremacy."

As a fit place for the annual distribution of prizes, the "Hemicycle," or semicircular amphitheatre, was planned; and afterward made famous by Paul Delaroche, who decorated its walls with a group of men assembled, for the distribution of recompenses to successful talent, before the greatest artists of every age and country from the age of Pericles down to that of Louis XIV. Seated in a Temple of Fame are Apelles, Phidias, and Ictinus, who preside by right of their antique fame, surrounded by four female figures, who represent, collectively, the theory of art, and separately personify the four great influences—Greek Art, Roman Art, Gothic Art, and the Renaissance—which have controlled the forms of its development. In this magnificent Pantheon the successful students in painting, sculpture, and architecture appear to receive their crowns, as though from the very hands of Apelles, Phidias, and Ictinus themselves.

As to the practical workings of the school, it has a perfect system of training in all the departments of art that are necessary for a complete comprehension of the requirements of the branches undertaken, both practical and theoretical. The methods of instruction have always been criticised by foreign governments, who were jealous of the school's prestige and wide-felt influence, and who claimed that the theories advanced tended to perpetuate prejudiced ideas and doctrines based upon classic traditions that belong to the past, and prevented fresh and vigorous individuality from receiving encouragement and recognition. But this is only partly true, as the large corps of French professors never attempt to reduce the instruction to a formula—knowing that art eludes any attempt to analyze it, or fix its principles by logical deductions. They are always men of eminence, whose knowledge never stifles their inspirations, and the choice of any one is left to the taste of the pupil on entering the school. Ingres, in the first half of this century, and the celebrated trio, Cabanel, Gérôme, and Pils, under the second empire and republic, with Jules André, the celebrated architect, have here shaped the art of France,

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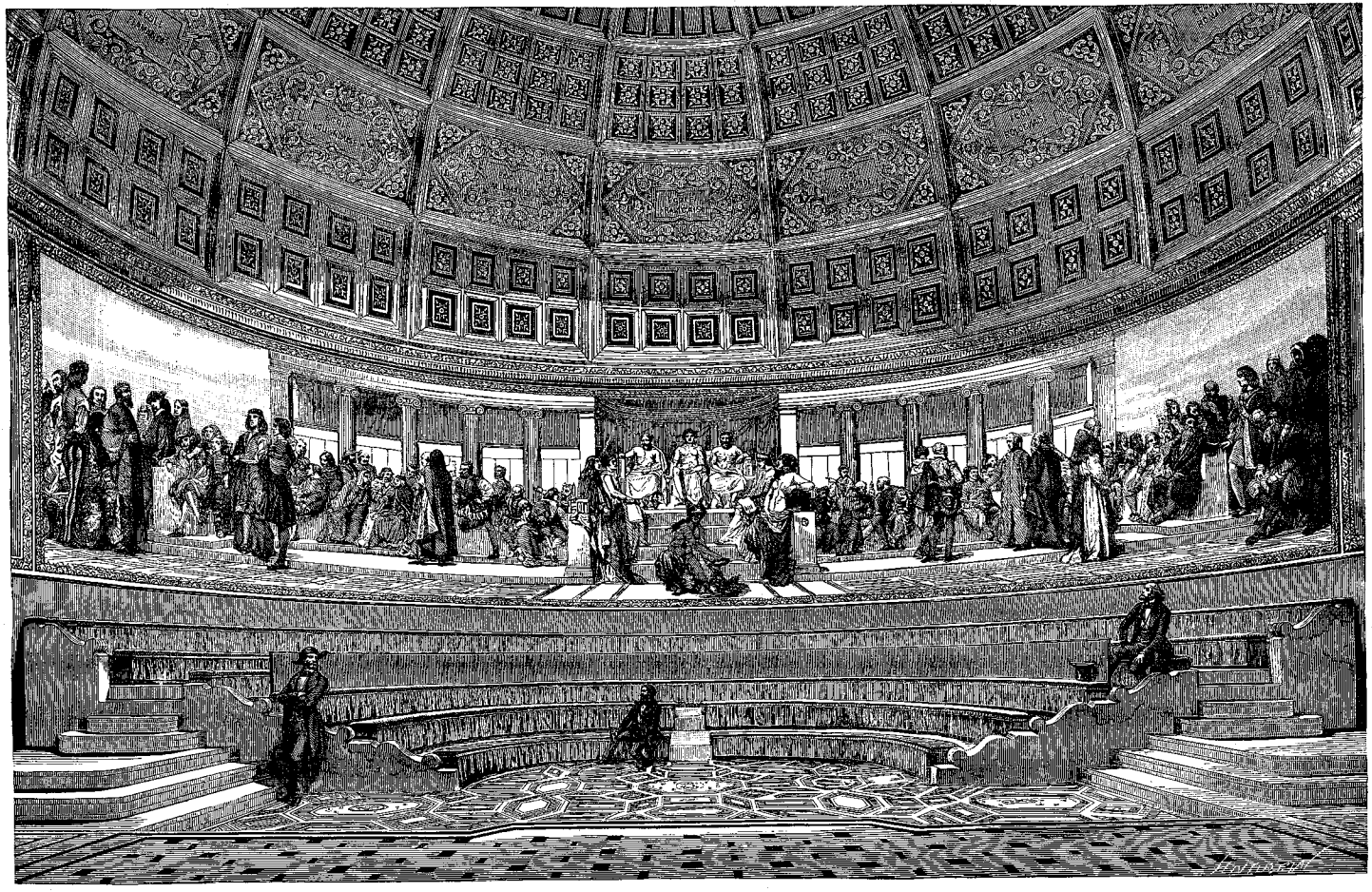

The Hemicycle.

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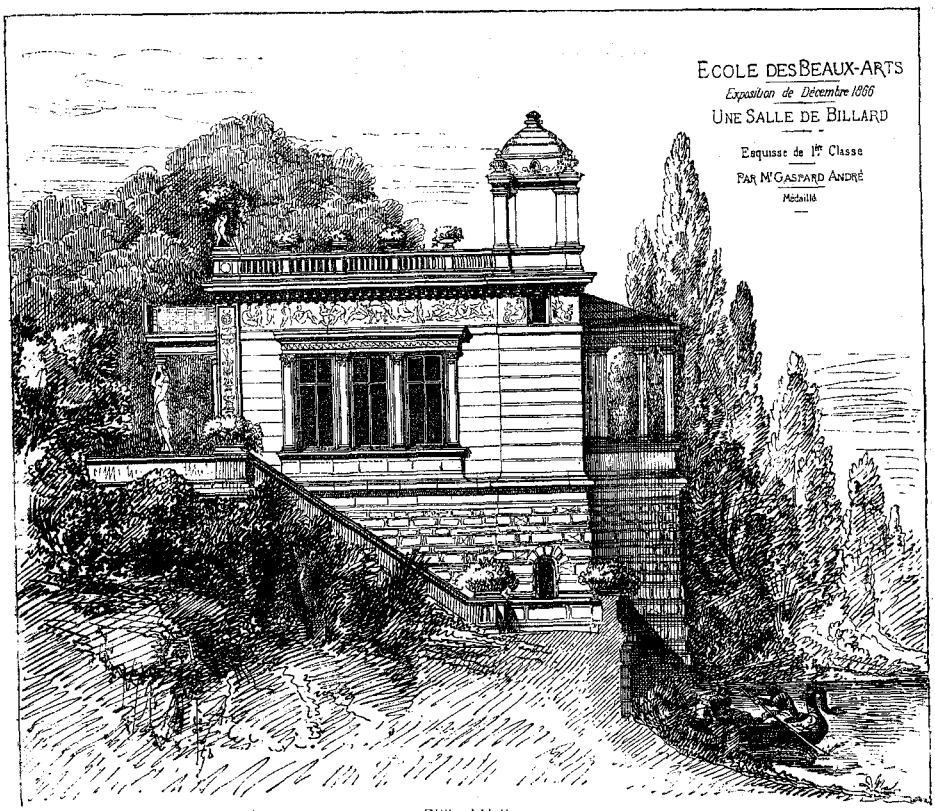

Billiard Hall.

Successful sketch for the architectural Grand Prize of Rome, 1866.

and made its progress sure and unchangeable.

The vast collection of models, copies, and originals already mentioned forms the most conspicuous feature in the system of instruction, which elevates it above any other of its kind in the world; while lectures are made a prominent factor, by men eminent in their respective fields, in branches such as history of art, anatomy, perspective, ornament, costumes, archæology, and æsthetics. These are for the painters, sculptors, and engravers; and for the architects, besides some of the above, there are others on architectural history, architectural theory, building legislation, physics, chemistry, universal history, literature, decorative composition, construction (both theoretical and practical), plain and descriptive geometry, stereotomy, and mathematics (from the first principles of arithmetic to the highest branch of mechanics).

The training in the sister arts of painting, sculpture, and engraving is as much theoretical as practical, and presence at the lectures and attendance at the competitions is never made obligatory to the student; whereas the architects are treated with more strictness and severity. As painting and sculpture are called the poetry of art, so architecture may be considered the prose, whose principles are truthfulness, good-sense, and perspicuity, which require considerations of method, order, form, clearness, precision, and sobriety in the work, and in the student the qualities of a quick and sensitive intelligence and an open, flexible, and cultivated mind.

Of course the higher walks of either art, that grow eloquent and rhythmical, poetic in purpose, aiming at expression of sentiment, can only be trod by men of genius; but the training of the school produces an endless array of men of talent.

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The lectures are mostly given, when feasible, in the early morning, in the various coquettish hemicycles and amphitheatres, planned for these purposes, where two or three guardians, in their peculiar cloaks of the first empire, and cocked hats, are always required to keep the restless and obstreperous Frenchmen from guying the professors or chaffing their neighbors. The rest of the work is done in the *ateliers*, or studios, many of which are private and in various parts of the city of Paris, as the government cannot accommodate more than half of the one thousand pupils who are in constant attendance. The painters draw from the cast, antique figure, and life, and afterward draw and paint from life, according to the grade of the student, the master criticising twice, at the beginning and end of the week, to show how a drawing is begun, and then to tell how well or how badly it is finished, according to circumstances. The models pose from seven till twelve in the morning, when regular attendance is required, or the pupil's right to a place is endangered; occasionally, a corpse of a fine form of humanity is sent over from the Hôtel Dieu, for the students to dissect and study. A strong feature of the school is "Yvon's class" in drawing from life, during the declining hours of the afternoon, when the dusk prevents the safe use of color. The struggle for "place" in this limited amphitheatre is always great, and creates the highest rivalry and feeling among the pupils; it is a common thing to find Americans enrolled in the front of the list, after an exciting competition.

The sculptors are subjected to the same severe training as the painters, only working in modelling-clay instead of pigments; while the engravers on steel, copper, gems, and die-sinkers are first obliged to model in clay and draw from life for a year or two, as if they seriously intended to become either sculptors or painters; and this severe but splendid régime is the secret of the demand for their work in after-life in all the art centres of Europe. The architects, like the others, work in numerous studios, where they pursue, under the control of eminent masters, the studies prescribed by the administration, and then qualify themselves at the examinations (held twice a year): First, for the admission to the school itself—the most severe test of all—in the rudiments of the above-named branches; besides an examination of artistic worth and capacity in the art selected; and then for advancement to the grades of second and, later, first class; finally, they appear for the diploma of capacity, to reach which takes an attendance of about six years of earnest and conscientious application.

The system of the school in all its departments is by *concours*, or competitions, which is the only sufficient agency for bringing out the men's powers.

The student passes from grade to grade by these *concours*, and emulation is the watchword for all. For this reason the men collect, on certain days, in a building adapted to the purpose, where each pupil stands in a stall, like a horse, hid from his neighbor, from nine in the morning until nine at night, forbidden to leave, except from absolute necessity or to eat his two meals furnished by the administration. The meal-hour is always a turbulent one, ending invariably in the heated political discussion inseparable from a large gathering of Frenchmen, and often taking such a serious turn that the large corps of guardians sent in by the superior officer of the school, for surveillance, are obliged to charge on the men and drive them back into their dens for the afternoon's work. The walls and stalls of these rooms are literally covered with humorous and telling caricatures by men who have since taken high positions in their arts. Bastien-Lepage as an emperor, and Regnault, on horseback, as a conquering Gaul returning to his native city—though drawn for and intended as caricatures, were none the less prophetic of the triumphant places these two men achieved in the world of art.

While in the "stalls," a programme is given for a problem to be executed in oil, clay, or pencil, according to the department, in a week, month, or two months, according to its character. At the end of the day an *esquisse*, or sketch, made entirely without documents of reference, is left behind with

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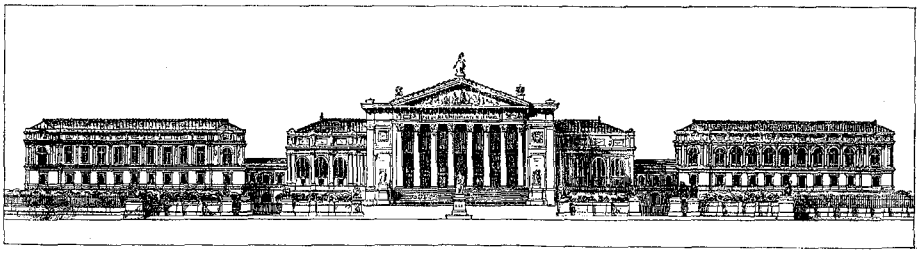
an officer of the school, which shows how the requirements of the programme are to be met. This sketch, a copy or tracing of which is carried away by the student, is developed in the different studios, under the supervision and counsel of the respective masters, and finally handed in, in the shape of highly finished drawings or models, on the prescribed day; and then judged by a jury of a dozen or more men, which awards honorable mentions for the first, or elementary, grades, and medals or cash prizes for the higher classes—except to those who have deviated too much from the original sketch, who are therefore withdrawn from the competition. A feature that is conceded to be the best of all is the monthly gathering of the pupils in the "stalls," where the programme given is required to be composed, studied, elaborated, and finished, all in twelve hours—a splendid exercise that has given the French that extraordinary facility for expressing, in a few touches of the brush, pencil, or tool, what they feel, and for which they are justly famous.

The elaborate system of instruction which has been thus described is guided by a director, secretary, librarian, and a large number of subordinates, aided by a large faculty, who, in turn, are assisted in their decisions of the competitions of emulation by a commission of twenty honorary members, selected from the most distinguished artists.

These eminent professors and their predecessors have made the School of Fine Arts what it is to-day; in early days, before its proper development, the artists only walked in the paths opened for them by the Florentine and Roman masters. The Dutch and Flemish schools, though they enjoyed great prestige, and though they had some great men, yet taught art without thought, imitation without ideality or poetry, and encouraged a servile copying of nature, with extraordinary minuteness of workmanship, that lessened the artistic faculty. The French saw and felt that art should be elevated by thought, poetry, philosophy, and Christian sentiment; so that they have produced a species of art which was at all times truly and conspicuously original.

As the three Louis were great patrons of ecclesiastical art, their dynasties developed the religious ideal; the Revolution created the philosophical ideal. This was followed, under Louis Philippe, by the Romanticists, who fought against the large canvases of the first empire and produced the Orientalists, from whom outgrew the Realists of our day. But through all these struggles France has always possessed a true school, which has produced a succession of great men, always upholding its traditions—men who have united nobleness and dignity of form to the most conscientious adherence to nature, and who have brought to the service of their realism a profound knowledge of coloring, a correctness of design, and truth of expression, which have won for them the highest positions in the hierarchy of art.



Houses of Parliament.

Successful sketch for the architectural Grand Prize of Rome, 1872.

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SETH'S BROTHER'S WIFE.

By Harold Frederic.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MILTON'S ASPIRATIONS.

THE lamps were lighted in the little partitioned-off square which served as the editorial room of the *Banner*, when John returned. He found Seth weakly striving to write something for the editorial page, and in substance laid the situation before him. He was not feeling very amiably toward his young brother at the moment, and he spoke with cold distinctness. The tone was lost upon Seth, who said, wearily:

"I don't see that it makes much difference—her refusing. What good would it have done, if she *had* gone to Annie? She could only tell her that she had abandoned such and such ideas. That isn't what counts. The fact of importance is that she ever entertained them, that they ever existed. To my notion, there's nothing to do but to wait and see what comes of Beekman's suspicions. What do you think of them, anyway? I have been trying to imagine what he is aiming at, but it puzzles me. What do you think?"

"To tell the truth, I haven't been thinking of that. My mind has been occupied with the female aspects of the thing. I'm not impatient. Evidently, Beekman and Ansdell think they have got hold of something. They are not the men to go off on a wild-goose chase. Very good; I can wait until they are ready to explain. But what I can't wait for—or bear to think about—is poor Annie, suffering as she must be suffering to have written that letter."

"Yes, I've thought of that, too, but I'm helpless. I can't think of anything; I can't do anything."

"You don't seem to be of much use, for a fact," mused the brother. "I'll tell you what I'll do, if you think best. To-morrow afternoon, after I've seen Ansdell, or before that if he doesn't come, I will go over and see Annie myself. I can go over to the school-house by the back road, and walk home with her. Perhaps by that time, too, I shall have something tangible to explain to her. Until then, I suppose she must continue in suspense. It is the penance she ought to do, I dare say"—the brother added this in mildly sarcastic rebuke—"for the luxury of being in love with such a transcendent genius as you are."

Something like an hour before this, Annie had dismissed her classes and locked up the school-house for the night. As she did so, she mentally wondered if she should ever have the strength to walk home.

The day had been one long-drawn-out torture, from its first waking moments; indeed, there seemed to have been nothing but anguish since her interview with Isabel, the previous day—not even the oblivion of sleep. Her impulse, and her grandmother's advice, had been to remain at home; but she had already left the school unopened on the fatal Tuesday, in the shock of the news of Albert's death; to absent herself a second day might prejudice the trustees against her. Besides, the occupation might serve to divert her thoughts.

Perhaps the trustees were satisfied, she said to herself now, locking the door; but there certainly had been no relief in the day's labor. The little children had been unwontedly stupid and trying; the older boys, some of them almost of her own age, had never before seemed so unruly and loutishly impertinent. Even these experiences alone would have availed to discourage her; as it was, they added the stinging of insects to her great heartache. With some organizations, the lesser pain nullifies the other. She seemed to have a capacity for suffering, now, which took in, and made the most of, every element of agony, great and small. She turned from the rusty, squat little old building and began her journey homeward, with hanging head, and a deadly sense of weakness, physical and spiritual, crushing her whole being.

Milton Squires had been watching for her appearance for some time, from a

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sheltering ridge of berry-bushes and wall beyond the school, and he hurried now to overtake her, clumsily professing surprise at the meeting.

"I jes' happened up this way," he said. "Dunnao *when* I be'n up here on this road b'fore. Never dreampt o' seein' yeou."

She made answer of some sort, as unintelligible and meaningless to herself as to him. She did not know whether it was a relief or otherwise that he was evidently going to walk home with her. Perhaps, if she let him do all the talking, the companionship would help her to get over the ordeal of the return less miserably. But she could not, and she would not, talk.

"I kind o' thought mebbe you'd shet up schewl for a week'r sao," he proceeded, ingratiatingly; "but then ag'in, I said to m'self, 'No, siree, she ain't thet kine of a gal. Ef she's got any work to dew, she jes' does it, rain'r shine.' Thet's what I said. Pooty bad business, wa'n't it, this death of yer cousin?"

"Dreadful!" she murmured, wishing he would talk of something else.

"Yes, sir; it's about's bad's they make 'em. Some queer things 'baout it, tew. I s'pose yeh ain't heerd no gossup 'baout it, hev yeh?"

"No," she whispered, with a sinking heart; a real effort was needed to speak the other words: "What gossip? Is there gossip?"

"Dunnao's yeh kin call it real gossup. P'raps nobuddy else won't 'spicion nothin'. But to me they's some things 'baout it that looks darned cur'ous. Of caourse, it ain't none o' my business to blab 'baout the thing."

"No, of course."

These little words, spoken falteringly, confirmed all that Milton had wished to learn the truth about. Over night a stupendous scheme had budded, unfolded, blossomed in his mind. Originally, his primitive intellect had gone no further than the simple idea of committing homicide under circumstances which would inevitably point to an accident. The plan was clever in its very nakedness. But through some row among the women, probably out of jealousy, the hint of murder had been raised, and coupled with Seth's name. If this hint ripened into a suspicion and an inquiry, a new situation would be created; but Milton could not see any peril in it for him, for Seth would obviously be involved. But it would be better if no questions of murder were raised at all, and matters were allowed to stand. This would not only place Milton's security beyond peradventure, but it would give him a tremendous grip upon Annie. It was in this direction that his mind had been working steadily since he heard of Annie's suspicions. The opportunity seemed to have come for placing the cap-stone of acquisition upon the edifice of desire he had so long and patiently been rearing.

As for the poor girl, she had reasoned herself out of the suspicion of Seth's guilt a thousand times, only to find herself hopelessly relapsing into the quagmire. Milton's hints came with cruel force to drag her back now, this time lower than ever. Even he seemed to know of it, but he proposed to maintain silence. Of course, he *must* be induced to keep silent. Oh! the agony of her thoughts!

"You'n' Seth was allus kine o' fr'en'ly," he proceeded, "way back f'm th' time yeh was boys 'n' gals."

"Yes, we always were."

"'N' they used to say, daown to th' corners, that yeou two was baoun' to make a match of it."

"There wasn't anything in that at all!" She spoke decisively, almost peremptorily.

"Oh, they wa'n't, ay?" There was evident jubilation in his tone. "Never was nothin' in that talk, ay?"

"No, nothing."

The pair walked along on the side of the descending road silently for some moments. A farmer passed them, hauling a load of pumpkins up the hill, and exchanged a nod of salutation with Milton. This farmer remarked at his supper-table, an hour later, to his wife: "I'd bet a yoke o' oxen thet Milton Squires is a-makin' up to the schewl-teacher. I seed 'em walkin' togither daown th' hill, to-night, 'n' he was a-lookin' at her like a bear at a sap-trough. It fairly made me grit my teeth to see him, with his broadcloth cloze, 'n' his watch-chain, 'n' his ongainly ways." To which his help-

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meet acidulously responded: "Well, I dunnao's she c'd dew much better. She's gittin' pooty well along; 'n' fer all his ongainly ways, I don't see but what he comes on 'baout's well's some o' them thet runs him daown. A gal can't jedge much by a man's ways haow he'll turn aout afterwards. *I* thought *I'd* got a prize." Whereupon the honest yeoman chose silence as the better part.

The red sun was hanging in a purplish haze over the edge of the hill as the two descended, and the leaves from Farmer Perkins's maples rustled softly under their feet. Milton drew near his subject:

"I've be'n gittin' on in th' world sence yeou fust knew me, hain't I?"

"Yes, everybody says so."

"'N' yit everybody don't knaow half of it. I ain't no han' to tell all I knaow. Ef some folks c'd guess th' speckle-ations I be'n in, 'n' th' cash I've got aout in mor'giges, 'n' sao on, it'd make 'em open their eyes. It's th' still saow thet gits th' swill, as my mother use' to say, 'n' I've be'n still enough 'baout it, I guess."

His coarse chuckle jarred on the girl's nerves, but the importance of placating him was uppermost in her mind, and she answered, as pleasantly as she could:

"I'm sure I'm glad, Milton. You have worked hard all your life, and you deserve it."

"Yeh *air* glad, reely naow?"

"Why, yes! Why shouldn't I be? It always pleases me to hear of people's prosperity."

"But me purtic'ly?" he persisted, earnestly.

"Oh, yes," she replied, absent-mindedly. Then the odd nature of the question occurred to her, but she was too distrait to think consecutively, and she added no comment to her answer.

"Well, it eases me to hear yeh say thet," he went on, with awkward deliberation, "fer they's somethin' I've be'n wantin' to say to yeh for a long time. I don't s'paose you reelize hoaw well off I am?"

She did not answer. Her mind seemed to refuse to act, and she heard only the sound of his words. He took her reply for granted, and continued:

"I c'd e'en a'most buy up thet farm there"—pointing over to the Fairchild acres on the slope, now within sight—"'n' I ain't so all-fired sure yit that I won't, nuther! But what's the good 'o money, onless yeh kin git what yeh want with it, ay?"

The impulse of her soul-weariness was to let this aimless question pass like the other, without reply. But she was reminded of the importance of being pleasant to this tedious man, and so answered, entirely at random:

"What is it you want, Milton?"

"I dunnao—I'm kind o' feared o' puttin' my foot in it; yeh won't be mad if I tell yeh?"

"Why, no; of course not. What is it?"

"Well, then," he blurted out, "I want *yeou!*"

The girl looked dumbly at him, at first not realizing at all the meaning of his words, then held as in a vice between the disposition to reply to him as he deserved and the danger, the terrible danger, of angering him. There fluttered through her senses, too, a mad kind of yearning to shriek with laughter—born of the hysterical state of her long-oppressed nerves. She eventually neither rebuked nor laughed, but said, vacuously:

"Want *me?*"

"Ef yeou'll marry me, I'll make one o' th' fust ladies o' Dearb'rn Caounty aout o' yeh. Yeh need never lay yer finger to a stitch o' work ag'in, no more'n Is'bel did, daown yander." He spoke eagerly, with more emotion in his strident voice than she had ever heard there before.

The difficulty of her position crushed her courage. Of course she must say no, but how do it without affronting him? The idea of reasoning him gently out of the preposterous wish came to her.

"This is some flying notion in your head, Milton," she said, civilly. "You will have forgotten it by next week."

"Forgott'n it, ay! Yeh think sao? What'f I told yeh I hain't thought o' nothin' else fur nigh onto ten year?"

His tone was too earnest and excited to render further trifling safe. He pulled out of an inner pocket and held up before her a little, irregularly squared tin-type, which she recognized as having been made in whimsical bur-

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lesque of her lineaments by an itinerant photographer years before.

"How did you come by that?" she asked, to gain time.

"I got it fr'm th' man thet made it, 'n' I paid a dollar-bill fer it, tew," he answered, triumphantly; "'n' I've kep' it by me ever sence!"

After a pause she said, as calmly as she could: "I never dreamed that such a thought had entered your head. Of course, it—it can't be."

"Why not, I'd like to knaow?" he demanded. "Don't yeh b'lieve what I've told yeh 'baout my bein' well off?"

"That hasn't anything to do with it. There are other reasons—a good many other reasons."

"What air they?" His tone was peremptory.

"I don't know that I can explain them to you. But truly there are so many of them—and your words took me so wholly by surprise that—that——"

"Yeh needn't mince matters! I *knaow!* Yeh hev sot yer idees on Seth! Yeh needn't tell me yeh hain't!"

"I won't talk with you at all if you shout at me in that way, and contradict me flat when I assure you to the contrary."

Milton paused for a moment, to consider the situation. They were approaching the poplars now, along the lonely turnpike, and the conversation could not be much protracted. What he had to say must be said without delay. But what was it that he wished to say? A dozen inchoate plans rose amorphously to the surface of his mind—to cajole her, to strive further to impress her with his wealth, to entreat her, to attempt to bully her. This last resource ran best with his mood, but there were difficulties. Annie was the reverse of a cowardly girl; there was nothing timid or tremulous about her; if he attempted to intimidate her, the enterprise would most probably be a ridiculous failure, for he stood too much in awe of her self-reliance and intelligence to have confidence in his own mastery. But stay—she was fearful about Seth. Whether it was true or not that she had no idea of marrying her cousin, she was evidently solicitous for his safety. An idea born of this conclusion swiftly engrafted itself upon the hired man's general strategy. He lifted his light, shifty eyes from the grass of the roadside-path to her face, once more, and said:

"Well, ef you're a mine to be mean, I kin be mean, tew—meaner'n pussly. Ef yeh think I'm goin' to stan' still'n' let yeou'n' Seth hev it all yer aown way, yer mistaken. I've only got to open my maouth to th' Cor'ner, 'n' whair'd *he* be, 'n' yeou, tew?"

There was a certain indefinable suggestion of bravado in his tone which caught Annie's attention. It was the barest, most meagre of shadows, but she grasped at the chance of substance behind it.

"I don't believe you could say anything, or do anything, which would injure him," she said, with more confidence in her words than she felt in her heart.

"Oh, yeh daon't, ay!" he growled. "Ef yeh knaowed what I knaow, p'raps yeh'd change yer teune."

"What do you know, then? Come now, let us hear it!" She grew defiant, with an instinctive sense that the inferior being beside her was ready to retreat, if only she could keep up her boldness of front.

"Never yeou mind what I knaow!" he answered, evasively. "It'll be enough, I guess, to cook *his* geuse, when th' time comes."

"Ah, I thought so!" she exclaimed. "You were simply talking to hear yourself talk—to scare me. Well, you see now that you wasted your breath."

"Oh, *did* I! Well, I won't waste any more of it, then, till I talk to th' Cor'ner. I kin tell him some things 'baout who rid th' black mare aout thet night, after Albert'd gone. Guess thet'll kind o' fix things!"

His slow imagination, working clumsily in the mazes of falsehood, had carried Milton a step too far; his simple plan of substituting Seth for himself in the events of the fatal night miscarried in a way he could not suspect.

Annie did not answer. An exclamation had risen to her lips, but something akin to presence of mind checked it there. Her brain seemed to be working with lightning flashes. The black

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mare had played a part in the tragedy, then; Seth had certainly not had the animal out that evening; the rushing, almost noiseless apparition which had startled them in the moonlight must have been the mare; it was coming from the direction of Tallman's; it had a rider; who could that rider have been? and how did Milton know about it?—so the swift thoughts ran, in a chain which seemed luminous in the relief it brought to her. These two questions she could not answer—in her joy at the apparent exculpation of Seth it did not seem specially important that they should be answered—and she had self-possession enough to ask nothing about them.

It was a nice question what she should say to her companion, who was now, without any distinct suspicions on her part, growing luridly loathsome and repugnant in her eyes. The fear of angering him had died away, but a vague sense that mischief might be done by arousing his curiosity or apprehensions had come to take its place. She spoke cautiously:

"I hope you won't do anything rash, that you would regret afterwards."

"They ain't nao need o' my doin' nothin', ef yeou'd only hev some sense. But if yeou're goin' to be ag'in me, ther's nao tellin' what I won't dew," he answered, with sullen terseness.

They had come to the poplars, and Annie stopped at the stile under the thorns.

"I shall have to leave you here," she said.

"Then yeh won't hev me, ay? Yeh better think twice 'fore yeh say nao! Yeh won't git another sich a chance—to live like a lady, 'n' hev ev'rything yeh want. 'N' ef yeh dew say nao, yeh kin rest 'sured yeh ain't heerd th' last of it, ner him nuther!" Milton's little green-gray eyes watched her face intently, and he fingered his flaring plated watch-chain with nervous preoccupation. "What d'yeh say, yes'r nao?"

"I can't say anything more than I have said—*now*," she answered, and, stepping over the stile, left him.

For a long time afterward Annie's conscience debated the justification of that final word, the last one she ever addressed to Milton, and which was obviously intended to keep alive a hope that she knew to be absurdly without ground or reason. Sometimes even now she has momentary doubts about it; but she silences cavil by whispering to herself, in unanswerable defence: "I thought then that possibly it might be needed to help Seth—perhaps even to save him."

She had little leisure just then, however, to devote to moral introspection, for Samantha met her, half-way down the thorn-walk, to excitedly tell her that her grandmother, Mrs. Warren, was very much worse than usual.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"A WICKED WOMAN!"

When Isabel looked into her mirror next morning, the image shown back fairly startled her. Day by day during this eventful week the glass had helped her to grow familiar with reddened eyes, with harsh, aging lines, and with a pallor which no devices of the toilet could efface. It was not so much an added accentuation of these which riveted her gaze, now, upon the mirror, as the suggestion of a new face—of a stranger's countenance, reflecting meanings and thoughts of the uncommon kind.

She studied the face at first with an almost impersonal interest; then, as the brain associated these lineaments with her own, and made their expression a part of her own spiritual state, she said to this other self in the glass, audibly:

"Another week of this will make you an old woman." She added, after a pause of fascinated yet critical scrutiny: "Yes, and a wicked woman, too!"

There has been what one can only hope is an intelligible reluctance, from the beginning of this recital, to essay analysis or portrayal of Isabel's thoughts and motives. A complex, contradictory character like hers, striving now to assimilate, now to sway the simple, straightforward, one-stringed natures with which it is environed, may be illustrated; it is too great a task to dissect it. Yet for the once we may venture to look into this troubled mind.

A wicked woman! The phrase which

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she had addressed aloud to the mocking image in the glass, in mingled doubt and irony, clung to her meditations. Had she ever meant to be wicked—ever deliberately, or even consciously, chosen evil instead of good? No! There was no dubious reservation in her answer. Yet within the week—oh, the horrible week!—she had come to occupy a moral position for which hell could not hold too relentless or fierce a punishment. She had hugged to her heart thoughts which, when they are linked with acts, go to expiation on the gallows. She shuddered now at the recollection of them; she could recall that she had shuddered then, too. Yet, all the same, these thoughts were a part of her, belonged to her. She had not repelled them as alien, or as unwelcome. Even while in terror at their mien, she had embraced them. Was this not all wickedness?

The reply came, in sophistical self-defence, that no one act or emotion of a life could be judged by itself. The antecedent circumstances, leading up to it, must be taken into account. She had been borne along on the current of a career shaped for her by others. She was not responsible; she had never fought with her destiny; she had done nothing but seek to bring some flowers and light and color into the desolate voyage of life. Was it fair to say that these little innocent, womanish efforts to soften a sterile existence were the cause of the shipwreck, that it was these which had brought her so suddenly, dazed and terrified, into the very breakers on the sinister rocks of crime? No! the answer came again; surely it could not be fair.

Yet she had hated her husband; she had been overjoyed, even while she was affrighted, by the news of his death—or, at least, there was a tremulous sensation very like joy; she had hailed as her deliverer the young man whom her wild fancy made responsible for that death—yes, had even in her frenzy kissed his hand, the hand which she then believed to have blood upon it, his brother's blood! her husband's blood! Were not these the thoughts and actions of a wicked woman? What difference was there between her and the vilest murderess confined for life in a penitentiary?

Or no! What nonsense this was! What single thing had she said or done to bring on the catastrophe? It was an accident—everybody knew that now. But even if it had not been an accident, how would she have been to blame? Was it her fault that she was pleasing in men's eyes, or that Seth had been attracted by her, and had been sympathetic to her? How could she have helped it? Was there any reason why she should have tried to help it? Was it wrong for her, exiled as she was to this miserable farm-life, to make a friend of her cousin, her husband's brother? And if they had grown to be attached to each other, could it be wondered at? And it had all been so innocent, too! What single compromising word, even, had ever been spoken! Might not the most blameless of women have had just such a pretty little romantic friendship, without dream of harm?

As for the frantic things she had thought and said on that awful forenoon after the discovery, she strove to put them away from her memory, as born of a hysterical, wholly irresponsible state.

But they would come back, no matter how often banished.

Then, too—perhaps worst of all, for honest John seemed to lay particular stress upon it—was the terrible declaration she had made to Annie. About this there could be no self-deception. She would not pretend to herself that this had been done through any but revengeful, spiteful motives—pure cruelty, in fact. But was she to be thus coolly pushed aside, her romance shattered, her dear day-dream dissipated—and not to be justified in striking back? This conceited boy—she was able thus to think of Seth now, in his absence; and in the light of the affront she felt he had put upon her—and this country schoolteacher, to come billing and cooing in the very hour of her supreme excitement—did they not deserve just what they had received? After all, her words had done no permanent harm. Doubtless by this time they had all been cleared up. And if Miss Annie *did* suffer a little, what better was she than

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other people, to be free all her life from heartaches?

But then came a mental picture of Annie's calm, sweet, lightful face transfixed with speechless horror at the brutal words—and after it, close and searching, the question: "Why should I have stabbed Annie? She was always kindness itself to me. Was it not heartless to make that poor girl suffer?" And there followed in her mind, as an echo of her first exclamation to the mirror—that had gathered reverberating force from all the thoughts we have striven to trace—the haunting cry: "A wicked woman!"

Afternoon came, and the battle still went on. Bitter condemnation of her own conduct struggled with angry pleas of grievance against others, and the conflict wearied her into what threatened to be a sick-headache. The idea of getting out into the open air and seeking relief in a walk, which had been dormantly in her mind all day, finally took form, and led her outside the homestead for the first time since her husband's death.

Once outside, she walked aimlessly through the orchard—in preference to the high-road, where she might meet neighbors—toward the little family graveyard. It was not until she had nearly reached this spot that she recalled having heard that Seth, too, came here on that terrible night. The recollection brought an added sense of all the wrongs she held to have been done her. She stood for a long time by the old board fence, with its coating of dry, mildew-like moss on the weather-beaten surface, turned to the north, and its inhospitable hedging of brown, half-bare briers, and looked in reverie upon the tombs within the enclosure.

Three generations of the Fairchilds lay here under the straggling mat of withered strawberry-vines. She saw the low blue-slate slabs, nearly covered now by aspiring weeds and brambles, which modestly pleaded in antique letters that the original shoemaker, Roger, and his lowly spouse might not be altogether forgotten. Rising ostentatiously above these timid, ancient memorials, as if with intent to divert attention from their humility, was the marble obelisk marking the resting-place of the family's greatest man, the Hon. Seth Fairchild. The monument was not so white or so imposing now as it once had been, and the proud inscription, setting forth how its subject had been "twice Senator of the State of New York," was almost illegible from the storm-stains and mould on its venerable front. There were some other stones, gray and small, tipping humbly toward the central monolith, as if mutely begging at least a little share of the Senator's greatness for his wife and sisters; and nearer were two plain modern slabs recounting the sole interesting facts of the colorless lives of Lemuel and Cicely Fairchild—that they had been alive, and now were dead.

Here still nearer her, almost at her feet, the widow saw some pegs driven in the ground, with string stretched around them to form a long rectangle. The sight brought no thrill to her. She was conscious of all its meaning, but felt herself scarcely interested. In life she had owed nothing but dislike to the man whose last coming these signs of preparation betokened. His death had shocked her at first by its fearful suddenness; it did not especially disturb her now, save at times with a furtive elation at the accompanying thought that at last she was free. Her thoughts were with the living—and their relation to those long since dead.

If these rambling thoughts could have been summarized in words, they would have run in this fashion:

"What has all your family pride brought you, all your planning and manœuvring, you dull countrymen? *I* wasn't good enough for you, eh? Your breed must conspire against me, eh? and treat me like an interloper, an outsider, eh? You thought I was to be brought here, too, did you, when my time arrived, and be snubbed and bullied into some back corner like the rest of your wives, while my husband, 'the Congressman,' had a big monument like this of your old humbug, the Senator? And you expected to patronize me, or cut me dead, as the living dolts here on the turnpike have done, did you? Well, you are fooled! I've escaped you! I shall never come here but once again—to bring you your 'Congressman.' You

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can have him and welcome. And that old cat of an aunt of his, she will come presently, too, and I wish you much joy of *her!* And perhaps you will give up your idea, then, that you amount to anything, or ever will amount to anything. The farm is going to a young man who will sell it, and who doesn't care a cent for the whole crowd of you, and who will live in a city, and eat with his fork, and forget that there ever were such people as you. And he will forget, too, that——"

She came to a full stop in her meditations. Yes, Seth would forget her, too. She had no illusions on this point. Perhaps this was too kindly a view of it, even—he might be compelled to remember her by sheer force of his bitterness toward her. There could be no doubt, after his cruel words on the eventful forenoon—their last meeting—that he scorned and despised her. What an idiot she had been to disclose to him her thoughts—those mad fancies and beliefs of that frantic morning! She might have known that the idea of his fighting his brother, on *her* account, was preposterous. What did he care about her? He had been nice with her, had written her pretty, graceful letters when she asked him to do so, and had sent her books to read—that was all. There was nothing else. She had been a fool to dream that there was anything else. He would sell the farm, and go back to Tecumseh, and marry Annie—yes, marry Annie! And they, too, would refer to her now and then, and comment on her wickedness, and hope that they might never have a daughter like her. That would be all.

She turned from the little enclosure of graves, without giving them another thought. The mental picture which she conjured up of the young couple, contented by a fireside of their own, perhaps with a child, tore at her heart-strings.

In the farm-yard she was met by Mr. Ansdell, who was evidently watching for her, and who introduced himself courteously.

"The Coroner is here," he said, "with some medical gentlemen, and there are also your late husband's partner, Mr. Hubbard, who accompanied me from New York last night, and the District-Attorney and some others. In a couple of hours or so we expect to be able to tell you what brought us. Meanwhile, we are anxious to spare you any possible intrusion, and also a possible scene. It is for this that I have waited outside for you. If you could prolong your walk for that length of time, going to some friend's house near by, for instance, without saying that anything unusual was transpiring here——"

"Yes, I will go," she answered. "Will two hours be long enough?"

"I hope so," he said, bowing his thanks.

She walked out through the great swing-gate to the turnpike, and idly chose the westward turning, along under the poplars. The curious incident of all these visitors at the house did not excite her attention. Her mind was too busy torturing itself with that marriage which was already spoken of as assured.

At the stile by the thorns, the idea of going to the Warren house suddenly occurred to her. It was a bold, purposeless, almost crazy thought; perhaps for those very reasons it commended itself to her mood. She felt herself impelled alike by good and malignant impulses to cross the stile; she walked down the thorn-path, scarcely knowing whether her purpose was to bless or to curse.

The door was opened by Samantha, whose scared face took on an added expression of anxiety on recognizing the visitor.

"Go into the parlor, 'n' I'll light the stove fer yeh," she whispered. "Th' old lady's very laow. Soon's she comes hum from schewl I'll send Annie in to see yeh."

(To be continued.)

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A COLLECTION OF

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF THACKERAY.

VII.

CLARENDON HOTEL, NEW YORK.

Tuesday, 23 Dec. [1852]

MY DEAR LADY:

I send you a little line and shake your hand across the water. God bless you and yours. . . . . .

The passage is nothing, now it is over; I am rather ashamed of gloom and disquietude about such a trifling journey. I have made scores of new acquaintances and lighted on my legs as usual. I didn't expect to like people as I do, but am agreeably disappointed and find many most pleasant companions, natural and good; natural and well read and well bred too; and I suppose am none the worse pleased because everybody has read all my books and praises my lectures; (I preach in a Unitarian Church, and the parson comes to hear me. His name is Mr. Bellows, it isn't a pretty name), and there are 2,000 people nearly who come, and the lectures are so well liked that it is probable I shall do them over again. So really there is a chance of making a pretty little sum of money for old age, imbecility, and those young ladies afterwards.

Had Lady Ashburton told you of the moving tables? Try, six or seven of you, a wooden table without brass castors; sit round it, lay your hands flat on it, not touching each other, and in half an hour or so perhaps it will begin to turn round and round. It is the most wonderful thing, but I have tried twice in vain since I saw it and did it at Mr. Bancroft's. I have not been into fashionable society yet, what they call the upper ten thousand here, but have met very likeable of the lower sort. On Sunday I went into the country, and there was a great rosy jolly family of sixteen or eighteen people, round a great tea-table; and the lady of the house told me to make myself at home—remarking my bashfulness, you know—and said, with a jolly face, and twinkling of her little eyes, "Lord bless you, we know you *all to pieces!*" and there was sitting by me O! such a pretty girl, the very picture of Rubens's second wife, and face and figure. Most of the ladies, all except this family, are as lean as greyhounds; they dress prodigiously fine, taking for their models the French actresses, I think, of the *Boulevard* theatres.

Broadway is miles upon miles long, a rush of life such as I never have seen; not so full as the Strand, but so rapid. The houses are always being torn down and built up again, the railroad cars drive slap into the midst of the city. There are barricades and scaffoldings banging everywhere. I have not been into a house except the fat country one, but something new is being done to it, and the hammerings are clattering in the passage, or a wall, or steps are down, or the family is going to move. Nobody is quiet here, no more am I. The rush and restlessness pleases me, and I like, for a little, the dash of the stream. I am not received as a god, which I like too. There is one paper which goes on every morning saying I am a snob, and I don't say no. Six people were reading it at breakfast this morning, and the man opposite me popped it under the table cloth. But the other papers roar with approbation. "*Criez, beuglez, O journaux!*" They don't understand French though, that bit of Béranger will hang fire. Do you remember *Jeté sur cette boule* &c.? Yes, my dear sister remembers. God Almighty bless her, and all she loves.

I may write next Saturday to Chesham Place; you will go and carry my love to those ladies won't you? Here comes in a man with a paper I hadn't seen; I must cut out a bit just as the actors do, but then I think you will like it, and that is why I do it.* There was a very

* Mr. H. James, Senior, wrote an article about Thackeray which pleased him, but the passage cited here is not from that.

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rich biography about me in one of the papers the other day, with an account of a servant, maintained in the splendour of his menial decorations—Poor old John whose picture is in *Pendennis*. And I have filled my paper, and I shake my dear lady's hand across the roaring sea, and I know that you will be glad to know that I prosper and that I am well, and that I am yours

W. M. T.

[*Cutting from the New York Evening Post enclosed in the foregoing.*]

The building was crowded to its utmost capacity with the celebrities of literature and fashion in this metropolis, all of whom, we believe, left, perfectly united in the opinion that they never remembered to have spent an hour more delightfully in their lives, and that the room in which they had been receiving so much enjoyment, was very badly lighted. We fear, also, that it was the impression of the many who were disappointed in getting tickets, that the room was not spacious enough for the purpose to which it has been appropriated.

Every one who saw Mr. Thackeray last evening for the first time, seemed to have had their impressions of his appearance and manner of speech corrected. Few expected to see so large a man; he is gigantic, six feet four at least; few expected to see so old a person; his hair appears to have kept silvery record over fifty years; and then there was a notion in the minds of many that there must be something dashing and "fast" in his appearance, whereas his costume was perfectly plain; the expression of his face grave and earnest; his address perfectly unaffected, and such as we might expect to meet with, in a well bred man somewhat advanced in years. His elocution, also, surprised those who had derived their impressions from the English journals. His voice is a superb tenor, and possesses that pathetic tremble which is so effective in what is called emotive eloquence, while his delivery was as well suited to the communication he had to make as could well have been imagined.

His enunciation is perfect. Every word he uttered might have been heard in the remotest quarters of the room, yet he scarcely lifted his voice above a colloquial tone. The most striking feature in his whole manner was the utter absence of affectation of any kind. He did not permit himself to appear conscious that he was an object of peculiar interest in the audience, neither was he guilty of the greater error of not appearing to care whether they were interested in him or not. In other words, he inspired his audience with a respect for him as a man proportioned to the admiration which his books have inspired for him as an author.

Of the lecture itself, as a work of art, it would be difficult to speak too strongly. Though written with the utmost simplicity and apparent inattention to effects, it overflowed with every characteristic of the author's happiest vein. There has been nothing written about Swift so clever, and if we except Lord Orrery's silly letters, we suspect we might add nothing so unjust.

Though suitable credit was given to Swift's talents, all of which were admirably characterized, yet when he came to speak of the moral side of the dean's nature he saw nothing but darkness.

[1853.]

Direct Clarendon Hotel, New York.

PHILADELPHIA.

21 to 23 January.

My dear lady's kind sad letter gave me pleasure, melancholy as it was. . .

At present, I incline to come to England in June or July and get ready a new set of lectures, and bring them back with me. That second course will enable me to provide for the children and their mother finally and satisfactorily, and my mind will be easier after that, and I can sing *Nunc dimittis* without faltering. There is money-making to try at, to be sure, and ambition,—I mean in public life; perhaps that might interest a man, but not novels, nor lectures, nor fun, any more. I don't seem to care about these any more, or for praise, or for abuse, or for reputation of that kind. That literary play is played out, and the puppets going to be locked up for good and all.

Does this melancholy come from the circumstance that I have been out to

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dinner and supper, every night this week? O! I am tired of shaking hands with people, and acting the lion business night after night. Everybody is introduced and shakes hands. I know thousands of Colonels, professors, editors, and what not, and walk the streets guiltily, knowing that I don't know 'em, and trembling lest the man opposite to me is one of my friends of the day before. I believe I am popular, except at Boston among the newspaper men who fired into me, but a great favorite with the *monde* there and elsewhere. Here in Philadelphia it is all praise and kindness. Do you know there are 500,000 people in Philadelphia? I daresay you had no idea thereof, and smile at the idea of there being a *monde* here and at Boston and New York. Early next month I begin at Washington and Baltimore, then D. V. to New Orleans, back to New York by Mississippi and Ohio, if the steamers don't blow up, and if they do, you know I am easy. What a weary, weary letter I am writing to you. . . . Have you heard that I have found Beatrix at New York? I have basked in her bright eyes, but Ah, me! I don't care for her, and shall hear of her marrying a New York buck with a feeling of perfect pleasure. She is really as like Beatrix, as that fellow William and I met was like Costigan. She has a dear woman of a mother upwards of fifty-five, whom I like the best, I think, and think the handsomest,—a sweet lady. What a comfort those dear Elliots are to me; I have had but one little letter from J. E. full of troubles too. She says you have been a comfort to them too. I can't live without the tenderness of some woman; and expect when I am sixty I shall be marrying a girl of eleven or twelve, innocent, barley-sugar-loving, in a pinafore.

They came and interrupted me as I was writing this, two days since; and I have been in public almost ever since. The lectures are enormously *suivies* and I read at the rate of a pound a minute nearly. The curious thing is, that I think I improve in the reading; at certain passages a sort of emotion springs up, I begin to understand how actors feel affected over and over again at the same passages of the play;—they are affected off the stage too, I hope I shan't be.

Crowe is my immensest comfort; I could not live without some one to take care of me, and he is the kindest and most affectionate henchman ever man had. I went to see Pierce Butler yesterday, Fanny's husband. I thought she would like me to see the children if I could, and I asked about them particularly, but they were not shown. I thought of good Adelaide coming to sing to you when you were ill. I may like everyone who is kind to you, mayn't I? . . . What for has Lady Ashburton never written to me? I am writing this with a new gold pen in such a fine gold case. An old gentleman gave it to me yesterday, a white-headed old philosopher and political economist.* There's something simple in the way these kind folks regard a man; they read our books as if we were Fielding, and so forth. The other night some men were talking of Dickens and Bulwer as if they were equal to Shakespeare, and I was pleased to find myself pleased at hearing them praised. The prettiest girl in Philadelphia, poor soul, has read *Vanity Fair* twelve times. I paid her a great big compliment yesterday, about her good looks of course, and she turned round delighted to her friend and said, "*Ai most tallut,*" that is something like the pronunciation. Beatrix has an adorable pronunciation, and uses little words, which are much better than wit. And what do you think? One of the prettiest girls in Boston is to be put under my charge to go to a marriage at Washington next week. We are to travel together all the way alone—only, only, I'm not going. Young people when they are engaged here, make tours alone; fancy what the British Mrs. Grundy would say at such an idea!

There was a young quakeress at the lecture last night, listening about Fielding. Lord! Lord, how pretty she was! There are hundreds of such everywhere, airy looking little beings, with magnolia —no not magnolia, what is that white flower you make bouquets of, camilla or camelia?—complexions, and lasting not much longer. . . . God bless you and your children, write to me sometimes and farewell.

* Mr. H. C. Carey.

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BALTIMORE,—WASHINGTON.

Feby. 7th. to 14th. '53.

Although I have written a many letters to Chesham Place not one has gone to the special address of my dear K. E. P., and if you please I will begin one now for half an hour before going to lecture 1. In another hour that dreary business of "In speaking of the English Humourous writers of the last, etc." will begin,—and the wonder to me is that the speaker once in the desk (to-day it is to be a right down pulpit in a Universalist Church and no mistake), gets interested in the work, makes the points, thrills with emotion and indignation at the right place, and has a little sensation whilst the work is going on; but I can't go on much longer, my conscience revolts at the quackery. Now I have seen three great cities, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, I think I like them all mighty well; they seem to me not so civilized as our London, but more so than Manchester and Liverpool. At Boston is very good literate company indeed; it is like Edinburgh for that,—a vast amount of toryism and donnishness everywhere. That of New York the simplest and least pretentious; it suffices that a man should keep a fine house, give parties, and have a daughter, to get all the world to him. And what struck me, that whereas on my first arrival, I was annoyed at the uncommon splendatiousness——

—here the letter was interrupted on Monday at Baltimore, and is now taken up again on Thursday at Washington—never mind what struck me, it was only that after a while you get accustomed to the splendor of the dresses and think them right and proper. Use makes every thing so; who knows? you will be coming out in Empire ruffs and high waists by the time I come home. I have not been able to write a word since I came here on Tuesday; my time has been spent in seeing and calling upon lions. Our minister Mr. Crampton is very jolly and good-natured. Yesterday he had a dinner at five for all the legation, and they all came very much bored to my lecture. To-day I dined with Mr. Everett; with the President it may be next week. The place has a Wiesbaden air—there are politics and gaieties straggling all over it. More interruption and this one has lasted three days. Book indeed! How is one to write a book when it is next to impossible to get a quiet half hour? Since I wrote has come a short kind letter from dear old Kinglake, who continues to give bad accounts from Chesham Place. God bless all there, say I. I wish I was by to be with my dear friends in grief, I know they know how to sympathize (although we are spoiled by the world, we have no hearts you know &c. &c.; but then it may happen that the high flown romantic people are wrong, and that we love our friends as well as they do). I don't pity anybody who leaves the world, not even a fair young girl in her prime; I pity those remaining. On her journey, if it pleases God to send her, depend on it there's no cause for grief, that's but an earthly condition. Out of our stormy life, and brought nearer the Divine light and warmth, there must be a serene climate. Can't you fancy sailing into the calm? Would you care about going on the voyage, but for the dear souls left on the other shore? but we shan't be parted from them, no doubt, though they are from us. Add a little more intelligence to that which we possess even as we are, and why shouldn't we be with our friends though ever so far off? . . . Why presently, the body removed, shouldn't we personally be any where at will—properties of Creation, like the electric something (spark is it?) that thrills all round the globe simultaneously? and if round the globe why not *Ueberall?* and the body being removed or else where disposed of and developed, sorrow and its opposite, crime and the reverse, ease and disease, desire and dislike &c. go along with the body—a lucid Intelligence remains, a Perception ubiquitous.

Monday. I was interrupted a dozen times yesterday in the course of these profitless *Schwärmereien.*—There's no rest here for pilgrims like me. Have I told you on the other side that I'm doing a good business at Baltimore and a small select one here? the big-wigs all come and are pleased; all the legations and old Scott the unsuccessful candidate for the Presidency &c.? It is well to have

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come. I shall go hence to Richmond and Charleston and then who knows whither? not to New Orleans, I think the distance is too great. I can't go a thousand miles fishing for half as many pounds. Why not come back and see all the dear faces at home? I try and think of something to say about this country; all I have remarked I could put down in two pages. Where's the eager observation and ready pencil of five years ago? I have not made a single sketch. The world passes before me and I don't care—Is it a weary heart or is it a great cold I have got in my nose which stupefies me utterly? I won't inflict any more megrims upon you,

from your affectionate friend and brother

W. M. T.

Fragment.

Written to Mrs. Elliot and her sister Miss Perry.

March 3rd. 1853.

Richmond, Virginia.

Address the
Clarendon—New York.

I am getting so sick and ashamed of the confounded old lectures that I wonder I have the courage to go on delivering them. I shan't read a single review of them when they are published; anything savage said about them will serve them right. They are popular enough here. The two presidents at Washington came to the last, and in this pretty little town the little Athenæum Hall was crowded so much that it's a pity I had not hired a room twice as big; but £2500 is all I shall make out of them. Well that is £200 a year in this country and an immense comfort for the chicks. —Crowe has just come out from what might have been and may be yet a dreadful scrape. He went into a slave market and began sketching; and the people rushed on him savagely and obliged him to quit. Fancy such a piece of imprudence. It may fall upon his chief, who knows, and cut short his popularity.

The negroes don't shock me, or excite my compassionate feelings at all; they are so grotesque and happy that I can't cry over them. The little black imps are trotting and grinning about the streets, women, workmen, waiters, all well fed and happy. The place the merriest little place and the most picturesque I have seen in America, and on Saturday I go to Charlestown—shall I go thence to Havannah? who knows? I should like to give myself a week's holiday, without my *demd* lecture box. Shake every one by the hand that asks about me.

I am yours always—O! you kind friends——

W. M. T.

Savannah, Georgia,—[1855]

Feast of St. Valentine.

This welcome day brought me a nice long letter from K. E. P., and she must know that I write from the most comfortable quarters I have ever had in the United States. In a tranquil old city, wide-streeted, tree-planted, with a few cows and carriages toiling through the sandy road, a few happy negroes sauntering here and there, a red river with a tranquil little fleet of merchant-men taking in cargo, and tranquil ware-houses barricaded with packs of cotton,—no row, no tearing northern bustle, no ceaseless hotel racket, no crowds drinking at the bar,—a snug little languid audience of three or four hundred people, far too lazy to laugh or applaud; a famous good dinner, breakfast etc, and leisure all the morning to think and do and sleep and read as I like. The only place I say in the States where I can get these comforts—all free gratis—in the house of my friend Andrew Low of the great house of A. Low and Co., Cotton Dealers, brokers, merchants—what's the word? Last time I was here he was a widower with two daughters in England, about whom—and other two daughters—there was endless talk between us. Now there is a pretty wife added to the establishment and a little daughter number three crowing in the adjoining nursery. They are tremendous men these cotton merchants.

When I had finished at Charleston I went off to a queer little rustic city called Augusta—a great broad street

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From a photograph in the possession of Mrs. James T. Fields.

2 miles long—old quaint looking shops —houses with galleries—ware-houses—trees—cows and negroes strolling about the side walks—plank roads—a happy dirty tranquility generally prevalent. It lies 130 miles from Charleston. You take 8½ hours to get there by the railway, about same time and distance to come here, over endless plains of swampy pine-lands—a village or two here and there in a clearing. I brought away a snug little purse from snug little Augusta, though I had a rival—A Wild man, lecturing in the very same hall: I tell you it is not a dignified *métier*, that which I pursue.

What is this about the *Saturday Review?* After giving Vernon Harcourt 2/6 to send me the first 5 numbers, and only getting No. 1, it is too bad they should assault me—and for what? My lecture is rather extra loyal whenever the Queen is mentioned,—and the most applauded passage in them I shall have the honour of delivering to-night in the Lecture on George II, where the speaker says "In laughing at these old-world follies and ceremonies shall we not acknowledge the change of to-day? As the mistress of St. James passes me now I salute the sovereign, wise, moderate, exemplary of life, the good mother, the good wife, the accomplished Lady, the enlightened friend of Art, the tender sympathizer in her people's glories and sorrows."

I can't say more, can I? and as for George III, I leave off just with the people on the crying point. And I never for one minute should think that

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my brave old Venables would hit me; or if he did that he hadn't good cause for it.

Forster's classification delights me. It's right that men of such ability and merit should get government recognition and honourable public employ. It is a compliment to all of us when one receives such promotion. As for me I have pestered you with my account of dollars and cents, and it is quite clear that Kings or Laws cannot do anything so well for me as these jaws and this pen—please God they are allowed to wag a little longer. I wish I did not read about your illness and weakness in that letter. Ah, me! many and many a time every day do I think of you all.

From a photograph in the possession of Mrs. James T. Fields.

Enter a servant (black) with the card of Bishop Elliott. . . . . .

If you are taking a drive some day, do go and pay a visit of charity to my good cook and house-keeper Gray, and say you have heard of me, and that I am very well and making plenty of money and that Charles is well and is the greatest comfort to me. It will comfort the poor woman all alone in poor 36 yonder. What charming letters Annie writes me with exquisite pretty turns now and then. St. Valentine brought me a delightful letter from her too, and from the dear old mother; and whether it's the comfort of this house, or the pleasure of having an hour's chat with you, or the sweet clean bed I had last night and undisturbed rest and good breakfast,—altogether I think I have no right to grumble at my lot and am very decently happy, don't you?

16th Feb. My course is for Macon, Montgomery and New Orleans; no Havannah, the dollars forbid. From N. O. I shall go up the Mississippi, D. V., to St. Louis and Cincinnati, and ye who write will address care of J. G. King's Sons, New York, Won't you?

Yours afft.
W. M. T.

An imaginary letter from New York.*

September 5, 1848.

Dear Madam:—

It seems to me a long time since I had the honour of seeing you. I shall be glad to have some account of your health. We made a beautiful voyage of 13½ days, and reached this fine city yesterday. The entrance of the bay is beautiful; magnificent woods of the Susquehannah stretch down to the shore, and from Hoboken lighthouse to Vancouver's Island, the bay presents one brilliant blaze of natural and commercial loveliness. Hearing that Titmarsh was on board the steamer, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of New York came down to receive us, and the batteries on Long Island fired a salute. General Jackson called at my hotel (the Astor house) I found him a kind old man, though he has a wooden leg and takes a great deal of snuff. Broadway has certainly disappointed me—it is nothing to be compared to our own dear Holborn Hill. But the beautiful range of the Allegheney mountains, which I see from

* This letter, the only one of those in the collection which has been made public before, was printed by permission in the *Orphan of Pimlico*, a little collection of Thackeray's *miscellanea* and drawings published in 1876. As it will be new to most readers, however, it has been thought best to retain it; and it is placed here simply to be in company with the real American letters. The drawing of the Negro, however, which accompanied it also in the *Orphan of Pimlico*, seems to have been an actual sketch during one of the American visits.

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my windows, and the roar of the Niagara Cataract, which empties itself out of the Mississippi into the Oregon territory,

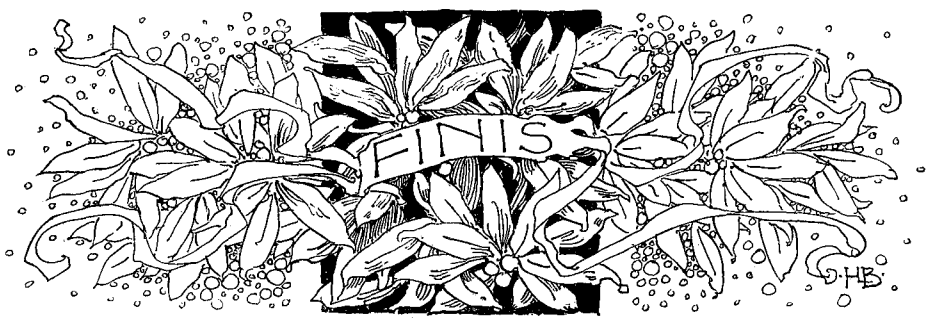
have an effect, which your fine eye for the picturesque, and keen sense of the beautiful and the natural would I am sure lead you to appreciate.

The oysters here are much larger than ours, and the canvas backed ducks are reckoned, and indeed are, a delicacy. The house where Washington was born is still shown, but the General, I am informed, is dead, much regretted. The clergy here is both numerous and respected, and the Archbishop of New York is a most venerable and delightful prelate; whose sermons are however a little long. The ladies are without exception the—But here the first gong sounds for dinner, and the black slave who waits on me, comes up and says, "Massa, hab only five minutes for dinnah." "Make haste, git no pumpkin pie else," so unwillingly I am obliged to break off my note and to subscribe myself,

My dear Madame
Your very faithful servt.,
W. M. THACKERAY.

The letters which have been chosen for publication end here. During the many years that they have remained in my possession no one has read them out of my own family, with the exception of Mr. Thackeray's beloved daughter, Mrs. Ritchie; until these last few months, when two or three of these letters were read by the friends whom I consulted as to their suitability for publication. As my own life draws to a close, I still look back to the confidence and affection with which their writer honoured me, with gratitude too deep for words. The record of these few years of his life, given by his own hand in every varied mood, will best describe him as he was and as I so well remember him.

JANE OCTAVIA BROOKFIELD.



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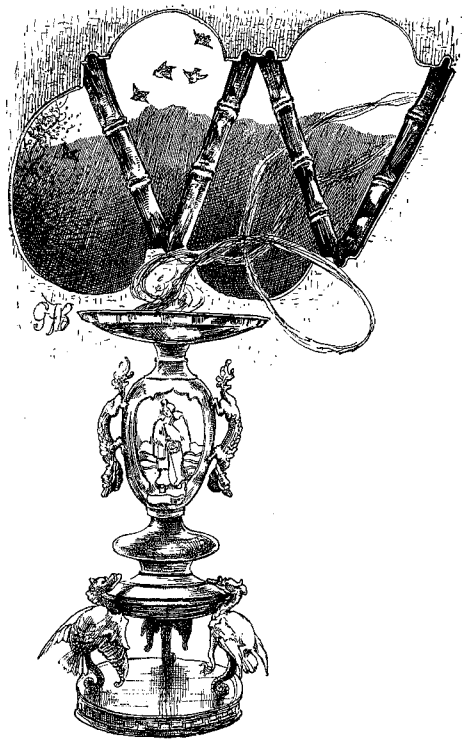
THE SACRED FLAME OF TORIN JI.

By E. H. House.

IV.



WHEN Doctor Donnell came, a week later, to make his afternoon call, he found the patient reclining upon an improvised couch of rugs and cushions, ineffably contented, as one should be who disowns care and lazily submits himself to various spells and charms, which, like the air of Macbeth's castle, nimbly and sweetly recommend themselves unto the gentle senses. To breathe the fragrant breezes of the Kioto hills was in itself a luxury, which, however, was probably not appreciated at its true value, inasmuch as the sybarite varied it at intervals with inhalations from a long-stemmed Japanese pipe. Before him lay the convent garden, a marvel of artistic invention, representing ingenious combinations of soaring peaks, shadowy valleys, and lakes dotted with green islands. Graceful trees and brilliant flowers captivated the eye, while an orchestra of industrious birds and insects supplied music appropriate to the scene. And these were not the only soothing sounds that caught the ear. From the inner temple, close at hand, came frequently the subdued intonations of the nuns as they sang their songs of prayer, and the soft chiming of the bells with which they measured their devotions. There was little to remind the unfamiliar visitant of the world he had known and mingled with. Where else, he asked himself, could such peacefulness and repose be found?

Under influences like these he had passed several tranquil days, occasionally enlivening the placidity of his sojourn by investigations into the personality of his hostesses, and especially of his constant and faithful attendant, the prospective neophyte. In this process of examination nothing obscured his view, and no obstacle impeded any research he might pursue. But whereas he at first believed himself in contact with a character too simple to demand much study, he often found himself on the brink of a conviction that here, as with certain clear and unfathomable bodies of water in his own Western country, transparent purity was not necessarily to be taken as a sign of shallowness. More and more it seemed a pity that such intelligence should be given up to a life from which the loftier purposes of humanity were excluded. But it was no affair of his. The sacrifice was at least not without its compensations, as everything about him now testified.

Doctor Donnell took occasion to inform Mr. Halithorne that his cure was virtually accomplished, and the necessity for keeping him in confinement was at an end. The ex-invalid received this intelligence with anything but delight.

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"I don't like to contradict you, doctor," he said; "of course you know better than I. But if my opinion is worth anything, I ought not to be moved for—certainly not for a week to come."

"Ought not to *be* moved," repeated the doctor, hilariously; "what do you mean by that? You are under no requirement to be moved. You have been moving about briskly enough on your own pins for the last three or four days."

"With help, doctor; I could not do it alone."

"With Ina's help, yes. Well, you will have to get along without that stalwart and powerful prop. She has other things to look after."

"That's a singular remark, Doctor Donnell. Will you be good enough to explain?" demanded Halithorne, hotly.

"My dear boy, is any explanation needed?" asked Donnell, not hotly at all, but with steady composure.

"I think it is," said Halithorne. "What am I to understand? Have I shown myself unmindful of what I owe these people? You shall see that I am not, in good time. Have the old ladies declared open war against me? Has Teishin San any cause of complaint? I will go instantly, since it appears I am in the way; but if you turn me out in this unceremonious fashion, I am certainly entitled to know the reason why."

"Softly, my friend; you are not turned out, nor will you be. The bigotry of the poor old ladies counts for nothing, though how you know of it I cannot imagine. Teishin San has not uttered a word about your departure. No one has thought of it except me. You cannot deny that you are well enough to go, and as you resent the expression of my opinion, I ask you, frankly and honorably, for your own judgment in the matter."

"If I hesitate," said Halithorne, after a considerable pause, "it is not because there is anything in my thoughts that I wish to hold back; only I am confused by the suddenness of your question. Give me time, and I will show you that your apprehensions have no sort of foundation."

"You shall have plenty of time, and meanwhile you will perhaps be interested to learn something of the history of this family which has befriended you. Ina has probably told you she expects to join the sisterhood in a year or two."

"Yes, she has told me. It is a frightful destiny for a girl like Ina. Her father ought to interfere. You, as an old friend, ought to interfere."

"Wait till you hear the reasons, Halithorne. I don't say whether they are sufficient or not; but at any rate there *are* reasons, and many persons would call them weighty. Tell me, first, if you know anything about the domestic system in Japan—the home-life, the relations between husbands and wives."

"I believe they are very hard upon the women," said Halithorne, "and that there is more suffering than foreigners have any conception of."

"That is a mild way of putting it. A married woman's existence in this country is rarely anything but suffering. I am an old man and a doctor, and I ought to be hardened to human anguish; but when I think of the cruelty and misery I have seen inflicted and endured I feel as if there must be a curse upon the land. A wife here is utterly powerless to protect herself from neglect, or humiliation, or abuse, no matter how vile or brutal. She is a slave. As a rule she accepts the hardships of her condition without murmuring; but there are some women whose firmness and dignity of character forbid them to soil their souls and clothe themselves with degradation. Such a woman Teishin is. I knew her when, at Ina's age, she was married to a dashing young officer in Tokio, a member of the Emperor's household. The alliance seemed to promise as well as any Japanese union possibly could; but in less than a year she had gone through trials which drove her to the verge of madness and almost broke her father's heart. Her own spirit could not be broken. She is of proud—I think I may say heroic—descent; but Japanese heroism often takes the form of passive sufferance, and pride commands the closest concealment of such griefs as fell upon her. During five years she submitted to her wretched fate, hoping only that death would release her before the strain became intolerable. But, at last, stung

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to a desperate resolution, she flung aside the traditions of her race, threw off her bondage, and fled to her father's dwelling, intending there to end her life with her own hand. Shiroyama was in agony. A divorced daughter, living, was a black shadow upon the lustre of his house, and by destroying herself she could avert the family disgrace. But he loved his child, and refused to sanction her death. They left the eastern capital and came back to their old home two years ago. In Kioto their interest is always strong, for Shiroyama's father is a *kugé*, and it was not difficult to get Teishin placed at the head of this convent. It was the only possible refuge for her. She has managed the establishment with extraordinary energy and skill, and made it famous by the breadth and liberality, as well as the humanity, of her administration. So her life has not been wasted, after all."

"I am glad to hear the story," said Halithorne, "for I have not judged her fairly. Her austerity seemed unnatural and exaggerated. It is fortunate, no doubt, that this career was open to her. She is an ideal priestess. But her sis-

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ter! Why should she, in the warmth and radiance of her youth, be so cruelly sacrificed?"

"To save her from sorrow. That is the sole aim of Teishin's hopes and endeavors. You call her austere, but she has a heart of pure gold, and her love for that motherless child is almost a passion. She thinks of nothing but to guard Ina from the evils she has herself passed through."

"But, doctor, it does not follow, because Teishin's marriage was disastrous, that Ina would necessarily be destined to calamity. That is a wild assumption."

"I cannot say that Teishin is wrong," answered Donnell. "The choice is between a life of perfect peace, and risks so great and numerous as to leave scarcely a chance of escape in any instance. These convent women are of course shut off from the highest privileges of their sex, but in all Japan they alone are sure of exemption from the deepest afflictions."

"You draw a sombre picture," said Halithorne. "I have lived two years in the country, and I never heard of this before."

"Few foreigners hear of it, or have cared to hear, whether they stay two years or twenty. But I have told you the truth. I know Teishin's views, and I do not venture to disapprove of them. I would do much to aid her in protecting Ina from the dangers which she sees and fears. Am I not bound to interpose when I detect a danger which her inexperience hides from her?"

"Really, doctor, I think you go too far. I am a man of the world—an honest one, I hope—and Ina is the merest child. Look at her, as she comes dancing through the garden. She is like the birds, or the flowers."

"You find Mr. Ha'thorne much better, I think, doctor," said the young girl, springing lightly upon the veranda. "Have we not taken good care of him?"

"He tells me I am almost well," interposed Halithorne, in a rueful voice.

"I was sure of that," she responded; "but why are you melancholy? It should make you glad to be getting well."

"I suppose so, Ina San; but how did you know?"

"That you were better? Oh, anybody could see, day from day. When you first walked, you leaned on my shoulder with great weight. Then you rested on my arm—very little weight. Now you put your hand around my body—no weight at all. Soon you will walk alone."

The comical confusion into which Halithorne was thrown by this unexpected remark was scarcely consistent with the self-possession proper to "a man of the world," but he allowed no break to occur in the conversation.

"Yes, I shall walk alone," he replied. "The doctor says I must go away immediately."

But for his momentary embarrassment he would not have said this so abruptly, for he was well aware that his tender little nurse could not receive the announcement of his departure with indifference. But he was wholly unprepared for the effect which his words produced. All the brightness fled from her face in an instant. She turned toward him with a startled, wondering glance, then bowed her head, and dropped her hands beside her. For a few seconds she stood motionless, a strange contrast to the animation and vivacity of which she was ordinarily the living embodiment. Then silently saluting the guests, with her eyes still bent upon the ground, she crept slowly away.

"That was not the look of a child," said Donnell.

"You are right," said Halithorne. "I will go at once. Heaven knows I did not dream of doing harm. What can I say? I would undergo anything rather than bring trouble to this hospitable house."

"Let us hope no harm will come. There is nothing to be said, and nothing to be done, except to take away every disturbing influence. My poor little baby! Who would have thought she could change to a woman in a single week? You won't mind going as quickly and as quietly as possible, Halithorne?"

"I will go to-morrow; don't ask me to leave without a friendly word. That would be monstrous."

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"I don't know what is best. Of course you can't fly off without apparent cause. I must speak to Teishin. To-morrow let it be, then; but for God's sake be cautious. Consider what sorrow you may leave behind you. And if I am too emphatic, you will excuse it when you think of it hereafter. Imagine how you would feel if you had a sister like Ina, and if it depended on a stranger's action whether she should be utterly broken down or only touched by a passing grief."

"Don't speak of me as a stranger," protested Halithorne. "This place has been more like a home to me than any I have seen for years. You don't know what it costs me to leave it in such a way. But you need have no fear. I shall think of nothing but Ina's welfare."

The doctor went to give notice of Halithorne's intention, and the younger man was left to reflections of no cheerful nature. In spite of his claim to pass as a man of the world—a title which, in the East, implies, among other things, the blindest disregard of the rights and feelings of those ancient races which Europe and America agree to pronounce "inferior"—his instincts were upright and his sympathies were true. Although a dweller in Japan for only two years, he had closely studied the characteristics of the people. While he had made himself familiar with many fine qualities among the men, he believed that in the women he had discovered virtues which gave them always a claim upon his esteem and often upon his warm admiration; and he indignantly rejected the superficial and disparaging estimate applied to them by most foreigners. In his view, a girl like Ina stood on precisely the same grade as any girl of Western birth; but her claims upon his courtesy and delicacy seemed infinitely greater, for the reason that the social code of her own country fails to provide the protection and the chivalrous deference which are accorded in more advanced communities. He could not believe that in this particular case he had been unmindful of any of the obligations which he invariably recognized, but the charm of his intercourse with the pretty child had been so simple and natural that he had hardly given a thought to the possible effect upon her. He was not, however, allowed much leisure to debate these questions. As soon as the doctor had left the premises Ina returned, with slow and timid steps, and knelt beside the couch on which he was seated.

"Is it true?" she whispered, gazing earnestly at him.

"True? What? Ah, yes, Ina, it is true. I must go very soon."

"Have we done wrong? Has Ina been careless?" she asked, in accents that were barely audible.

"My child, you have never been anything but thoughtful and kind—much more kind than I deserve."

"Perhaps the doctor has told you that some of our oldest sisters have been disagreeable. If you are driven away by that, it will make me wicked, for I shall hate them. But you should not go for that. They have nothing to do with this house. It belongs only to our family, and was built by Teishin to receive persons who by our rules must be kept from the large temple."

"No; the doctor, at any rate, has said nothing about it."

"Then why do you go?" she pleaded, her large brown eyes full of entreaty.

"I am well now. There is no reason why I should wait longer. Business—many matters call me away."

She sighed, but did not answer.

"You know, my good little nurse, I could not stay forever."

"I did not know; I never thought of your going. I remembered what you said about the temples, and the schools, and sometimes I made myself believe that you might mean it."

Halithorne clutched at this opening.

"Listen to me, Ina; the temple shall be built, and the schools. I swear you shall have them. You shall have anything that I can give you."

"Will you wait to see them finished?"

"That is hardly possible, but I will speak to Doctor Donnell, and he will arrange everything. A dozen schools shall be yours, if you like."

"Not without you," she said, shaking her head, sadly; "I should not want them."

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"As she felt the touch of the young man's lips she gave a sudden cry, as if in pain."

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"Come, Ina, friends cannot always be together. We must say good-by more cheerfully. It is our duty."

"If you tell me it is my duty, I shall try; but it is very hard—for me."

"And for me, too; do you suppose ——"

He checked himself, feeling that he was treading upon dangerous ground.

"Hard for you, too; is it so?" she said, with a faint smile—the first that had lighted her features since she rejoined him; "not very hard, I think. Why, how little time you know me. Only a week; it is easy to forget."

"How long, then, have you known me?" asked Halithorne, with no intent but to divert the conversation into commonplace courses.

"Three weeks of real time," she answered; "but in my mind—in the feeling which is not real, but is better than real—no, I cannot tell you what I mean. In my own language I might, but in yours, the words do not come."

"Try, Ina; you can make me understand."

"Sometimes I think it is all my life I have known you, for it seems—this is my foolish fancy, how shall I say it?—it is as if I did not live before you came. I cannot explain, I do not comprehend; but it is like the truth to me."

"Oh, Ina, do not speak so!" exclaimed Halithorne, much moved. "My visit has been an unusual event, and it gives you many new ideas. But when I am gone, everything will be the same as before."

"Never again," she faltered; "never, never. But I trouble you. I am a selfish girl. It is your last night, the doctor has said, and you should have pleasant things to remember. Will you come to the *fuji* (wisteria) arbor? The sun is just setting."

They walked through the garden-paths in silence, and climbed a little hill, from which a noble prospect was visible.

"I shall come here every evening," said Ina; "but it will not be like this."

"The sunsets change," said Halithorne, "but they are always beautiful."

She gave no reply, but there was a soft remonstrance in her look that touched him more deeply than any words she could have uttered.

"Ina, my little friend, I beg you not to be so sorrowful. I wish to God I could make you forget me utterly from the hour I leave this house."

"You could not do that," she said, drawing closer to him, "and it would not be kind. Why do you speak so sternly? Have I displeased you?"

"Never; you are all goodness."

"I am afraid you are displeased."

"Impossible; you know better."

"You do not put your hand around my body, as you did yesterday."

He took her in his arms and folded the slight, yielding figure to his breast with a fervor which he made no endeavor to control, although he felt himself disloyal to his prudent resolves. Ina, unacquainted with embraces till that moment, trembled a little beneath the ardent pressure, but in the shy upward glance of her eyes there was more content than consternation.

"Now go, child," he said, releasing her. "Send Haru to me, with lights; I must begin preparing for to-morrow."

"Haru should not serve you, nor anybody but me, if I could help it; but it is your last evening, and I wish to make your meal wholly with my own hands. I will not be absent long."

She moved toward the house, but as she was about to enter he called her to him again.

"Ina," he said, "this is perhaps the last time we shall be alone. You will give me a kiss for farewell."

"A kiss! That is not for a Japanese girl to give. It has never happened. But I do not care; it is right if you ask."

"Not if you are unwilling," said Halithorne, stricken by tardy conscience.

"How can I be unwilling, since you ask? Either alone, or with all the world to see."

She lifted her sweet face, pale with unwonted emotion, but unchanged in its expression of artless and childlike trust. As she felt the touch of the young man's lips, she gave a sudden cry, as if in pain. Her courage, long overstrained, had forsaken her. She shuddered convulsively, shaking from

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head to foot, and gasped inarticulately as she strove to respond to his anxious and alarmed inquiries. He was aghast at what he conceived to be the immediate consequence of his last act of recklessness and folly, and he endeavored, in broken and agitated phrases, to convince her that the wrong was all on his side and that she had no cause for self-reproach.

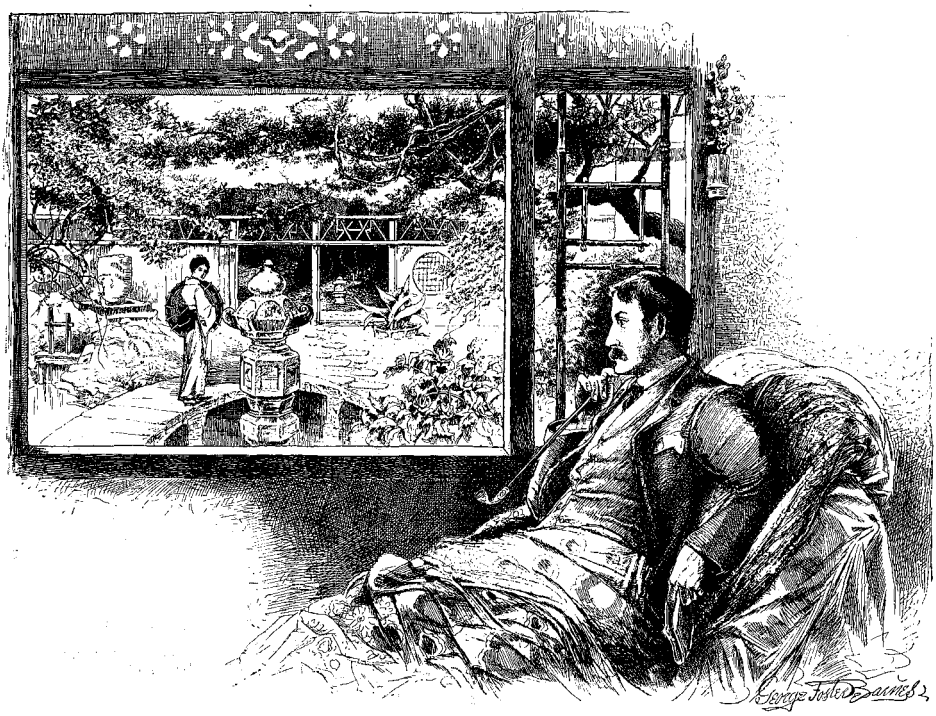
"There is no wrong," she declared, as she gradually regained her composure. "For the kiss, I am glad. It makes me know you have been fond of Ina. I am a weak girl, ignorant and unwise, and full of faults; but now there is a voice in my heart that tells me you will forgive them all."

He led her to the hall which separated the sanctuary of the sisterhood from the section set apart for visitors, and made his way to the pleasant chamber he had been told to call his own.

"I have done a fine afternoon's work," he said, bitterly. "I am an ornament to my sex and my species. If I remain another day, I shall only glorify myself by some new performance of cruelty—or madness. I will start to-morrow as soon as the servants are up and about."

He busied himself packing his valise until supper was brought by the maid, Haru, who handed him also a slip of paper upon which were written a few lines in pencil:

"I cannot go to assist you this evening, as I desire. The food is prepared by me, though I do not carry it. Sleep well, Mr. Halithorne, your last night in Torin Ji, and wake happy in the morning. This is the wish of Ina."



"We feel the touch of Teishin's firm hand," thought Halithorne. "Her eyes have been opened. She is right, I suppose. Of course she is right. Poor little Ina!"

Hour after hour he sat alone, reading strenuously to keep his eyes open, and burning candles with extravagant profusion, in the determination not to miss the chance of seeing the young girl in case she should be allowed to fulfil her customary task of closing his doors and windows, setting the night-lamp, and the like. There was little probability that Teishin's vigilance, once

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aroused, would be relaxed, and even if the opportunity he now awaited should occur, he knew that nothing could justify him in taking advantage of it. His duty, plainly, was to go to bed, and to dismiss all expectation of a clandestine interview. Nevertheless, he did not go. Unused to late vigils, and in only partial possession of his normal strength, he found it difficult to resist the drowsiness which frequently came over him, but he persevered with a gloomy obstinacy until his mind became detached from the book before him, and he was transported to visionary regions in which he and the heroine of his passing drama played many fantastic parts. While thus actively engaged in the illusion of his dreams, in reality he lay half-stretched

across a table, his head pillowed upon a bulky volume, and his arms projecting themselves in search of convenient resting-places amid a crowd of loose tea-trays, stationery-boxes, bundles of letters, and a plentiful array of bronze candlesticks bearing partially consumed tapers. His position might have been called picturesque, but would not have suggested security to any person familiar with the materials of which Japanese dwellings are constructed.

V.

"If you came to Kioto for adventures, you ought to be satisfied," said Doctor Donnell, addressing Mr. Halithorne at the early hour of 5 A.M., on the day following the incidents last related. "You permit yourself to be beaten down by the sun, on the wayside, and are brought to recovery by the romantic system of the Torin Ji hospital. Then, before you are fairly healed, you set yourself on fire in a house that doesn't belong to you, burn down a considerable part of the establishment, and again get out of the scrape through no merit of your own, but, as before, through the exertions of a lot of plucky women. Don't you think that if you contemplate any more escapades you had better try some other town?"

The doctor's testiness was excusable. He had been roused from his rest a little after midnight, and summoned in desperate haste to Torin Ji, where he found most of the inmates, together with contingents from neighboring farmhouses, occupied in stamping out the embers of what had been the guests' quarters, and, in accordance with the cheerful principles of Buddhism, congratulating themselves that the calamity had not been greater, instead of lamenting that which had actually befallen them. A few of the nuns had been injured, but not severely. Many of the elder women were in a state of giddy, and by no means uncheerful, excitement over the presumed fulfilment of their prophecies. Their ecstasy expended it-

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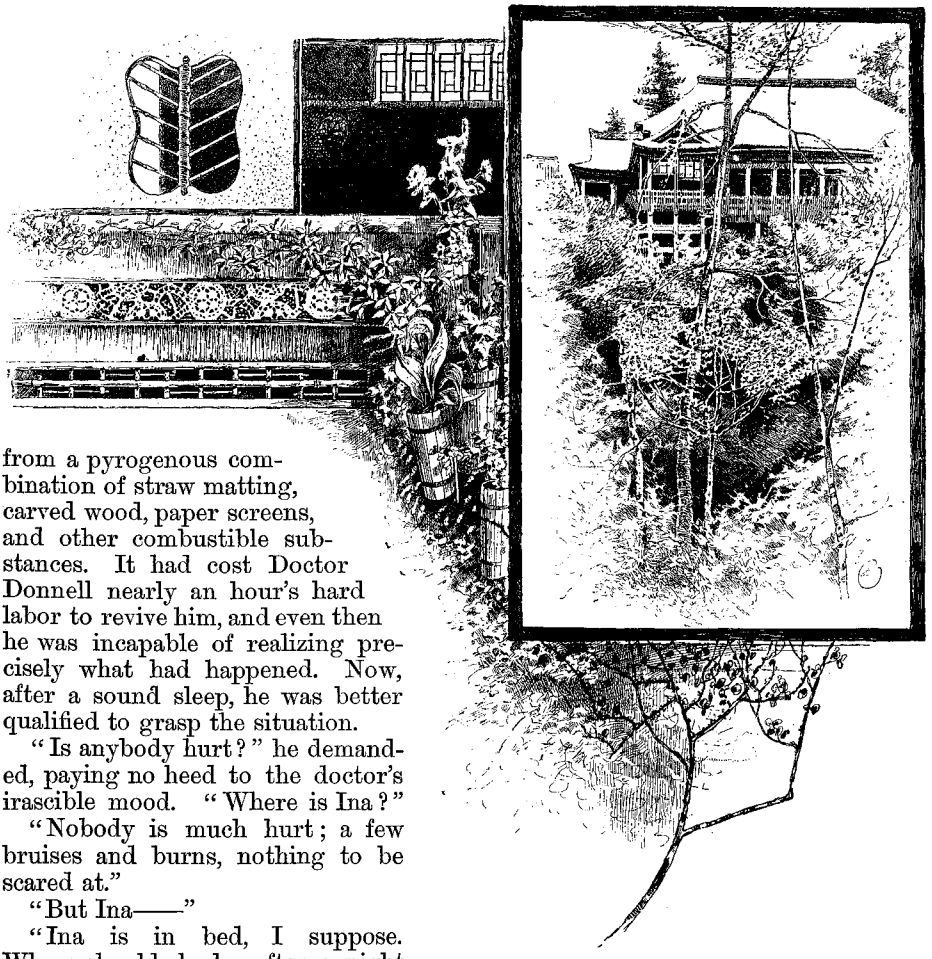
self in extravagant performances upon bells and tiny gongs, and incessant repetitions of Sanscrit formulas, the meaning of which was entirely unknown to them. All this, while ostensibly in praise of Fudo Sama, was the most palpable self-glorification ever witnessed at that shrine of professed humility. Halithorne was in a room hastily prepared for him, his own having vanished in flame. He was giddy and dazed, with wits as smoky as his personal exterior, having been dragged forth, nearly smothered and quite insensible,



from a pyrogenous combination of straw matting, carved wood, paper screens, and other combustible substances. It had cost Doctor Donnell nearly an hour's hard labor to revive him, and even then he was incapable of realizing precisely what had happened. Now, after a sound sleep, he was better qualified to grasp the situation.

"Is anybody hurt?" he demanded, paying no heed to the doctor's irascible mood. "Where is Ina?"

"Nobody is much hurt; a few bruises and burns, nothing to be scared at."

"But Ina——"

"Ina is in bed, I suppose. Where should she be, after a night of such work? Do let Ina alone."

"There is nothing the matter with her?"

"She will do well enough. She has lost some finery—some of her ornamental gear," answered Donnell, with a grim smile. "That is all. But she is tired out. Everybody is tired out, except you and the ancient nuns. They are as lively as crickets; tickled beyond measure at the notion that Fudo Sama has played into their hands."

"I suppose they would not be sorry if I had gone with the building?"

"Don't say that, Halithorne; there is not one of them, not the oldest or most prejudiced, who would not have risked her life to save yours. But really," and the doctor chuckled, "it *is* a feather in their cap to have their forebodings and predictions so nicely realized, and without hurting anybody in particular."

"I must see Ina, doctor."

"Nonsense, you can't see her; I

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thought it was understood you were to go away early, and leave these people in peace."

"But I can't go, now. I must talk with Teishin San and Shiroyama. If I am responsible for these fireworks I have to make good the loss."

"There is some reason in that," said Donnell; "that is, if you can afford it. They won't take anything unless they are sure of that."

"I'll build them an entire new temple, from roof to foundation," exclaimed Halithorne.

"You shall settle that with Teishin. We will get some breakfast, provided you haven't cooked everything wholesale, and then we will hold a *sodan* (formal consultation)."

Two hours later, sundry diplomatic preliminaries having been accomplished by Donnell, not without indications of friction, the young American was invited to an apartment of ceremony in which were seated Shiroyama and his daughters. They gave the customary greeting, and Ina would have risen and approached the visitor but for a restraining gesture from Teishin.

"I warn you she is dreadfully set against you," said Donnell, aside. "She has scented mischief, and is in no holiday temper."

"Will you say to your sister, Ina San——" began Halithorne.

"Doctor Donnell has promised to do us the favor to translate," interrupted Teishin, in Japanese. "My sister is not well."

Ina glanced with a pained look at the presiding spirit of the conference, and Halithorne's face flushed at the direct manifestation of hostility. But he went on composedly, after the remark had been interpreted, declaring with extreme earnestness his regret at having been the cause of so dire a mishap, and, with all the delicacy he could employ, intimating his desire to make good the material loss he had occasioned. For the fright and anxiety he had created he could only ask to be forgiven; and it was needless to say that his indebtedness for the generous care lavished upon him far exceeded any recompense that he could offer.

This having been reconveyed, Teishin reflected a little, and in chilling tones answered thus:

"Upon what has been destroyed we waste not one single thought. Our house was open to the stranger; it was his, to use at his pleasure. What we have, we give willingly, in the name of charity. The accident which has taken from us a few poor rooms afflicts us in no degree; but the wickedness which pours out evil upon the innocent, which accepts our humble help and repays with heartless injury—that we do not forgive. Nor do we receive boons from an enemy's hand. Let the stranger go and be forgotten."

"She lays it on heavily," said Donnell; "but I must let you hear the whole, I presume."

"Doctor Donnell," interposed Teishin, "it will be better this time for Ina to interpret what I have said."

"Oh, *nei-san!*" implored the girl, in great distress, "do not command me. I cannot repeat such words. They are unjust; they are terrible."

"It is my wish," said Teishin.

For the hundredth time during his sojourn, the impulse was strong within Halithorne to avow his understanding of the native tongue. Notwithstanding the awkwardness which the revelation might produce, and the disagreeable suspicions to which it might subject him, he would have spoken, to spare Ina, had not Donnell forestalled him by rapidly communicating the stinging speech and hurriedly exclaiming:

"I have told him, Teishin San. You need not call upon Ina."

"It seems that my obdurate hostess is resolved to make her sister the especial instrument of my abasement," said Halithorne to Donnell. "The little girl is required to sit before me with her head covered. That is premeditated incivility. But I'll take my oath she would not do it unless she were compelled."

"Teishin is at white heat, there's no doubt of that," replied Donnell. "She has something in her mind which I can't fathom. Perhaps she is purposely keeping me in the dark—or perhaps you are. But you are wrong about the head-covering. It is not intended for disrespect; I know why she wears it."

"You are not an unbiased witness,

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doctor. She shall tell me herself," said Halithorne, nettled at his treatment.

"You must not inquire; it is a secret.

If you have a particle of regard for her feelings you will not worry her."

"Excuse me; I have the greatest regard for her feelings, and on that very account I will ask her. Ina, my little friend, I never thought to see you with a *tenugui* (rough handkerchief) about your face. It gives a pretty effect, but is otherwise not becoming."

The child turned scarlet, and made a hasty movement with her hand, as if to remove the unusual addition to her toilet. Restraining herself, she said to her sister:

"He is offended at my *tenugui*. What shall I say? He must not know the truth."

"Say nothing," answered Teishin; "it does not concern him."

"Why, what is the mystery?" said Halithorne, smiling. "Oblige me, Ina, and explain it."

"This is persecution," said Donnell, in high irritation. "Behave like a man, and urge her no more."

Halithorne laughed, though with anything but mirthful expression.

"That is not the way to stop me," he said. "Now, Ina, you will not deny me."

"What!" cried Donnell, his eyes blazing, "do you make a jest of it? Then I will tell you. No, Ina, don't try to prevent me. Let us see if he will laugh when he hears it all. She covers her head, Mr. Halithorne, because one side of her hair is lost. Burned away, sir; burned away, with her dress, while she was fighting the fire around you, and struggling all alone to get you out of the flames and into a place of safety. An excellent joke, young man! A thing to make yourself merry over for the rest of your life!"

His sarcasms fell on heedless ears. Before they were fairly launched, Halithorne had sprung across the room, lifted the girl to her feet, and clasped her in his arms, as regardless of the startled ejaculations and horrified gaze of Shiroyama and his elder daughter as if

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those two personages had been magically transported to the summit of Fusiyama, distant three hundred miles.

"My little Ina," he said, in a broken voice; "my brave little girl; my darling——"

In a Japanese house a scene of this kind could not last many seconds. Like an angry hawk, Teishin flew to them, tore her sister from the contaminating embrace, and thrust her far away from reach. Shiroyama's face was very dark. His hand flew instinctively to his side, where the swords had been worn until the Emperor's order displaced them. Donnell, however, realized that the aspect of the affair—as he understood it—had undergone a marvellous change.

"I will answer for everything," he shouted; "Mr. Halithorne is a man of honor." Then, addressing Halithorne in English, he added: "I tell them it is all right—that you are a man of honor."

"I am glad you have arrived at that conclusion," said Halithorne, rather stiffly. "Now, if you will persuade Mr. Shiroyama and this lady who favors me with her aversion to listen calmly for ten minutes, I can perhaps convince them that your latest judgment is not wholly without foundation."

"And Ina?"

"If Ina will leave us now, I think I can foretell that in half an hour she will hear something which will interest her. It is for her happiness, I believe—I hope."

Where were the principles of discipline which taught this daughter of Japan to heed only the commands of the elders of her household? Why did she follow the behest of this new-comer, unsupported by sign or word from those to whom she owed submission and obedience?

"You do not mean to go away," she said, softly, as she glided to the door.

"Go? without you? Never!" he cried.

It was all she cared to know. The happiness he had promised as a later gift was already glowing in every lineament of her fair young face.

"Now, doctor," said Halithorne, "will you please tell Shiroyama San that I want his daughter?"

The doctor surveyed him curiously and critically.

"Gently, friend Halithorne; this is too hasty."

"Not at all hasty; and if it were, I know what I am about. So pray lay aside your Scotch caution, and do as I request; otherwise I shall pull together enough Japanese to tell him myself."

"A nice piece of work you would make of it. For Ina's sake I suppose I am bound to humor you. I hope you see your way through all this. I can't say I do."

In elaborate and ceremonious terms, and with the amplitude of reiteration required by politeness on so momentous an occasion, he proceeded to submit the American's proposal. It was received in silence, and without a sign to indicate the impression it produced upon the listeners. When the doctor had finished, Shiroyama simply asked that he and Teishin be excused, as it was fitting they should consider the subject in private. Their absence, he said, should be as brief as they could make it.

"There will be no difficulty with the father," said Donnell; "his affection for Ina is too deep and controlling to allow him to stand in the way of her happiness—and I dare say she will find means to make him know what her happiness requires. But Teishin is not so easily led."

"Does she understand that I wish to marry Ina?" asked Halithorne.

The doctor glared at him.

"I am beginning to have a liking for you, young man," he said, "and it galls me to hear you talk like an ass. What else should she understand?"

"I beg your pardon, doctor, I do sincerely;" answered Halithorne, abashed. "But she might imagine that all foreigners look upon Japanese girls as their natural prey."

"I don't want to ruffle your self-esteem," said Donnell, "but you must not flatter yourself with the idea that these people will look upon this as a brilliant alliance. With all their gentleness they have the concentrated haughtiness of a dozen or more centuries in their blood. There's not a family in Europe with a pedigree to equal theirs."

"Bother their pedigree!" cried Hali-

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thorne, impatiently; "what do I care about it?"

"They care a great deal, and it is not Teishin's antagonism alone that you have to overcome. In fact, the final decision can hardly be said to rest even with Shiroyama. His father is yet alive, a finely preserved specimen of antique Japanese prejudice, arrogance, and wilfulness. He came near disinheriting Shiroyama for studying our system of medicine—would have done so if there had been another son. According to his belief, all foreigners are a peculiarly malignant class of devils, and he credits them with every misfortune that has visited him; insists upon it that if they had never come he would be still a wealthy noble."

"Is he poor, then?"

"Wretchedly."

"Well, I will square that account, and make him wealthy again."

"You will? How? But that is well thought of, Halithorne. They are entitled to some information, and will look to me for it. May I ask a few questions?"

"Go on."

"You are able to take care of Ina?"

"Financially? Oh, yes."

"You spoke of rebuilding the burned rooms."

"I can build them a dozen temples, doctor. Have no concern on that head."

"Indeed! Well, I am not sorry. Ina will never be spoiled by money. Thishin would not think about it. Shiroyama might be pleased, but the prospect of riches for his child will not influence him. And now—excuse me, I am not inquisitive, but since I have accepted the position of *nakodo* (go-between) I must be prepared for reasonable inquiries—you are quite free to act as you please?"

"Why, certainly."

"Of course you will have armies of relations and friends in full cry to dissuade you from this step?"

"I have no relations near enough to be listened to, and I know how to deal with the kind of friends you speak of."

"That is all I wish to learn, Halithorne. Shake hands, lad! I never thought to be mixed up in such a queer transaction. But I don't regret it. I don't believe you are the man to make me regret it. And yet I cannot tell you how dear that child is to me."

"You see I do not ask any questions about her," said Halithorne, with mischievous design.

"Gracious heaven! what could you desire to ask? You have known her a week. It doesn't need that much time to find the blemishes, if there are any, in a piece of pure crystal."

As the doctor expected, he was soon called to take part in the domestic conference. Halithorne gave himself less concern as to the result than the circumstances warranted. He did not dream of serious opposition. His Japanese experience had not brought him into close association with representatives of the old régime, or he might better have understood in what slight estimation the foreigner is held by them, and how unlikely they are to be dazzled by the glitter of riches. To do him justice, he placed little reliance upon this usually potent inducement. He believed, rightly enough, that Ina's undisguised affection would be the strongest argument in his favor, but he had no suspicion that it was the only one, and that no other consideration would have been allowed a feather's weight. When the family council reappeared, it was rather with eagerness than anxiety that he awaited the verdict. Teishin came directly to him, leading her sister by the hand. As she advanced she said, in an undertone:

"It is a misfortune that my words must reach him cold and lifeless. You, Ina, I fear, can give but a pale reflection of what I would now say."

"Then speak your own language," exclaimed Halithorne; "I ought long ago to have told you that I understand it."

The effect of this declaration, delivered in passable Japanese, was paralyzing. Ina was the first to grasp its full meaning.

"Oh, *nei-san!* he has heard everything," she cried, in consternation.

"It was not my desire to deceive you," said Halithorne, much embarrassed.

"This is easily understood," said Teishin, recovering herself. "He doubtless learned something in the early days which we might not wish him to know.

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If that were so, the secrecy was not dishonorable."

"That is precisely what happened, Teishin San; I thank you for judging me so fairly."

"I am glad to do so now," she answered; "until this hour I was too ready to be unjust. But that is past. Henceforth I wish to see only what is good in you, for, with a changed and willing heart, I give to you my sister, my treasure, the joy of my lonely life. Never have I had a thought but of her happiness. If she has found it without my guidance, it is not for me to turn my face against her. I read in her soul that she has learned to feel what I have never felt—what I have feared no woman in this land could safely feel. You, a stranger, have lighted the flame, and you should have the power to keep it alive. The kind doctor has told us what wives may be to husbands of your race. It is marvellous to hear, but I close my mind to distrust, and believe it all, rejoicing, for Ina's sake. Give her your love; without it she will fade and die. Give her your love, and take the blessings which we pray our gods to send from heaven to the loyal and the true. My father, Shiroyama Nobutora, bids me tell you that the last daughter of our house is yours."

As she closed, she sank upon her knees, seemingly to emphasize her fervent appeal. Lifting the folds of her coif with the left hand, so as to cover her face, she drew her sister forward with the right and placed her by Halithorne's side. The young American was genuinely affected by the solemnity and pathos of her action. He felt himself unequal to a formal response, which, indeed, was not looked for by any present.

"None of us will forget this scene," said Doctor Donnell, as he arose to withdraw.

"Not I, you may be sure," said Halithorne, "so long as I have this little monitor by me, to keep my memory steadfast."

VI.

When the Torin Ji sisterhood heard what had befallen, the calm of that sacred retreat was shaken as by a sentimental earthquake. This, then, was the consequence of letting the alien invalid share the bounties originally intended for the sons and daughters of Dai Nippon alone; the fire of Fudo Sama had touched the heart of their dearly loved novice. The younger nuns agreed unanimously to welcome it as a beneficent dispensation. The elders shook their heads ominously, until the report ran round that the American was about to rebuild the consumed edifice on a scale of unprecedented magnitude, besides adding untold splendors to the shrine of the god of flame. Then their despondency disappeared, and some of them commenced discussing the possibility of securing a desirable proselyte for the sect of Tendai. Teishin now readily accepted Halithorne's proffers, putting a check, however, upon the somewhat extravagant liberality of his schemes. Ina's delight and pride were unbounded when she discovered the power for good which her new command of money brought; it was her only way of measuring the value of wealth. And Halithorne was contented to watch the development of this and other phases of her character, apprehending no evil from the change of worldly condition which necessarily awaited her.

The announcement of his purpose was received by the European and American communities in Japan with stupefaction. That an eligible republican millionaire, laboring under aberration caused by brain-fever, should be thus captured by a designing knot of reduced Japanese *samurai*, they held to be the last and worst achievement of oriental chicanery. The general conviction was that the diplomatic agents near the Mikado's court were bound to interfere. As they did not, it devolved upon certain self-appointed committees to visit the misguided man and inform him that he was flying in the face of society; whereupon the misguided man proclaimed his permanent secession from society in terms too shockingly disrespectful to be here repeated; and his relations with that august body were summarily and to all appearance indefinitely suspended.

After his marriage, which was deferred until the season of festivity which marked Ina's eighteenth year, he continued to reside in Kioto, being permitted by favor

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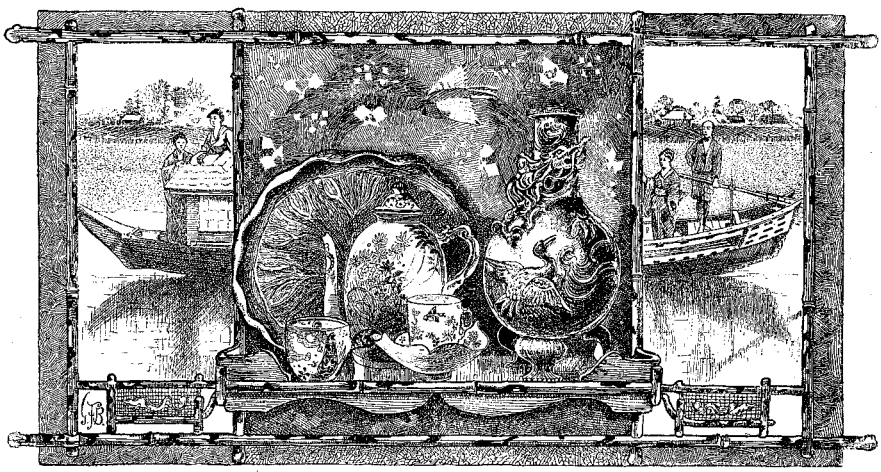
of the government to erect a private mansion in the near neighborhood, and in architectural imitation, of the temple where he first saw the chosen companion of his life. In due time a thriving village of contiguous schools afforded opportunity for labors which were the young bride's constant gratification. In these and kindred institutions, founded primarily for her exclusive pleasure, Halithorne soon became so interested as to occasion repeated postponements of the projects of extensive travel which at one time seemed to him desirable. By way of compensation he brought to his new home a fleet steam-yacht, the colors of which may sometimes since have been seen in harbors remote from Japan, but are more familiar in the waters of the island empire. During its frequent voyages of recreation it touches at sequestered spots little known to the outer world, and the breezes that follow it on each departure are laden with tributes of thankfulness from multitudes who idolize its mistress as a messenger of consolation and charity. Wherever she goes it is her favored lot to be not only happy herself, but the cause of happiness in all around her. The genial doctor watches with unalloyed satisfaction her growth in womanly grace and loveliness. Shiroyama's remembrance of early griefs is softened by the contemplation of his youngest child's blissful career. In the virtues which are the essential attributes of her sex in Japan—tender humility, sweetness of temper, generous and affectionate devotion, and a fidelity to duty which no adverse strain can warp or weaken—her husband's trust is unlimited. While he knows that by these safeguards his domestic beatitude is assured, he feels himself under no obligation to shut his eyes to the additional charms of beauty and cleverness with which his little wife is endowed. But there is one in the small circle of family relationship whose felicity is of a purer and more unselfish quality. Teishin, mindful only of her sister's welfare, has long since stifled every sorrowful pang, triumphed bravely over her own bereavement, and taught herself to rejoice with all the fervor of her faithful heart in the love which, her simple creed tells her, was kindled by the sacred flame of Torin Ji.



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FRENCH TRAITS—SENSE AND SENTIMENT.

By W. C. Brownell.

FTER all," says Taine, "in France the chief power is intellect." More specifically, one is tempted to say, it is good-sense. Good-sense is universal. There is no national trait more salient in every individual. One comprehends Franklin's French popularity; his incarnation of good-sense inevitably suggested to the Parisians the propriety of divine honors. Measure is a French passion. Excess, even of virtue, is distinctly disagreeable to the French nature. Philinte's line, in "Le Misanthrope,"

"Et veut que l'on soit sage avec sobriété,"

defines the national feeling in this regard with precision. Exaggeration, exaltation, the fanatic spirit, are extremely rare. Temperance is the almost universal rule in speech, demeanor, taste, and habits. Nothing is less French than eccentricity. The normal attitude is equipoise. Any shock to this Frenchmen instinctively dislike. The unknown has few attractions for them. The positive and systematic ordering of the known absorbs their attention. Their gayety itself is consciously hygienic. Pleasure is their constant occupation, mainly because they can extract it out of everything, and make it such an avowed motive. But that intensification of pleasure which, either by attaining joy and bliss, on the one hand, or degenerating into riot, on the other, involves a complete surrender of one's self to impulse, they rarely experience. They organize their amusement, and take it deliberately. They cultivate carefully a capacity for enjoyment. They strike us as, one and all, calculators. They leave nothing to chance, and trust the unforeseen so little that the unexpected disconcerts them. They are alert rather than spontaneous. To our recklessness they appear to coddle themselves, but we speedily discern that in nothing is their good-sense more salutary; they conceive hygiene as we do therapeutics. Similarly with their economy, which is conspicuous and all-pervading. If you are bent on pleasure, a frugal mind is a necessity. Frugality is noticeable everywhere. It is the source of the self-respect of the poor; it keeps Paris purged of slums; it decorates respectability, and sobers wealth; it enables the entire community to get the utmost out of life. Economy extends even into the manner of eating. *Les Américains gâchent tout* is a frequent French reflection upon our neglect of the gravy and lack of thoroughness in the matter of mutton-chops. With them good-sense triumphs over grace itself. In dress, economy is as common as sobriety of taste. Frenchwomen would no more pay for, than they would wear, our dresses. Frenchmen make the opera-hat do duty in the afternoon promenade, and would resent the rigor of our "spring and fall styles."

This wide-spread diffusion of good-sense has, however, one inevitable concomitant—namely, a corresponding deficiency of sentiment. So preponderant is rationality in the French nature that Frenchmen strike us, sometimes, as a curious compound of the Quaker and the Hebrew. We are used to less alertness, to more relaxation. Bathos, enervation, are foreign to their atmosphere, and are speedily transformed amid its bracing breezes. But it is impossible to be so completely unsentimental as the French are without missing some of the quality of which sentimentality is really but the excess. The perfume of this they certainly miss. There are characters in Anglo-Saxondom—not to seek the *Gemüthlichkeit* of Germany—that are completely penetrated with this fine aroma. Neither are they rare; every man's acquaintance includes such. Their lives are full of a sweet, indefinable charm. Whatever the exterior, and often it is rugged and forbidding, the real nature

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within glows with a delightful and temperate fervor that irradiates everywhere the circle within which they exist and move. Whatever, indeed, the intellectual fibre or equipment, the "mellow fruitfulness" of disposition and demeanor is potently seductive. Still further, one may find the quality in queston illuminating and rendering subtly attractive most deviously tortuous moral imperfections. And in France this quality hardly exists. In very few varieties of French type is it to be found, even in dilution. Even then it is apt to be imported. Rousseau was Swiss, and his heart and imagination had been touched by the deep colors and mysterious spaces of the Jura with a magic which it is vain to seek under the gray skies of Northern, or amid the "sunburnt mirth," the "dance and Provençal song," of Southern Gaul. Passionately patriotic as was the chief of Rousseau's successors, it is undoubtedly to her Northern blood that she owes her sentiment. About her French side, the side which came to the surface chiefly in her life, as the other did in her books, there was, if we may believe M. Paul de Musset and other *chroniqueurs*, very little sentiment indeed. In any event it is an exception, not a type, that George Sand illustrates as a Frenchwoman. Her great contemporary, Balzac, remarkable and original as he was, is a thousand times more French. But it is idle to cite instances. After all one may say of the De Guérins, of Senancour, of Joubert, Doudan, Renan, the fact remains that the French one meets, the people we mean when we think of Frenchmen, the great mass of the nation and its characteristic racial types, strike our Anglo-Saxon sense too sharply and clearly, with too ringing and vibrant a note, to appear to us otherwise than distinctly, integrally, and ineradicably unsentimental. It is this principally, I think, which makes the Anglo-Saxon feel so little at home in France—that is to say, the Anglo-Saxon who does thus feel, and who, I suspect, is in the majority. Paris is certainly very agreeable. Americans especially, having none of the jealousy of French institutions which makes a Tory of the most liberal Englishman while he is in Paris, find all sorts of *agréments* there as well as *en province*. But it is notorious that of both those who merely make flying visits, and those who form the American colony and move about in its rather narrow circle, there are very few who come into close contact with Frenchmen or make acquaintances of any degree of intimacy among them. And both to the few who do and the many who do not come to know them well, I suppose that French people are not, in general, acutely sympathetic.

The reason is not the difference in manners or in morals. Italian *mœurs* are as unlike American as are French habits and character. There are a dozen points of reciprocity between Frenchmen and ourselves which do not exist between us and the rest of the Latin race. Indeed, from our excessively industrial point of view, it seems as if it were only since 1870 that the Italians had belonged to the modern world at all—that world of which, from the same point of view, we are the present light and the future hope. Yet I do not doubt that nine out of every ten travelling Americans find the Italians more sympathetic, and that those who cross the Pyrenees get a more cordial feeling for the Spaniards. The reason is that the moral atmosphere south of the Pyrenees and the Alps is saturated with sentiment. As, journeying northward, one passes into the vine-clad prairie of Languedoc, or into the rose-decked arbor of Provence, one exchanges the deep Iberian tone and intense color, and the soft sweetness and suave grace which but gather substance without changing character in their *crescendo* from Naples to Turin, for a flood of bright light and clear freshness that fall somewhat chill on American relaxation. One exchanges the air of sentimental expansion for that of mental exhilaration, and only when some definite work is to be done do we, in general, enjoy external bracing of this sort. And in France, where industry, sobriety, measure, good-sense, hold remorselessly unremittent sway, where the chronic state of mind seems to him keyed up to the emergency standard, where no one is idle in Lamb's sense, where day-dreams are unknown and pleasure is an action rather than a state, where "merely to

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bask and ripen" is rarely "the student's wiser business"—where, in a word, everything in the moral sphere appears terribly dynamic, the American inevitably feels himself somewhat at sea.

We have, of course, our unsentimental man, but he differs essentially from the Frenchman. He is practical, pragmatical—his enemies are inclined to add, pharisaical. To anyone of a radically different intellectual outfit he is intensely unsympathetic. He constantly expresses or betrays scorn for sentiment, which he associates with weakness of character; and for weakness of character he has nothing but contempt. Yet it is plain that he has, at bottom, more sentiment than the most sentimental Frenchman. His contempt for sentimentality, in fact, is thoroughly sentimental, and due to an instinctive dread of cheapening a force and a consolation which he secretly cherishes and jealously guards. And the contrast is as plain among the vicious as among the virtuous or along the commonplace level of respectable merit. The well-known association of Thackeray's Rebecca with Balzac's Valérie Marneffe, by which M. Taine illustrates radical differences in the art of the respective authors, serves better still, to my sense, to mark the radical difference in respect of sentiment between the French and English variants of the same type. Madame Marneffe is far less complex, far colder, more deliberately designing, more cynical, less remorseful. She is cleverer and infinitely more charming, to be sure, but the charm is wholly external. Rebecca's perversion is deeper, because her nature is more emotional. She is a hypocrite in a sense and to a degree that would undoubtedly surprise Madame Marneffe, about whom there is no cant at all. Her circumstances develop none. Her victims succumbed to other weapons. The absence of cant is itself unfavorable to sentiment, from which, at all events, cant is inseparable—an invariable excrescence, if not in one form or another and to some degree an accompaniment. As a matter of fact, the social naturalist infers it where sentiment is found in luxuriant growth, and from its absence argues the certain presence of cynicism. No two things are more reciprocally hostile than cynicism and cant, unless it be cynicism and sentiment. We come, logically, thus to find the absence of sentiment, involved in the French freedom from cant, express itself in what strikes the Anglo-Saxon as positive cynicism. Examples are abundant in contemporary literature. The Parisian widow of his "Four Meetings"—one of Mr. Henry James's masterpieces, and designated by him, with malicious felicity, "quelque chose de la vieille Europe"—surpasses Madame Marneffe; but easily the mistress of both, and here a marvel of pertinence, is the inimitable, the irresistible Madame Cardinal.

"Who has not the inestimable advantage," says Thackeray, "of possessing a Mrs. Nickleby in his own family?" What French family, one may inquire in a similarly loose and approximate spirit, cannot boast at least a distant connection with Madame Cardinal? This creation of M. Ludovic Halévy merits the high praise of association with Mrs. Nickleby. She is quite as frequent a French type as Mrs. Nickleby is an Anglo-Saxon one; and it is to be remarked that she is as unmixed an embodiment of sense as Mrs. Nickleby is of sensibility. There is a side of French nature, and of French nature alone, which Madame Cardinal illustrates in an eminent degree and with a *désinvolture* that is delightfully indiscreet. In his Academy address of welcome to M. Halévy, M. Pailleron spoke with sternness of this Cardinal *ménage*, and praised its chronicler as a moralist. But for a foreigner the moral is evident enough without insistence upon it, and the point of her portrait—aside from its exquisite technic—is not that Madame Cardinal is deeply perverted, but that she is national. She is national to this extent, that in the vast majority of her compatriots who are, in correctness of conduct and respectability of position, wholly removed from her sphere, who are as worthy as she is scandalous, there is, nevertheless, something acutely sympathetic with that trait of her character in virtue of which her rationality infallibly triumphs over the subtlest attacks of sentiment. Strictly from the point of view of sentiment, we may say, I think, that the average Frenchman makes the same impression on us that she proba-

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bly makes on the average Frenchman. Be the situation never so sentimental, it never overpowers her omnipresent good-sense. *La santé avant tout* is not only her watchword, but that of millions of her countrymen. It is as potent to conjure with as the *Marseillaise*—and in the same way; one would say it aroused the same kind of feeling. The famous scene at table on Good-Friday, when Madame Cardinal takes a hand in the conversation, and brings the most delicate and elusive topics into the cold, relentless light of reason, is exquisite comedy, but it is satire as well. This brief two pages of *genre* will live as long as any masterpiece of the kind in literature, but its interest is not merely artistic. It is a contemporary national document of the first-class, beside which M. Zola's are often trite and superficial. There are present Monsieur and Madame Cardinal, their two daughters, both *danseuses* at the Opéra, and the Italian marquis, who has a wife and children in Italy, but who prefers living with the elder Mademoiselle Cardinal in Paris—an arrangement secured by the maternal solicitude of Madame Cardinal herself. Frequent quarrels disturb the serenity of this interior, however, despite the exclusively practical and unsentimental origin of the relationship. The marquis is reactionary. Monsieur Cardinal is radical. The occasion of Good-Friday provokes a clerical discussion. M. Cardinal abuses priests. The marquis forbids him to speak ill of his religion, announcing that he is a Catholic and has two bishops in his family. "Tenez," breaks in Madame Cardinal, "vous nous faites pitié avec votre religion! Ayez donc de la morale avant d'avoir de la religion. . . . Comment, voilà un homme marié, qui a une femme, trois enfants, qui laisse tout ça végéter en Italie pour venir vivre à Paris avec une danseuse. Et puis il parle de ses sentiments religieux. Non, vrai! ça me coupe l'appétit." (See here, you make us perfectly sick with your religion! Get some morality before having so much religion. . . . What! a married man with a wife and three children, who lets all that vegetate in Italy, while he himself comes to Paris to live with an opera-dancer. And he talks about his religious sentiments. It spoils my appetite.) Sentimentally speaking, this has the sublime irrelevance of Mrs. Nickleby's common-sense. Otherwise considered, it is the very acme of sense, reached under what, to anyone but Madame Cardinal, would be extremely discouraging conditions. How great must be the tension and how constant the alertness in which it is necessary to keep the purely intellectual faculties in order not to be distracted from impulsively denouncing in another the contemptible conduct for which you have rendered yourself expressly responsible by far greater baseness. In what a pitiful light does the sentimental marquis appear beside this victorious imperviousness to the sophisms of mere *délicatesse!* His exculpatory talk about his wife's wrongs toward him takes away our appetite as well as that of Madame Cardinal. As Périchole says, "Oui, bonnes gens, sautez dessus;" he is, in effect, "par trop bête."

It is, indeed, very noticeable that the social circumstances responsible for the evolution of such creatures as the Cardinals should have succeeded in debasing merely the emotional side of their nature. The will is not enervated, the conscience is doubtless readjusted rather than repudiated altogether, and the mental faculties are to a perfectly sane sense, perhaps, abnormally developed. No one would think of calling Madame Cardinal *bête*. She has the whole jargon of sentimentality at her tongue's end, and makes artistic use of it. The effect is somewhat hard and brassy; but justness of tone in such matters is for people of Madame Cardinal's station an affair of the susceptibility. A Madame Cardinal of any other nationality would be simply abominable, since to her moral obliquity she would inevitably add the mental degradation fatal to the last vestiges of self-respect. As it is, the caricature of one side of the French nature which M. Halévy's admirable portrait furnishes serves the purpose of a lens of high magnifying power in exhibiting the weakness of the French ideal of *délicatesse*. *Délicatesse* is a social and intellectual virtue—not a personal and moral one. It is the refinement of good-sense under the direction of the art-instinct. It is, in a word, conscientiousness minus sen-

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timent. What is the quality of conscientiousness—almost as frequent with us as its correlative opposite, cant—but the result of adding sentiment, that is, serious emotion, to a disposition to right conduct? And the French lack of conscientiousness in its deeper and subtler sense, the sense in which we know it, and their substitution for it of *délicatesse*, indicates very strikingly a profound lack of sentiment also—an adjustment of the susceptibility to social expansion instead of to personal concentration. Rousseau's notion of gaining a fortune by pressing a button which should kill a mandarin has no attractions for us. The irresponsible levity of M. Sarcey's chagrin at having killed a servant of brain-fever, by trying vainly to teach him to read, gives us a slight shock. We have, very likely, too much conscientiousness. Everyone will recall absurd instances of its unhappy exaggeration. But our possession of both the quality and its defect is one of our differences from the French. *Délicatesse*, of which unquestionably we have too little, is in comparison decidedly an external and rational quality. Violation of its precepts results in mortification, but not remorse. A coarse person may become thoroughly *délicat* by careful observation of his acts, by considerateness, by attention, by intellectual conviction of its worldly wisdom. The chances are against his success, of course, because of the well-known difficulty of making silk purses out of anything but silk—but it is not impossible; whereas to "become" conscientious is a nonsense except through a change of heart and the aid of sentiment and emotion.

Certainly the frequency of French allusions to so delicate a thing as delicacy jars on a sensitiveness that is acute rather than rational—rude rather than civilized, the French would perhaps say. You feel like the little boy who, being taken to visit a family of very articulate piety, protested in confidence to his mother that so much open talk about God sounded to his sense too much like "bragging." Such words and phrases as *honneur, gloire, excessivement, scrupuleux, très honorable, extrêmement délicat* seem to us over-frequent in French usage, because we always use them with emotion, and with personal emotion (sincere or perfunctory), and so fail to see that the French use them scientifically. An American miner—not such a one as the grotesque Clarkson of M. Dumas fils's imagination, but such an uncut diamond as Bret Harte's Kaintuck—would undoubtedly find M. Augier's Marquis de Presles lacking in true sensitiveness in boasting of his pedigree and prating of his honor. On the other hand, the delicacy of Una's lion itself probably seems a little fantastic to the Frenchman, who would be sure also to share the feeling of the Marseillais for that of Inghomar. His highly developed social instinct, his remarkable intelligence, his good-sense, his lack of sentiment, enable him to disport freely and even gracefully on what appears to our eyes the thinnest of thin ice; he talks with great frankness of intimate things, makes confidently all manner of delicate allusions, seems to menace an assault upon the very citadel of your privacy, asks with inimitable *aplomb* questions of an indiscretion which makes your own awkwardness fairly gasp—all because his interest in these things is purely impersonal and uncolored with a tinge of sentiment. Take, for example, the instance of money. The French consider America El Dorado; and having regard to the comparative ease with which money is made here, they are quite right. But they entirely mistake our interest in money, which they imagine to be intensely philistine, whereas it is not so much that we care for money as that we care as a nation for little else. Money is, on the other hand, only one of the far more numerous and multifarious interests of the French; but they talk about it as we never do, and as, in fact, sounds cynical to American ears. Money-making is so much a matter of course with the vast majority of our people that without being paradoxical we may call our preoccupation with it in a measure disinterested. We pursue the end of money-getting more or less artistically, in a word, and the extravagance and recklessness with which we spend it proceeds from this and not from vulgarity, as Europeans, whose experience tells them nothing on this point, believe. It is, in fine, with us an end rather than a means, and consequently enables us to escape

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that sordidness which does not fail to shock us abroad. Our attitude is thus irrational beside that of the French, and causes their frank eagerness of acquisition and undisguised economy of spending to seem extremely *terre-à-terre* to us. "Coal-oil-Johnny" is really a less vulgar figure than the more sensible Père Grandet, and he is perhaps a less frequent type with us than Balzac's miser is in France. As business is a less definite pursuit with the French, it becomes in dilution even more general; it is followed as art is with us—not only by the profession, but by an innumerable army of amateurs. And it is largely with these that the American visitor comes into contact. His mental note-book is naturally thus crowded with disagreeable and exasperating data of what seems to his haste indelicacy carried beyond the honorable limit. But it is to be observed that these instances rarely illustrate an offence committed against the unwritten law of the French community itself, and that therefore dishonorable is an inapplicable epithet. To expect a community to change its customs in these regards for the benefit of your *naïveté* would be to exhibit still greater *naïveté*; but it is impossible not to argue from them an indisposition to permit good-sense any sentimental relaxation whatever—even in circumstances of the utmost seductiveness to a sensitive nature.

The French community is destitute of many sentimental influences which are very potent with us. The home, for instance, in England and among ourselves is a nursery of sentiment to a degree which it certainly is not in France—right as the French are in resenting our absurd misconception of their home-life. Mother and children are not, in France, brought into such sympathetic and sentimental relations. The reciprocal affection is, of course, just as sure and puissant, but its sinews are rational. She does not efface herself so much, and aspire to live only in them. They are educationally and otherwise occupied instead of developing emotional precocity. There are no long readings winter evenings, and none of that intimate companionship so often productive of what, physiologically speaking, has been so aptly termed "emotional prodigality." Our society is in considerable measure leavened by young men who, chiefly through this prodigality, have at one time or another contemplated entering the ministry, and have abandoned the notion only after the momentous struggle which leaves lasting traces on the sensibility. French youth do not know what solitude is; their only "communings" are communication. They naturally have less aptitude for the spiritual side of life than for its sensual and rational sides; the tendency to materialism is never far from the surface.

In fine, when the French enter the realm of sentiment they do not seem quite at home. They are in danger of becoming either fantastic or conventional. "Les deux tours de Notre Dame sont le H de Hugo!" exclaims, one day, Auguste Vacquerie to Jules Claretie, and Claretie chronicles the remark as an impressive one. Similar extravagances pass muster in the sphere of art, though only where sentiment is concerned. On the other hand, though nowhere is beauty admired more fanatically—adored more abjectly, one may almost say—the idea of it is often conventional enough. Expression, sentiment, do not count for so much as regularity. *Le charme prime la beauté* is a French adage, but what constitutes charm is the real question. As the vocabularies disclose, a single French word answers to "beautiful, fine, handsome." Sometimes beauty is mere *chic*, *cachet*, style, order and movement in carriage. That at any rate is, as a matter of fact, the great Parisian substitute for beauty, and has doubtless become so by natural selection. Accordingly, for the most part they confine their activities to the sphere of the intelligence, where they are never fantastic and rarely perfunctory; and they find no difficulty whatever in doing this, because the atmosphere of the intelligence is their natural element. Notice, for example, the diction of French acting. It is the sense and not the sentiment of the verse or prose that is savored by the actor and the audience. The voice never caresses the emotion evoked by the significance of the lines beyond the point needful for complete expression. The personal feeling by which such an actor as Salvini infuses warmth and glow into his most artistic impersonations the boards of the

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Comédie Française never witness. It is an impersonal, that is to say, a purely intellectual enjoyment that one obtains from the delicious voice and admirable acting of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, when she is at her best, when she is most contained, when she appeals most strongly to the Parisian. There is absolutely no sentiment whatever in that quintessence of the exquisite which has made Mme. Judic the most popular actress of Paris. An American or Englishman, and I should suppose, *a fortiori*, a German, is infallibly much impressed in his early stages of French theatre-going at the absence of intensity in the love-passages; the absence of all that kissing, clasping, enfolding, rushing together, gazing into the depths of each other's eyes—in fine, all that effort to enact the unutterable which is so characteristic of our stage as to have become thoroughly perfunctory. That this sort of thing does not exist on the French stage is partly due, to be sure, to a nicer sense of propriety, which dictates the limits of what is fit subject for artistic representation; but mainly it is to be ascribed to the predominance of good-sense over sentiment in the French appetite. One of the most refined pleasures that this world furnishes to the educated intellectual palate is the acting of Mdlle. Susanne Reichemberg. It is not only delicious in its *ingénue* quality, but it has an ampleness—what the French call *envergure*—wholly remarkable in this kind of art. Yet the foreigner undoubtedly, during a long apprenticeship, finds Mdlle. Reichemberg's art a little faint, a little thin, a little elusive, because of the ethereality with which it hovers over the region of sentiment, without ever alighting so that he may repose his apprehensive faculties an instant and devote himself to purely sensuous enjoyment. There is no pause; no intermission in which to meditate, as we say—the word often being a euphemism for "dream." In the presence of a worthy object, the Frenchman's pleasure is produced by the act of apprehension itself; ours by the stimulus apprehension gives to the sensibility. We like the light touch, but we like it to linger. Take such a piece as M. Augier's charming trifle, called "Le Post-Scriptum." It is impossible for the American to repress a wish that there were more of it; the *dénouement* occurs just as sentiment enters the scene. The Frenchman can imagine the rest; so can we, but we want it imagined for us all the same—we are more sentimental. The French public would never have demanded the epilogue of "The Newcomes."

Pathos and grandeur and their adequate presentation are by no means unknown to the French stage, though assuredly they are not its strong points. But it is always unmistakably apparent that these are never pursued outside the realm of pure intelligence, and driven to a refuge in that of pure emotion. Even in such a torrent of passion as that which Got portrays in "Les Rantzau," for example—certainly, as he presents it, one of the most powerful scenes to be found in the contemporary drama—the spectator is throughout acutely conscious of the illusion in virtue of which art is art and not a vulgarization of nature. In other words, however, the feelings may be stirred, the mind is maintained in continuous activity, and never abdicates in favor of the momentum of pure emotion. Exactly the opposite is the experience of the spectator who witnesses Miss Morris's remarkable impersonation of Cora, in "Article 47," say—in seeing which the nerves vibrate long after the moral susceptibility is too benumbed to react. Similar contrasts are noticeable in every department of activity.

The absence of anything answering to our negro-minstrelsy presents a very striking one. Few things could be less alike than the sensations obtainable from the *café-concert* entertainment and those produced by the melancholy songs and the burnt-cork buffoonery under whose benign influence the Anglo-Saxon sensibility is so wont to expand. "They have gazed," said Thackeray of his spectacles, "at dozens of tragedy-queens, dying on the stage and expiring in appropriate blank verse, and I never wanted to wipe them. They have looked up, with deep respect be it said, at many scores of clergymen in pulpits, and without being dimmed; and behold! a vagabond, with a corked face and a banjo, sings a little song, strikes a wild note which sets the whole heart thrilling with happy pity." It would be difficult, I think, to explain to

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a Frenchman the significance of "thrilling with happy pity;" or the value in general of idle tears drawn from the depths of never so divine a despair; or the connection of this kind of emotion with that with which Thackeray associates it in saying, in the same paragraph which records the dimming of his spectacles by a sentimental ditty, "I have seen great, whiskered Frenchmen warbling the 'Bonne Vieille,' the 'Soldats, au pas, au pas,' with tears rolling down their mustaches." "Is there then," one can fancy him asking in perplexity, "no difference between the respective ways in which Béranger and a banjoist affect the English sensibility?"

We miss unction in the expression with which the French read even the lyric and emotional verse and prose of their own authors. A Frenchman seems to see in such idyls as Daudet's "Lettres de Mon Moulin" a wholly different kind of charm from that which penetrates us. What we call unction would undoubtedly seem to them unctuousness—especially should they listen to some of our professional elocutionists, who bear on so hard as to make the tenderer sentiments fairly squeak. Even in personal matters, sentiment with the French does not outlast the intellectual occasion of it. In the sincerest grief they are easily consoled. Their sanity comes speedily to their rescue from the peril of morbidness, which from their point of view it is so clearly a duty to avoid that they devote themselves to it consciously and expressly. Inconsistency is therefore not a trait to be ashamed of. Certain forms of constancy, on the other hand, seem puerile and rudimentary. Be constant just so long as instinct, reason, and passion dictate. *L'amour* becomes *l'amitié* with appalling swiftness. There are, perhaps, as many "John Andersons"—Daudet's "Les Vieux" is as touching as the Scotch poem—but they are not given to sentimentalizing. In the average Parisian the horror of old age has something almost hysterical about it. For them, more than for anyone else, the days of their youth are the days of their glory.

The feeling for landscape is said to be a modern sentiment. In a Wordsworthian degree of intensity it may be; though from Sophocles to Shakespeare there is not wanting abundant evidence of the power of nature over human emotions. But here, at any rate, is a field in which the imagination has full sway, in which the feeling for what *is* can be indulged unhampered by what is *made*, where the mind is led captive by the sense and the sense itself seduced by the fancy, where sentiment, uncurbed by either the intellect or the will, reacts under the effect of nature's beauty in such a way as to transfigure the cause itself of so much emotion and transform the actual aspects of nature into celestial mirage. Mention that phenomenon to the Frenchman, and you will be sure to find his civility hardly capable of concealing his scepticism. You will discover in him something of the feeling you yourself experience in the presence of certain manifestations of German sentiment. It has been said, indeed, of Théodore Rousseau that whereas other men loved nature, he was in love with her; but Rousseau was a specialist, and, like George Sand, remains wholly exceptional. Daudet's Bompard, who finds Switzerland "un paysage de convention," is the type. In the presence of nature even the Provençal is *recueilli*. The true Frenchman, who is socially and intellectually expansion itself, is no more touched by green fields and new pastures than such English exceptions as Sydney Smith or Doctor Johnson. Only by an excess of sentiment over the thinking-power can one surrender himself fully to the pantheistic charm of landscape, or share that passion for "scenery" which rules strongly in the breast of even our philistine.

As with nature, so in art—a domain wherein the modern Frenchman believes himself supreme, and wherein, indeed, he is on many sides unrivalled. In architecture, painting, sculpture, and poetry, one may almost say that whereas the antique and the Renaissance art appealed to the mind through the sense, the French genius reaches the sense through the mind. The mind at all events is first satisfied. It is the science rather than the sentiment of perhaps the most emotional plastic art in the world—mediæval architecture, namely—that strikes most powerfully its most eminent expositor, M. Viollet-le-Duc, as appears not

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merely in his admirable "Discourses," but especially in his restorations, which are as cold as the stone that composes them. French æsthetic criticism in all departments is pervaded by this spirit. And as criticism far more than imaginative writing demands standards and canons in order to attain coherence and effectiveness, it is perhaps for this reason that French criticism is altogether unequalled. Competence may be measured, but sentiment is less palpable; accordingly, in every artistic province competence mainly is what is looked for, seen, and discussed. Accordingly, too, it mainly is what is found. Not only is the technic more interesting as a rule than the idea, the treatment worthier than the motive. This is a consequence of highly developed education, which, though it may not stifle inspiration, yet infallibly disturbs the relation which, under more rudimentary conditions of training, conception and execution reciprocally sustain. But what is more noteworthy and more natively characteristic of French art is that the technic itself is sapient rather than sensuous. Your respect for it reaches admiration; but exceptions like Vollon, whose touch seduces you by its charm, are rare. Manet and the whole impressionist school, Degas apart, whose art begins and ends in technic, are in the last analysis admirable rather than moving; the mass of the school, indeed, still handles its brush polemically. Observe the difference between Diaz and Monticelli in the matter of sentiment. There can be no doubt which is the saner painter, which has the larger method, but there are chords of infinite refinement in the Italian's poetic register that Diaz never reaches; his fine ladies and gallants are very courtly, they have the grand air, but they have not the exquisite suavity of Monticelli's, and do not breathe the same ether. The great annual exhibition at the Palais de l'Industrie contains no sentiment like that of the Venetian Nono, the English Burne-Jones, the American Martin; there is no tone like Segantini's, no color like La Farge's. Even in the crucial instances of Corot and Millet—not to mention Troyon and Daubigny—even in the case of the Fontainebleau coterie, which contrasts so strongly with the mass of French art, and which is thoroughly poetic, there is still visible the high, clear prevalence of French style, French distinction, French reserve, order, measure. Corot is, I think, yet more eminent for style than for sentiment. Millet's sentiment is a trifle morbid; his melancholy is not intense and spontaneous, but pervasive and discouraged. It is not quite, I think, the spontaneous, natural note which produces the poetry of "Turner's seas and Reynolds's children," comparatively impotent as the technic is in either English case. It has a philosophical touch in it; it is mentally preoccupied. The French peasant is, in fine, too exclusively Millet's subject. Even in the Fontainebleau coterie the thinking-power dominates.

Of course the same characteristic is quite as noticeable in poetry as in plastic art. French tragedy is not what the younger Crébillon called it—"the most perfect farce ever invented by the human mind"—but it has incontestably the qualities of prose; it has even the defects of prose. As a rule it is clear, placid, measured, the emotional element quite lost in its contained and cadenced expression; or else it is *emphase*. We at least cannot quite understand what is meant by what the French say about the rude grandeur of Corneille except by contrasting him with the ingenious and refined but, to our notion, not deeply poetic Racine; and, of course, such a contrast has nothing in the way of positive judgment in it. Still it is the fashion to misappreciate French classic poetry in English, and to misappreciate it very grossly and absurdly; the affectation of overestimating it is very recent and, as yet, very little disseminated. We have far more to learn from the French admiration of it than we commonly imagine. It is singular that we should be as temerarious as we are in judging an art with whose medium of expression we are so little familiar. Plastic art is a universal language. The French idiom is perhaps the modern tongue, whose idiosyncrasies are most highly developed, in the first place, and, in the second, the most inaccessible to the foreigner. But one thing is plain, an English-speaking person is apt to underestimate its poetic capacity because of the peculiar compo-

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sition of his own language. How much of the poetic quality of English verse and prose is due to the fact that we have a double vocabulary it would be difficult to determine. It is certainly very considerable. The play of mind and emotion afforded by this easy method of avoiding prosaic associations, by using the Saxon or the Latin word or phrase, or both, or varying their proportions, as the shade of sense may prompt, is very great. We rely so unconsciously on this advantage that we feel its absence as the French, who do not know it, of course cannot, and as it is, equally of course, wholly unjust to feel in the case of French poetry. When Creon exclaims to Œdipus, who has the madness to appear in Thebes, "Quelle imprudence extrême!" the English-speaking spectator, who misses the value of the tone, adjudges the poetic quality of the ejaculation about equivalent to that of a reproach addressed to a man who should have had the imprudence to brave the night-air without an overcoat. He does not see that such a word as *imprudence* is, so far as its poetic quality is concerned, a totally different word from "imprudence." Even a critic of so nice a sense and a French scholar of such distinction as Mr. Arnold complains that the only word the French have for "fustian" is *emphase*—our word for emphasis. But *emphase* in the proper circumstances means to a Frenchman precisely what fustian means to us; it does not mean emphasis at all. It would be as pertinent to find the French lack of musical instinct attested by their making chanticleer *chanter* instead of "crow." We cannot proceed too cautiously where the shades of the French language are concerned. There is no *feu follet* which equals it.

Nevertheless, let us note that this applies mainly to technic; and that after we have admitted our incompetence to pronounce upon the poetic quality of the medium, and come as directly as thus we may to the substance of French poetry, we almost infallibly find this to have the quality of rhetoric rather than of absolute poetry, as we understand the term. Its stuff is assuredly not star-dust. Keats's conjunction of the two words "Cold pastoral!" shows the power of the alchemist who fuses thought and emotion at the white heat requisite for producing the quintessence of poetry. Beside them Victor Hugo's naively admired characterization of death as "La grande endormeuse" is the rhetorical variant of a classic commonplace. On the other hand, where elevation rather than intensity of poetic emotion is in question, the rhetorical quality of French poetry is still more apparent; it is perfect rhetoric, but its rational and finite alloy is still more noticeable. Is there anything in Victor Hugo's trinity of Rabelais, Molière, and Voltaire, or in "soft Racine and grave Corneille," that strikes precisely the same note as Lear turning from his dead Cordelia with "Pray you, undo this button—thank you, sir!"? Yet you may find in English prose the same sudden poetic harmonizing with the calm and simplicity of nature herself when personal emotion has spent its exaltation; for example, where Henry Esmond, after his tirade to the Prince, turns to his cousin with "Frank will do the same, won't you cousin?"

Lack of sentiment, too, seems to me directly responsible for that intrusion of philosophy into the domain of art, which is a French eccentricity—just as, perhaps, to an excess of sentiment is to be attributed the tendency of the Anglo-Saxon artist to infiltrate his work with moralizing. Balzac and Thackeray contrast in illustration of this as in so many other respects. In either instance art loses—in the one because sentiment overshadows the artistic sense, in the other because there is no qualifying sentiment to prevent paradox through the medium of tact and feeling. Dreary pages of Balzac would have been spared his readers had his intelligence been sentimentally modified. But it is in such instances as that which the younger Dumas presents that this characteristic effect is best seen. The younger Dumas is taken very seriously in France. He is the first of French social philosophers. He uses the stage as a professor does his desk. His plays are philosophical deliverances; and, in spite of their immense cleverness of artistic artifice, they are invariably artistic paradoxes. Invariably the sentiment revolts at the

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first act, and the rest of the piece is an acted argument to prove the illogicality of this repugnance, its philosophical unsoundness. A similar note is observable in much of Hugo's work. The catastrophe of "Hernani" is very powerfully buttressed, but sentimentally it is paradoxical and sterile. The same is true of the way in which the King wins the love of his victim in "Le roi s'amuse;" it is very likely sound empirical philosophy, but artistically it is an intrusion. "Les Misérables" is full of analogous error, owing to the same cause. And in fact, nothing is so hostile to the *emphase* which is admittedly the great bane of Hugo's writing as the subtle sense of fitness born of feeling alone; where he is instinctive and truly sentimental, Hugo is superb. Finally, take the still more conspicuous instance of a writer who passes in general for very nearly a pure sentimentalist, and who is certainly an artist of the first-class—M. Renan. He is quite right in classing that curious part of his work, of which "L'Abbesse de Jouarre" may figure as the most striking representative, as pure diversion; it is related to the mass of his admirable accomplishment on no side. French criticism itself finds "L'Abbesse de Jouarre" displeasing; and it is displeasing because in it M. Renan virtually reverses his usual process, and instead of philosophy penetrated with sentiment, gives us art invaded by philosophy. The philosophy of "L'Abbesse de Jouarre" is, perhaps, not fantastic as philosophy, but as art the piece is fatally lacking in sentiment; although it deals with love itself, it deals with it argumentatively; it defends a thesis; it is what the French call *thèse*. Perhaps did the world believe its last hour come there would be a universal outburst of sexual love. Perhaps for people in general love is a passion capable of enough sublimity for supreme crises. But though we may grant this, we do not feel it. Yet with the most sentimental of French philosophers the intellect so dominates the susceptibility that in a professed work of art the subject is taken on its curious side, even at the expense of revolting the sentiment. And if we examine in this regard a great deal of current French literature—the immensely clever and impressive work of M. Guy de Maupassant and M. Richepin, for example—it is impossible not to note the frequency with which this motive recurs: namely, illustration of the warfare between truth and sentiment, of the incompatibility between zest for the real and affection for the attractive, and, as a constant undertone, the superior dignity of the former in either instance. The spirit and temper of this literature are eccentric only in degree; they are only accentuations of the national turn for the domination of sentiment by sense.

What has become of the Celtic strain in the French nature? How superficial of Karl Hillebrand to assert, "Grattez le Français et vous trouverez l'Irlandais!" And how little impression the Frank seems to have made on the true French character! When Sieyès exclaimed of the aristocracy, "Let us send them back to their German marshes!" he had not only the nation, but the French nature itself, at his back. The fusion of the Gaul and Roman seems to have been as complete in character as in institutions. Whatever is runic, bardic, weird, barbaric, is as repugnant to the Frenchman of to-day as to the Roman of the age of Augustus. It was even repugnant to the Frenchman of the epoch of "The Romaunt of the Rose." The romance and chivalry of Francis I.'s time were in great measure, doubtless, a Merovingian legacy; and their survival in duels and deliberate gallantry nowadays, amid so much that is *terre-à-terre* and eminently unromantic, constitutes an odd conjunction. Of the Renaissance ideals, nearly the only one spared by the Revolution is the substitution of honor for duty in the sphere of morals. Otherwise even the *jeunesse dorée* of the day is more *bourgeoise* than cavalier. It does not include many Bayards. As equality, tolerance, civilization, material comfort move forward, sentiment evaporates. Rabelais gives place to Zola. Where *esprit* prevails, sentiment necessarily suffers. Wit is hostile to the penumbra of poetic feeling inseparable from humor. Fond as the French are of intellectual *nuances*, they have in the sphere of sentiment singularly few. And for

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such sentiment as may be divined or anticipated—for axiomatic or commonplace sentiment, in fine—their contemptuousness is marked. Voltaire's peevish reproach to the rival responsible for his mistress's death is a characteristic illustration; the circumstances so plainly justified indignation that the only resort of the intellectual instinct was in petulance. A society's need of sentiment, we may perhaps say, having regard at any rate to its expression, varies inversely with its solidarity, with its homogeneity of feeling; and it is the highly developed social instinct of the French that dispenses them from all dependence upon that *épanchement*, that sentimental effusion, which we find so necessary to the enjoyment of social intercourse—of which with us, indeed, it is the very essence.

This certainly is the notion of the French themselves. The abandonment to feeling and impulse, which is characteristically Celtic, they regard as uncivilized. Their apparent excitement on occasion, political and other, contains a large artistic element, even when it is not the natural accompaniment of deliberate action. Their entire sentimental attitude they themselves believe to be the antique attitude. According to De Maistre, Racine is simply a Greek talking French. Taine points out the similarity between the prominent Athenian traits and those of his countrymen. The parallelism indisputably holds good in many points; but there is an important difference. The French have the antique sanity; they have neither the serenity nor the spirituality of the antique world. The immense complexity of the modern world; the tremendous task of clearing away the débris of the Middle Age, which has left permanent scars, and is still incomplete; the substitution of diffusion for concentration of culture and intelligence—are all hostile to national serenity, to national spirituality. The force which overwhelmed the antique civilization was a prodigious effusion of feeling. The people that issued soonest and farthest from the night that succeeded naturally freed itself most completely from the mediæval trait of mind dominated by emotion. So, amid all the gayety and brilliant *verve* of French life at its flood, we feel inevitably with Arnold, exclaiming in Montmartre, that "amiable home of the dead"—

So, how often from hot
Paris drawing-rooms, and lamps
Blazing, and brilliant crowds,
Starred and jewell'd, of men
Famous, of women the queens
Of dazzling converse—from fumes
Of praise, hot, heady fumes, to the poor brain
That mount, that madden—how oft
Heine's spirit, outworn,
Long'd itself out of the din,
Back to the tranquil, the cool
Far German home of his youth!

And Heine, who belonged plainly to Paris, by his intellectual side had undoubtedly that un-Parisian sentiment which, when he was sick unto death and everything external seemed trivial to him, drew him irresistibly toward his old German grandmother, in spite of the exasperation with which, in his prime, her ingrained Philistinism had filled him. How much more, then, do we, about whose intelligence there is very little that is Parisian, who have no such capacity as Heine for breathing with exhilaration the rarefied French atmosphere, feel therein the lack of that sentiment which is to us the universal solvent and the supreme consolation.

But do not imagine that the French themselves feel this insufficiency. Do not even fancy that they quite respect our contentment with vague emotion, however exquisite, as a substitute for the bracing air of those heights where the mind exerts itself freely and the consciousness disports itself at its ease. To them Parnassus—or the Parisian variety of it—is far more attractive than the fireside. They are no more "maddened" by the "heady fumes of praise" than the eagle is blinded by the sun, or the owl dismayed by the darkness, or any other creature disabled by its natural element. One of Edmond About's eulogists exclaimed at his funeral, with a fine burst of eloquence, referring to his Alsatian birth: "Peut-il être le produit d'une terre allemande!" I think if we take Heine as an evidence that the French ideal is unsatisfactory to the Germanic foreigner best disposed there-

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to by nature and training, About may be taken as the type of the highly organized and really noble nature to which this ideal seems complete, and which reminds us that if the French are the least poetic, they are the sanest of modern peoples. The nation itself deserves Hugo's praise of Paris: "Paris a été trempé dans le bon sens, ce Styx qui ne laisse point passer les ombres"—"*Paris has been dipped in good-sense—that Styx which lets no phantoms pass.*"

ON READING CERTAIN PUBLISHED LETTERS OF W. M. T.

By H. C. Bunner.

It is as though the gates of heaven swung,
Once only, backward, and a spirit shone
Upon us, with a face to which there clung
Naught of that mortal veil which sore belies,
But looked such love from such high-changèd eyes,
That, even from earth, we knew them for his own.

Knew them for his, and marvelled; for he came
Among us, and went from us, and we knew
Only the smoke and ash that hid the flame,
Only the cloak and vestment of his soul;
And knew his priesthood only by his stole—
And, thus unknown, he went his journey through.

Yet there were some who knew him, though his face
Was never seen by them; although his hand
Lay never warm in theirs, they yet had grace
To see, past all misjudgment: his true heart
Throbbed for them in the creatures of his art,
And they could read his words, and understand.

All men may know him now, and know how kind
The hand in chastisement so sure and strong—
All men may know him now, and dullards blind
Into the secrets of his soul may see;
And all shall love—but, Steadfast Greatheart, we,
We knew thee when the wide world did thee wrong.

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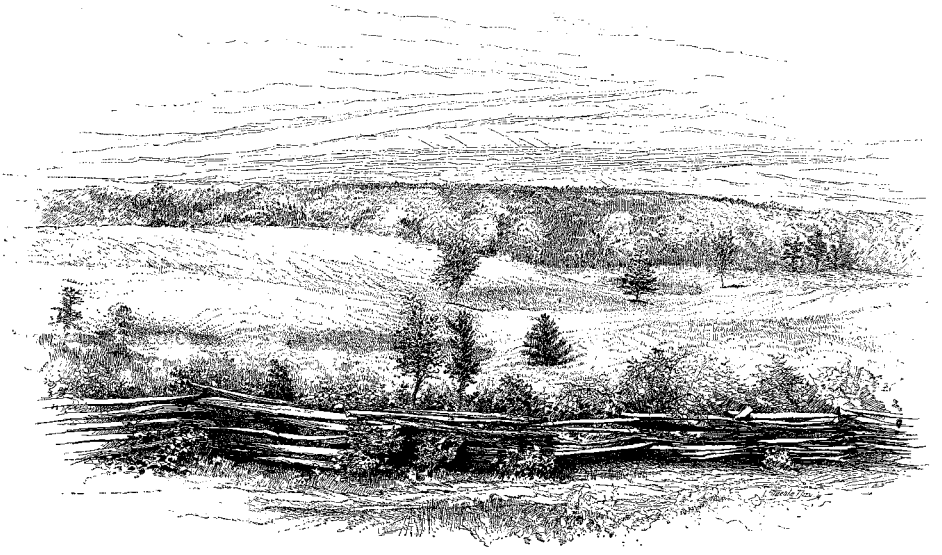

Sink holes, Edmonson County, Ky.

CAVERNS AND CAVERN LIFE.

By N. S. Shaler.

THE surface phenomena of the earth, the scenes which have an every-day familiarity, soon become to ordinary observers commonplace. The sailor finds the ocean tiresome, and the dweller of the Alps sees little to awaken pleasurable emotions in the peaks and glaciers which meet his eyes from year to year. All of us are familiar with the glory of the starlit sky, and know that these points of light are the spheres of planets and suns scattered through fathomless space; and yet this spectacle, which would overwhelm the soul were it disclosed for a single hour in a lifetime, awakens in most but a momentary interest or, oftener, none at all. It is the unseen which attracts us most. Therefore, in all times men have speculated as to the contents of the nether earth. Its crevices and caverns afford in their dark recesses a world which the imagination can people at its will. Even if they excite only a vague wonder mingled with terror, these subterranean spaces are still fascinating to the explorer weary of the well-known or, rather, familiar objects of the sunlit world.

The class of underground openings known as caverns have, in all countries and at all times, been especially captivating to the lovers of the marvellous; their strange architecture, beautiful ornamentation, and peculiar inhabitants have combined to make them attractive. To men of science they have recently become extremely interesting, because they throw light on the early conditions of savage man, and make some startling contributions to the facts which bear on the so-called Darwinian theory.

The open spaces of the underground may, at the outset of our inquiry, for convenience, be divided into several distinct classes: First, we have the caverns, or the channels excavated in limestone rocks by streams which find their way beneath the surface. These are by far the most extensive and the most interesting of the subterranean chambers. Next, the channels and chambers hollowed out by the waters of hot springs on their way from the depths of the earth to the surface. Third, come the sea-caves,

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formed where the battering surges have worn a way into the shore-cliffs along the line of some softer part of the rocks or of an incipient fissure. Fourth, the cavities curiously formed where a lava-stream has frozen or solidified on the surface, while the liquid rock below has flowed on or sunk back into the depths, leaving the arch standing, until the matter which originally supported it has disappeared. Lastly, we have the rifts formed in the rocks which have been rent by the mountain-building forces, where the walls on either side of the break—or, as it is termed by miners, the fault—have been pulled apart from each other, leaving a very deep and long, but relatively narrow, fissure. In one or another of these groups we may place all the known cavities which occur beneath the earth's surface. The variety of these subterranean chambers is so limited that we shall be able within the compass of this essay to see something of the history and character of them all.

Owing to their wide distribution, great variety, and vast extent, the limestone caverns are the most interesting of these groups of caves. They occur in all those parts of the earth's surface where thick-bedded limestones lie with their layers somewhere near horizontal, and where, at the same time, the main streams have cut deep channels in the surface of the country. It is also essential that the region should be forest-clad; or, even if now deforested, that it should have been covered by woods at the time when the excavation of the caverns was going on. With these conditions the formation of caverns is necessarily brought about. The rain-water falling on the surface of the decaying vegetation has, when it arrives on the earth, but little power of dissolving rocks of any kind; but on passing through this bed of oxidizing carbon it takes up a large amount of the gaseous material, composed of one atom of carbon and two of oxygen, known commonly as carbonic-acid gas. This absorbed gas gives the water a singular capacity for taking into solution a large amount of lime, iron, and many other substances which are found in rocks.

Descending through the soil, this dissolving compound of water and gas finds its way into the narrow crevices or joint-planes which exist in all rocks. It quickly widens these channels until they are so spacious that the brooks desert the surface and become underground streams, which often course for miles in the hidden channels. At first, while the crevices are narrow, the excavation is altogether done by the dissolving action of the water; but when it has thus excavated a channel sufficiently large to permit a stream to flow freely through it, the speed of the current through the new-found way abrades the rocks by its mechanical power, at the same time exercising its solvent action. To see the nature and extent of this work, we should go to some district of extensive limestone caverns and examine the action of the water, from the time when it falls on the surface, along the course of its underground journey, to the point where it emerges beneath the cavern's arch into the main river of the country.

Probably the best region in the world for the study of this interesting geological work is the caverned district about the head-waters of the Green River in Kentucky. In that region the limestones of the Subcarboniferous group of rocks attain a depth of several hundred feet, and are very thick-bedded, the separate layers or beds being often twenty or thirty feet thick. The pure nature of this limestone, and the absence of divisional planes, such as the thin beds of clay which commonly divide such deposits, is, as we shall see, peculiarly favorable to the formation of wide and lofty caverns. This thickness of the beds is due to a cause which it is interesting to note; for the reason that it shows how dependent the shape of our earth is upon the nature of the creatures which build with their remains the rocks which form on the sea-floor. The greater part of the limy matter in limestones is composed of the remains of animals which lay prone upon the sea-floor. When any great disturbance, such as earthquake-shocks, agitated the water on that floor, the slimy mud which was swept about destroyed over wide areas this population of the sea-bottom. Until these creatures re-established themselves, the sediments which were formed would not contain much lime, but would consist of clayey or sandy matter alone. If this process were often repeated, the result-

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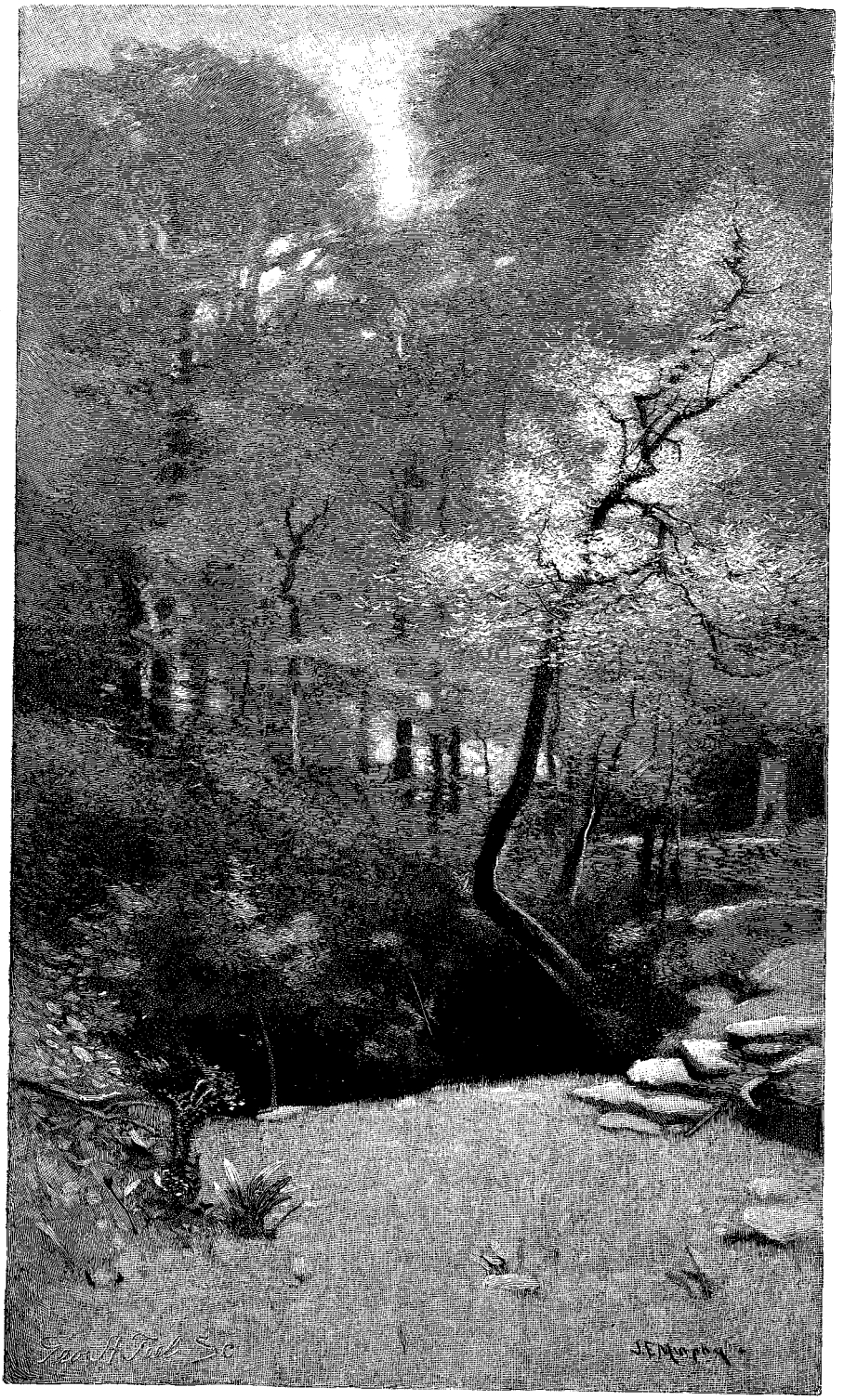

Entrance to the Mammoth Cave.

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ing limestone would be so frequently interrupted by insoluble layers of other materials that only shallow and unimportant caverns would be developed in them.

There are two ways in which these massive limestones can be formed in the deeper seas: As in the central part of the North Atlantic, where minute limestone-encased creatures float in the water while they live, and at their death give their skeletons to the sediments of the sea-floor; in this way massive limestones, such as the chalk-deposits of England, have been produced. Another method in which such limestones are made—the way, indeed, in which these Subcarboniferous limestones of the Mississippi Valley were formed—is by the following process: Certain of the tenants of the sea-floor—the corals, and especially the sea-lilies—have stems which lift the mouths of the creatures above the level of the frequently stirred mud; thus they survive the catastrophes which bring death to the sensitive forms whose bodies become buried in the running slime. The greater part of the animals which contributed their remains to these massive limestones were of these stemmed groups, and this slight peculiarity has given rise to the features which so mark this country over a region of, at least, ten thousand square miles in area.

As soon as the observer comes upon this caverned district of Kentucky he remarks that he has passed from the region where running brooks abound, and is in a country where there are neither streams nor the distinct hills and valleys which he is accustomed to see in other lands. The surface of the country is cast into a series of shallow, circular pits, varying in diameter from a few score feet to half a mile or more. So crowded together are these pits that almost the entire surface lies in some one of these depressions. In the bottom of each of these pits there is normally a vertical shaft, or a series of crevices, down which, in time of rain, the water flows from the drainage-slope of the pit, or "sink-hole" as it is called in local phrase. Generally these conduits have been closed, by accident or design, in which case a little pool of circular outline occupies the centre of the depression. Occasionally, in place of the sieve-like openings which usually give the rain-water passage to the depths of the earth, the opening is large and circular, resembling the entrance to a well. Such openings were once common in this country; but the cattle, tempted by the rich herbage which commonly grew about the damp borders of the pit, were often entrapped in the opening, so the greater number of them have been artificially closed. Now and then on the remaining forest-areas we may find these shafts still remaining open, offering the way for daring explorations, which we are about to invite the reader to follow in his imagination.

The ordinary visitor to this region of caverns enters the few show-caves in the convenient way afforded by some break of their roofs, or by the old places of exit of the caverning streams. In actual practice we commend this conservative custom; but as our imaginary journey demands only ideal risks, we may now proceed to follow the history of the process of cavern-making, from the place where it begins to the point where the waters conclude their underground work and enter the open streams.*

With proper precautions, the most important of which are indicated in the foot-note, the adventurous explorer may descend these pits with no more risk than he encounters in Alpine mountain-work. In this country, where untrodden heights are not open to us, it may be

* Making a simple, strong frame over the opening, to hold a hoisting-block, and passing a strong rope, some hundred feet in length, through this block, the explorer will have the means of descending to the nether world. It will be well for him to take the precaution of fastening the rope around his left ankle, with a well-arranged slip-knot, and then place the same foot in a simple stirrup-loop of the rope. Thus, in case he should by any chance lose hold of the rope, he cannot fall into the depths. A signal-cord should also be provided, by which the explorer can send the simple commands of *lower*, *stop*, *hoist*; for the depth and width of the vault into which he descends may be so great that his voice will be lost in the space or confused by reverberation. This cord should be fastened to the waist, and should be led to one side of the opening, so that it may not become wound round the main rope. In practice it requires four trusty helpers to manage this exploration—three to control the rope, and one for the signal-cord. In fact, it requires five people who are not apt to become nervous, for the explorer himself should be a trustworthy person.

The baggage for this journey should be stout water-proof clothes; an oil-lantern, holding six hours' supply; at least two candles, well fastened in the pockets; and two water-proof match-boxes, and some bits of magnesium-wire or argol-lights for illumination. A stout staff with a thong, by which to hang it to the waist, will be useful. Care should be taken that the rope is several times as strong as is required, and that it has no tendency to spin round when a weight is put upon it.

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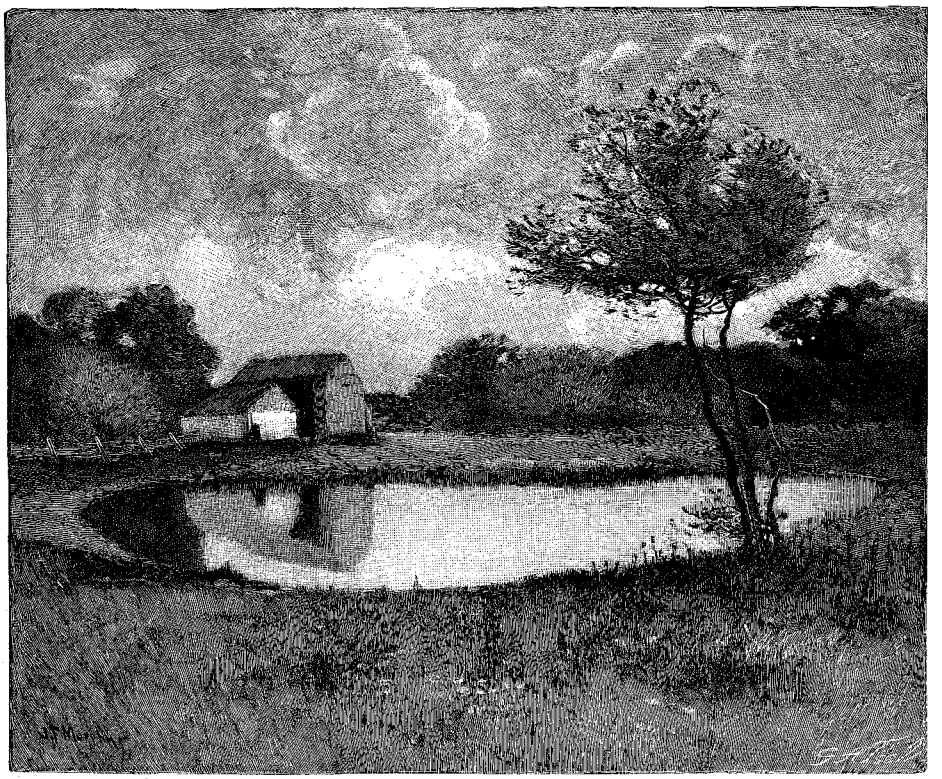

Sink-hole, Edmonson County, Ky. (The shaft leading down to the cavern has been artificially closed.)

worth while for the lover of adventure to try these unexplored depths. The present writer, who has tried both lines of exploration, is inclined to consider the cavern-work as, perhaps, the more fascinating of the two. Certainly, the explorer more quickly finds his way into the realm of the unknown than in mountain-climbing, and is less often met by the discouraging evidence that, after all, the ground is not untrodden.

The first thing we note on entering the throat of the chasm is that, if it be warm weather, there is a decided current of air setting down into the space below; if it be cold, there is an ascending current of warm air from the shaft, which condenses into mist as it escapes from the opening. The meaning of these currents we shall see when we come to consider the movements of the air in caves.

Descending a few feet into the chasm, we note that the shaft rapidly widens on every side, so that in most cases we quickly lose sight of the bordering walls; the structure of the shaft is, indeed, that of a rude dome, of which the hard layer at the top forms the keystone. After going down a little distance, the width becomes so great that the scant light of a single lantern may not disclose the sides of the rude arch. At a depth of a few more feet, we find that the pit again contracts, a great shelf extending from the sides to near the centre, through which there is a passage rather wider than that at the orifice. Landing on this shelf, we find it to be a tolerably level floor, from which spring the walls of the upper dome; from one or more sides of it extend galleries, whose floors lie on this harder layer—their arches are excavated in the softer overlying rock. We see at a glance that these channels were once the paths of streams, though they have not for ages been occupied by their waters. As we follow down the wandering gallery, we find that it is joined by many similar passages,

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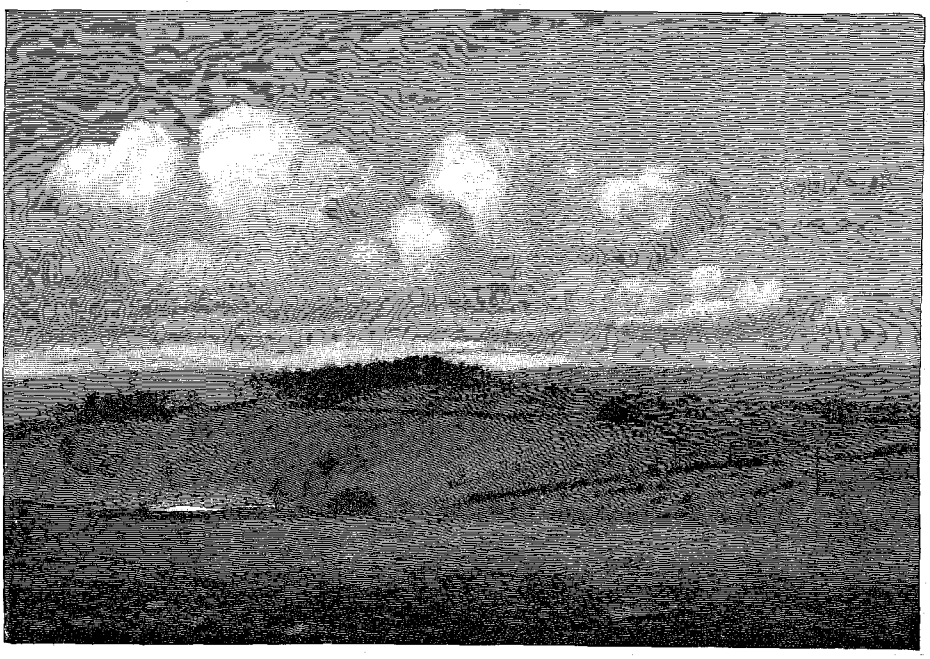

Cave Hill, with Sink-holes, Luray.

the whole forming a labyrinth in which the unwary explorer may easily become confounded. Each of these passages terminates in a vertical shaft, or rude dome, essentially like that by which we gained access to the cavern, but generally communicating with the external air by passages so narrow and tortuous that they do not admit the light. We can see that as this main channel is joined by the side passages it constantly increases in size, until, perhaps, it attains majestic dimensions. We may travel through it for miles, until we are suddenly arrested by some one of several classes of obstacles: A great fall of stones from the roof may close the way; or through the hard layer which constitutes the floor the water may have found and enlarged a downward passage, creating a dome like that which we descended; or, more frequently, an assemblage of crowded stalactitic pendants and columns close the once open space as with a wall of resplendent crystals. Returning to the main dome, we may continue the descent toward the lower level of the cavern. In the depth below the first level of galleries we find several others, each having the same general character, and all, in turn, deserted by streams, each with the infinite variety of detail given by the eddying current of the vanished streams and the trickling waters which bring in the stalactitic materials. Finally, we come to the floor of the cave, and commonly land in a considerable pool of water, partly filled with angular fragments of flint. In times of heavy rain, when the waters pour down this great shaft, these fragments of hard stone are set into tumultuous motion, and for a time rapidly work through the hard floors which the shaft encounters in its downward progress. There is, however, a limit to their wearing action; for when this pool attains a certain depth the water it contains forms a cushion to receive the blow of the cataract, and so arrests the erosion. Until the vertical shaft is deepened, the water finds its way, as in the upper levels, horizontally along the surface of the hard layer to its next downward plunge, or until it escapes into the open streams of the country.

As this action is repeated in a small or a large way by all the streams which enter the earth at the bottom of the sink-holes, it is easily seen how the rock, for

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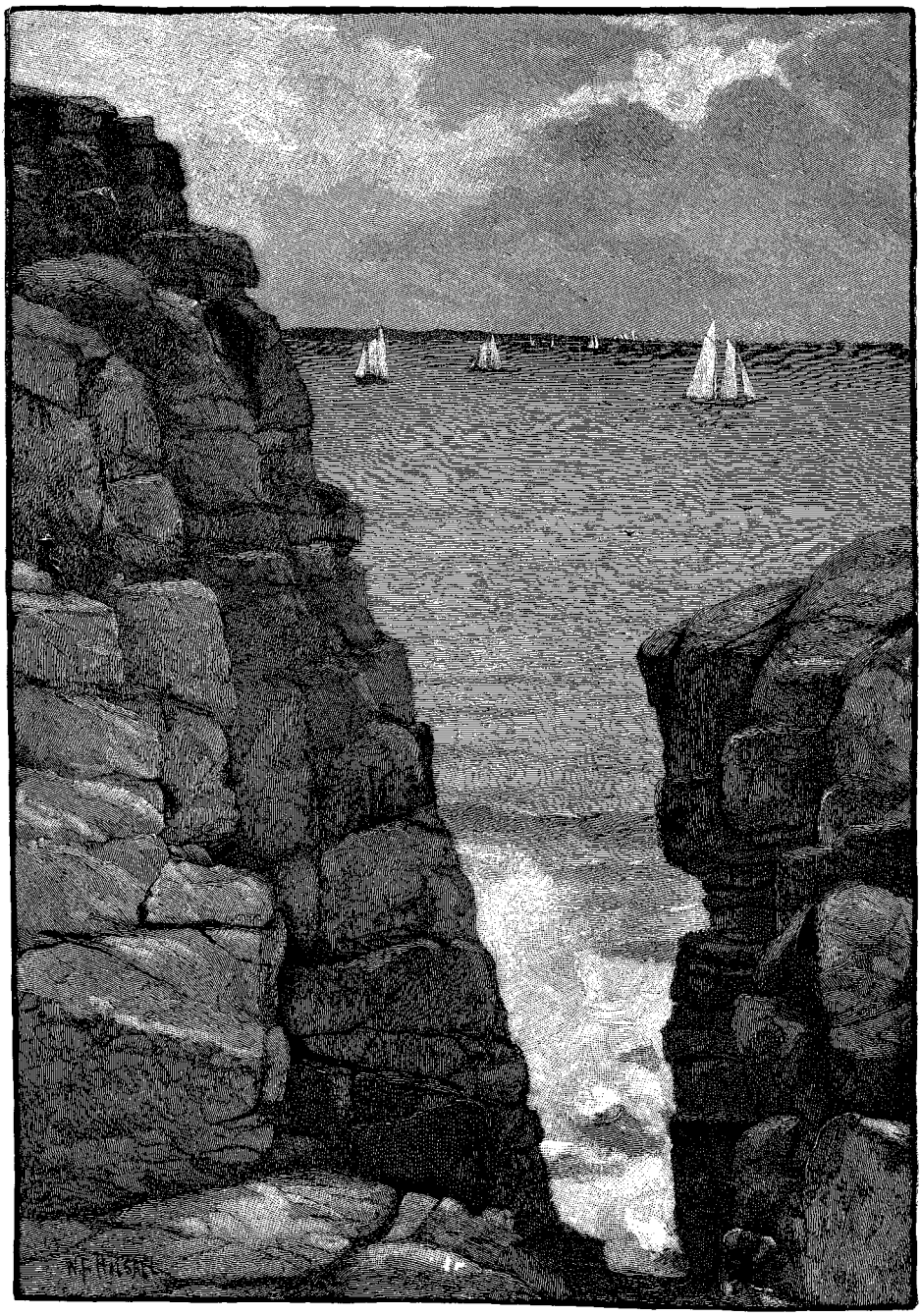

Rafe's Chasm, near Gloucester, Mass.

all the depth, from the highest land to the level of the principal rivers, becomes in time converted into a vast tangle of shafts and galleries, so that the mass often resembles a piece of worm-eaten wood, the greater part of the substance having been removed by erosion. Thus, within a section of, say, four square miles,

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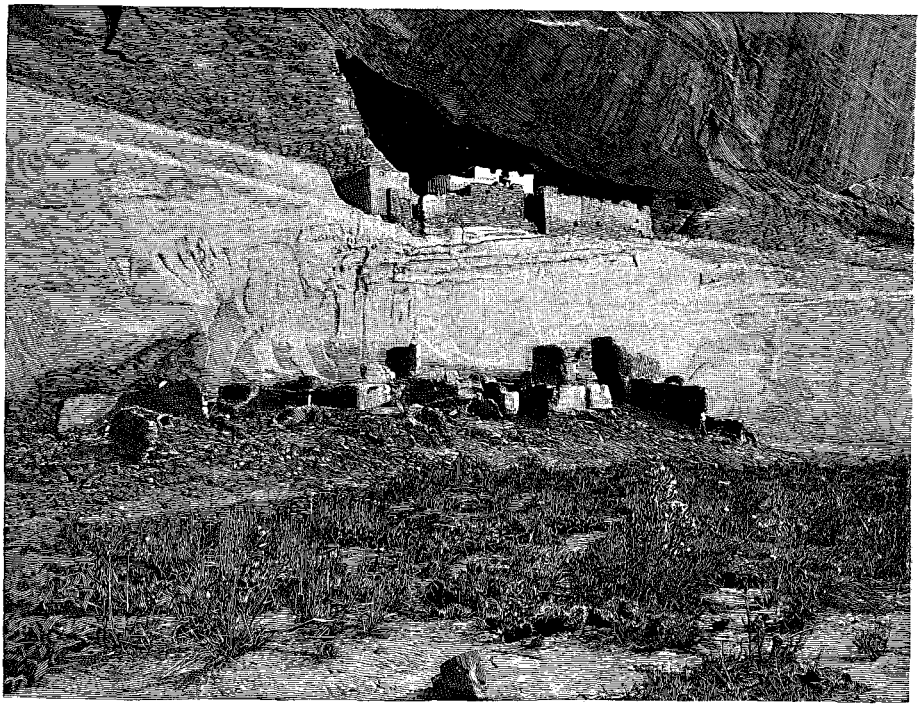

Cave-dwellings, Nevada. (Showing "Rock House" type of caverns.)

and a thickness of three hundred feet, in which lies the Mammoth Cave, there are probably in the known and unknown galleries more than two hundred miles of passages large enough to permit the passage of a man, besides what is probably a greater length of smaller channels. Within the commonwealth of Kentucky, principally in the Subcarboniferous limestone, it seems certain that there is an aggregate length of such underground galleries exceeding one hundred thousand miles. The total amount of these underground passages would be much greater, were it not for the deposits of stalactitic matter which take place in them, and which, in many parts of the caverns, rapidly work to close the openings as soon as they have been deserted by the channelling streams.

The stalactizing process is brought about by a modification of the very same action to which the original formation of the caverns is due—viz., to the power of dissolving limestone given to water by the carbonic-acid gas which it obtains from the decaying vegetation. When this water finds its way through an open channel, it dissolves the rock and bears the suspended lime speedily away; when, however, the water has to creep through narrow interstices, it advances very slowly and in small quantities. Encountering the space of a cavern in its downward passage, it oozes, drop by drop, through the roof or into the crevices which lead upward from it. As there is a constant, though slow, circulation of air through these caverns, they are generally dry, and this exuding water may evaporate without falling to the floor, leaving where it dries the various dissolved substances which it contains. In this way a slender, pendant-like body begins to form on the ceiling, and grows with varying speed toward the floor. If the incoming water is greater in quantity than can be taken up by the air, it drops from the hanging stalactites. When it strikes, the drops are shattered. Evaporation and the loss of the carbonic acid causes a still further deposition of the dissolved matter, which crystallizes in a conical heap, growing upward to meet the cor-

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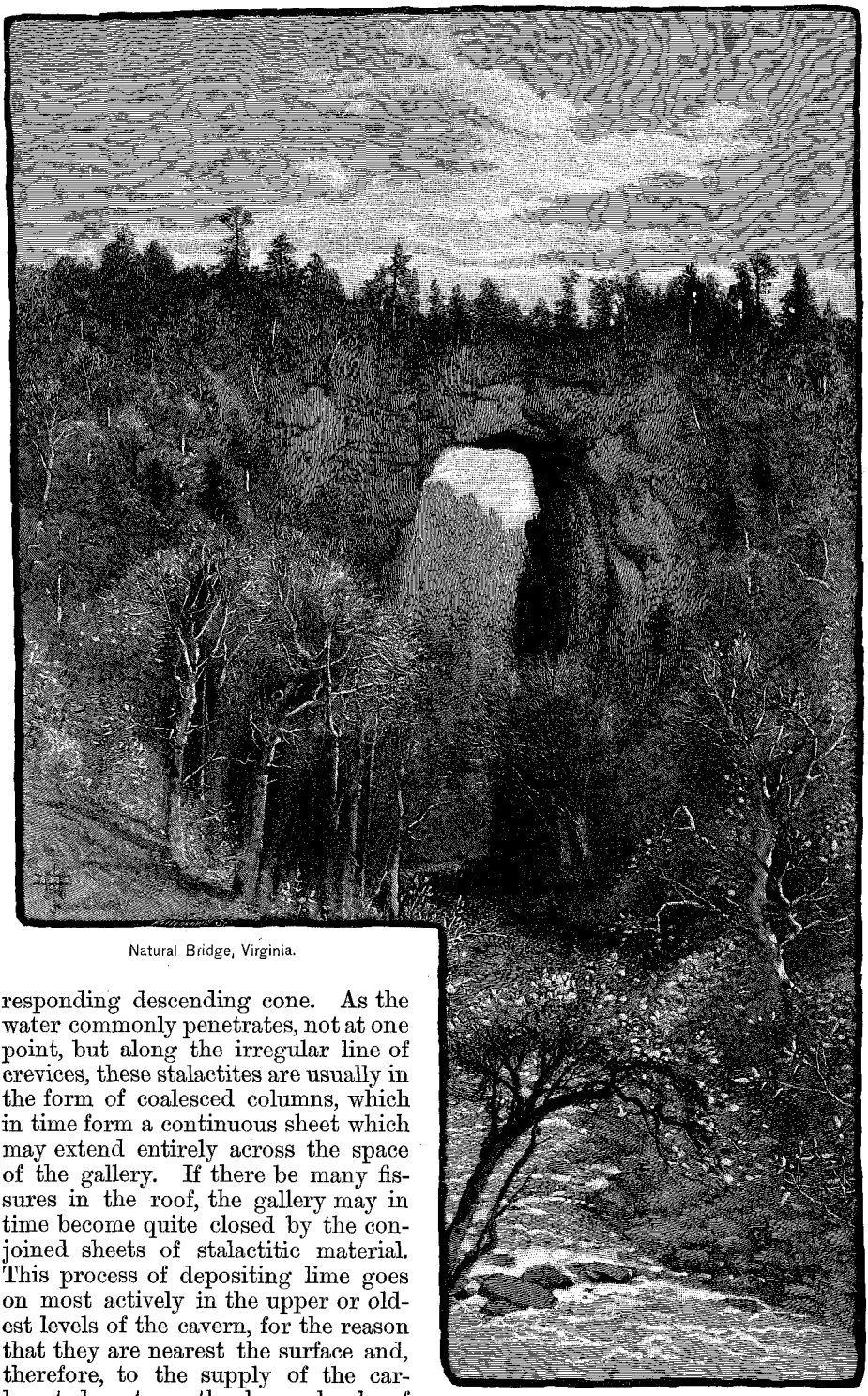

Natural Bridge, Virginia.

responding descending cone. As the water commonly penetrates, not at one point, but along the irregular line of crevices, these stalactites are usually in the form of coalesced columns, which in time form a continuous sheet which may extend entirely across the space of the gallery. If there be many fissures in the roof, the gallery may in time become quite closed by the conjoined sheets of stalactitic material. This process of depositing lime goes on most actively in the upper or oldest levels of the cavern, for the reason that they are nearest the surface and, therefore, to the supply of the carbonated waters; the lower levels of

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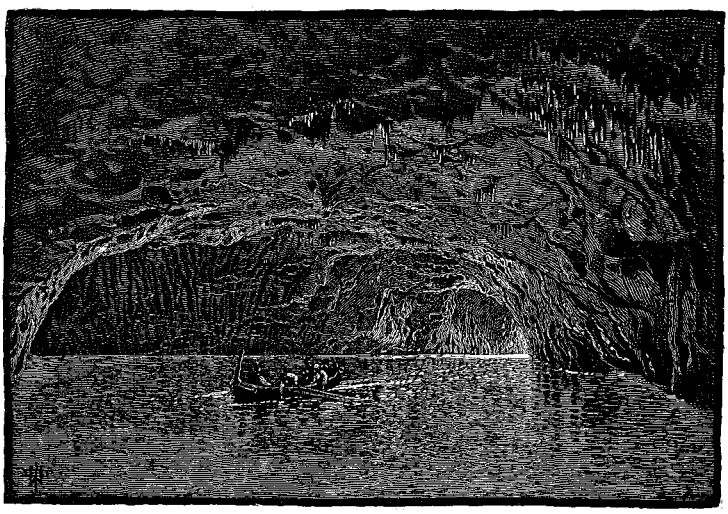
the system of caves are generally destitute of them, the percolating water having found its way into the upper chambers. Besides the beauty which this stalactitic material gives to caverns, we owe to these sheets of lime the preservation of the various fossils which are entombed in the caves.

It is interesting that so small a circumstance as the speed with which the water flows through the interstices of the rocks can thus profoundly affect the method of its action. Where it goes swiftly, it excavates the caves; where, moving slowly, it penetrates a large opening, it tends to obliterate the cavern. This is but one of many cases in natural phenomena where slight changes in circumstances totally alter the results of processes.*

We have already seen that in any great district of caverns we usually have the underground spaces divided into distinct floors, of which the uppermost was the earliest formed. In such a district the open-air rivers are constantly cutting their channels deeper into the earth, thus preparing the way for the formation of yet lower levels of galleries; at the same time the general surface of the country is wearing downward, only at a slower rate than the stream-beds of the open-air rivers. If the beds be nearly horizontal (it is only in such districts that we have very extensive caverns); the descent of the upper surface is greatly restrained by the presence of the insoluble layers which we found to make the throat of the vertical shafts, or domes. It is often a very long time, even in a geological sense, before the slight surface-erosion acting on a sink-hole country can wear through this roofing-layer. In time this is accomplished, and the uppermost chambers are bared by the destruction of their roofs. Commonly these ruined galleries are filled with the débris of the roofs, in so far as they have not previously been closed by stalactitic matter. It often happens that the roofs do not altogether fall in at once, portions of the arches remaining standing for ages. These constitute the "natural bridges" which are found in all cavernous countries. Sometimes the greater portion of the arch remains, in which case we may, as in some instances in Kentucky, have a momentary view of a considerable underground river, or gain access to a great system of underground chambers which would otherwise be unknown. The Mammoth Cave, for instance, is entered by such a tumble of the roof of a gallery; and, notwithstanding its vast length of connected chambers, there is no other practicable way into its recesses. Again, we may find a stream suddenly vanishing beneath a dark archway, to reappear after a course underground for many miles. When a



The Blue Grotto, Island of Capri.

* It is commonly supposed that stalactitic deposits are peculiar to caverns, but they may be seen wherever massive brick arches are exposed to percolating water; the lime of the mortar passes into solution, and forms small pendent deposits exactly resembling those of caverns. Other substances, such as the iron ore called limonite, also occasionally form beautiful stalactites in the small cavities in ore-beds exposed to the leaching action of percolating water.

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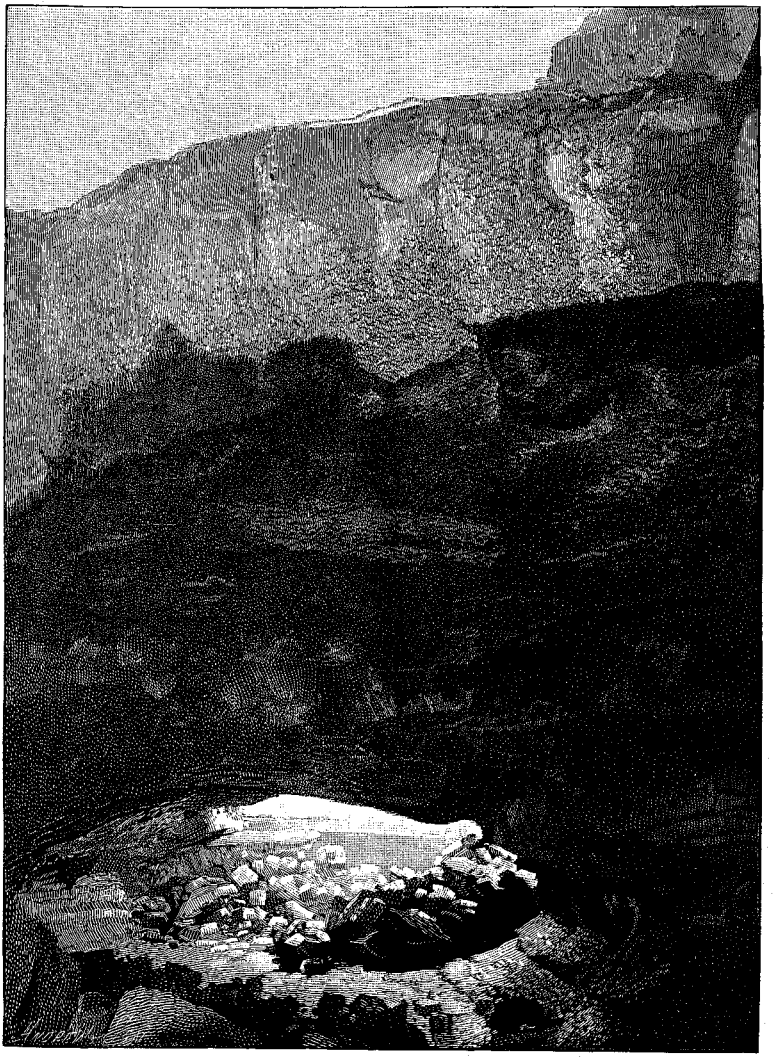

Cave under Lava Crust, Sandwich Islands. (Formed by the flowing away of lava from beneath a hardened crust.)

small part of the arch alone remains, the structure takes the form of the well-known Natural Bridge of Virginia.

When the remaining portion of the arch is too wide for the term natural bridge to be suitable, the appellation natural tunnel is often applied to the passage. There are several passages of this nature in the Eastern United States, of which the finest is, perhaps, that near the Clinch River, in Virginia, where a considerable mountain-stream flows through a vast arch for a distance of over half a mile. This natural way is about to be used for the passage of a railway.

Let us now turn to the physical features of the caverns other than those which are involved in their production. Among these we note the circulation of air through the caves. This is a beautiful and often startling phenomenon. If on a hot summer day we approach the lower exit of any great system of connected caverns, we are surprised by the swift, cold wind which pours from its mouth and inundates the valley below with the chill air. In Kentucky this air always

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has the temperature of about 60° Fahr., the mean heat of the upper earth, and thus often affords a striking contrast to the external temperature. In the summer season this air is derived from the many small streams which pour in through the sink-holes in the high ground. It is cooled in the vast chambers through which it slowly moves, being, on the average, some months in its journey, and finally escapes at the lower vents of the cave. When the temperature of the outer atmosphere is low, the current is reversed, entering then through the passages along the rivers and finding its exit, as warmed air, from the myriad crevices of the uplands.

In consequence of the slow passage of this air through the cool, dry caverns, where there is almost no decomposing organic matter, it acquires a remarkable purity, which in warm countries is only found in the midst of great deserts. We have a sensible experience of this purity when, after a summer's day in a great cavern, we come suddenly into the warm air of a forest. For a while the rank odor of the vegetation is most unpleasant. We marvel that men can live in such an impure element as the air seems to be. A more satisfactory proof of the purity of the cavern-air is found in the absence of decomposition in animal bodies exposed in the inner recesses of caves. Even large animals fail to pass through all the stages of putrefactive decay. A few years ago the body of a young Indian was found in a mummified state in a dry portion of one of the caverns near the Mammoth Cave. The unhappy child had probably wandered away into the darkness, and when overcome by starvation had lain down on a shelf of rock for the sleep of death. Naturally the body was much emaciated; but the skin was unbroken, and even the face as little altered as in a well-preserved Egyptian mummy.

These qualities of dryness, invariable temperature, and purity of the air in the Mammoth Cave have long been remarked. At one time a rude effort was made to use this cavern-air in the treatment of pulmonary consumption. A number of huts were constructed in the main avenue of the cave, which were for a time occupied by several persons suffering from this disease. As may be imagined, the results were most unhappy. The absence of sunlight, combined with the sombre surroundings, hastened the progress of a malady which under no circumstances could have been materially helped by the qualities of the air. This unhappy experiment has led to a neglect of the proper methods of using the peculiar hygienic qualities of the air of caves. This can only be accomplished by pumping the air from the cavern to a properly constructed sanitarium on the surface of the earth. With the modern ventilation-fans this can easily be effected. Choosing a point where the supply would be taken from the large chambers of a cavern, like the Mammoth Cave, some miles from the entrances, a very large building could be supplied with air of a perfectly uniform temperature and exceeding purity. There can be no question that a hospital arranged for this purpose would afford admirable conditions for the treatment of certain classes of maladies, especially where it was desirable to exempt the patient from the heat of summer, from the irritating emanations of vegetation, or from malarial poisons.*

The relation of primeval man to caverns was much closer than that of his civilized descendants is ever likely to be. Before the savage began to be a constructor of dwellings, caves afforded him a natural and, in many respects, a satisfactory abiding-place. At their entrances he often found a dry chamber, which could generally be defended to advantage; the recesses of the cave afforded places of refuge in case of disaster. In the Old World caverns appear to have been much more commonly occupied as dwelling-places than in the New. In any part of Asia and Europe where the caverns have been explored they have given evidence of occupation by the ancient races of man. Some of the most ancient remains of the bodies and the arts of those peoples have been disinterred from beneath the stalagmitic sheets which have preserved them.†

In North America the caverns do not

* The Trocadéro Palace in Paris is, I believe, provided with a system of pipes by which the air from the quarries beneath that city is used for cooling the edifice.

† For a good general account of these cavern-dwellers, see Professor W. Boyd Dawkin's "Caves and Cave Hunting."

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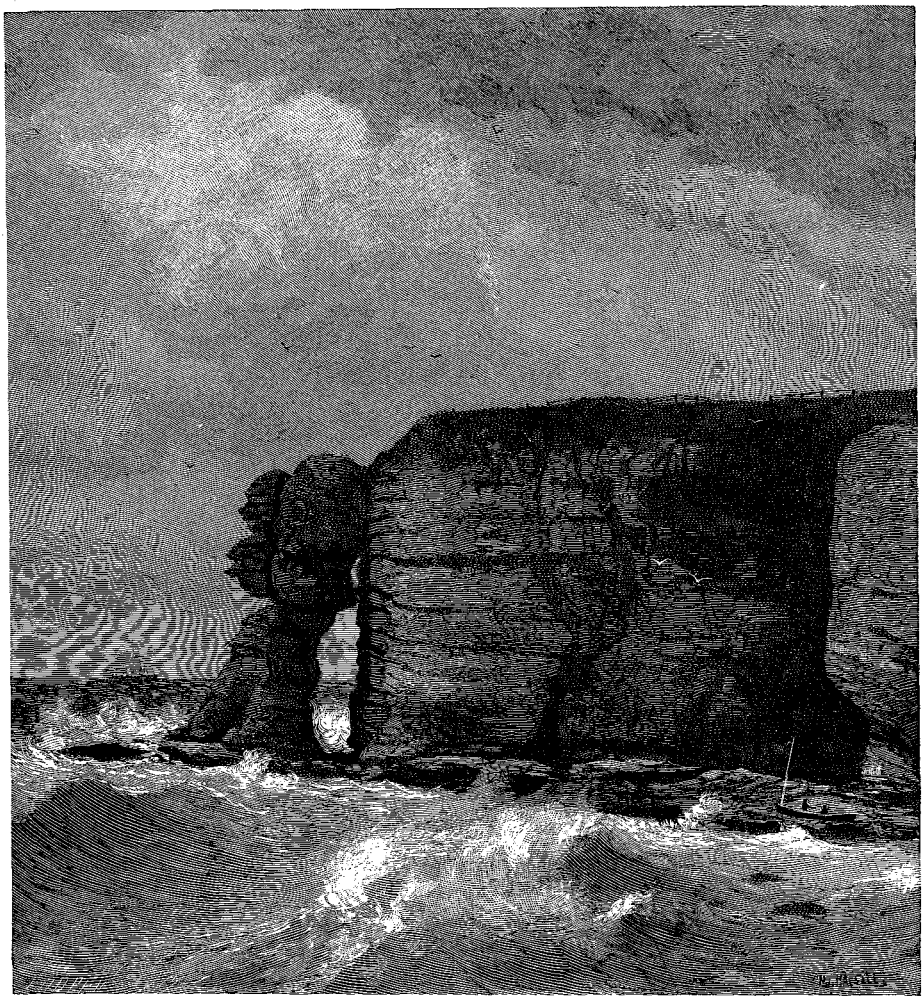

Chasm worn through by the Sea, Azores.

appear to have been, to any extent, used as dwelling-places by the aboriginal peoples. Though often resorted to, in but few cases do they appear to have been continuously occupied as were those in Europe. This is perhaps due to the fact that the first peoples of this country had already attained an advancement in the arts which enabled them to make shelters of a more convenient sort than caverns afforded. About the only considerable use which our American Indians made of these caves was as burial-places. They appear sometimes to have made a rude disposition of the dead, or perhaps even of their prisoners of war, by casting them down the shafts which lead to the caverns. More commonly they used the deep layer of fine, dry earth so often found in the caverns for deliberate and careful burial. Lighting their path with torches made of cane-joints filled with tallow, they appear to have wandered far into these caves, seeking for flints which abound there, or perhaps trailing their escaped enemies to their hiding-places. Occasionally in the innermost recesses of these caverns we come to a place where one or more persons have long lain concealed, as is shown by the remains of food or clothing which have been left behind. Often, when it appears as if we have penetrated to some recess never before trod-

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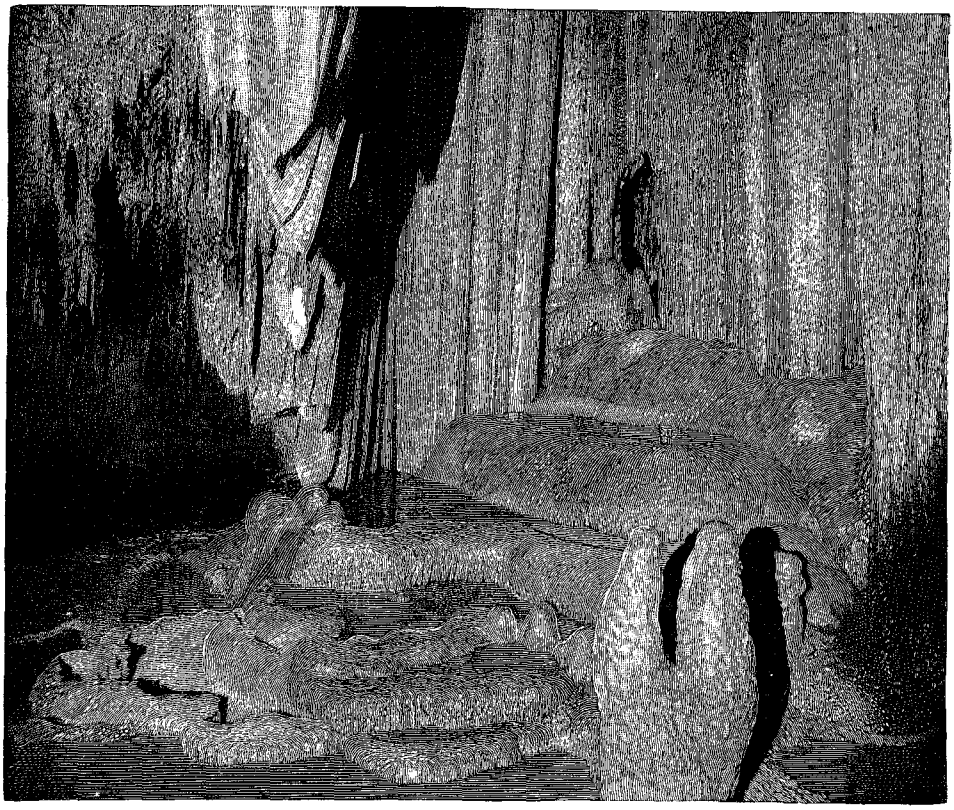

Stalactites, Luray Caverns. (Engraved from a photograph by C. H. Jones.)

den by man, we find on the cavern-dust the footprints of a savage predecessor, which, though made perhaps centuries ago, remain so fresh in this immutable realm that we might expect to encounter him on our way.

The caverns contain the remains of many other animals besides primitive man. In Europe many of these caves are singularly rich in vertebrate fossils. There are two ways in which these fossils are brought into the caves. The sink-holes are, as the farmers of Kentucky have found to their cost, natural traps into which the unwary beast may fall. The bones of these creatures are swept on by the current until, becoming lodged in some crevice, they may be preserved. A more frequent source of these fossil remains is the habit of certain beasts of prey, which leads them to drag the bodies of their victims into their cavern-lairs that they may devour them at their leisure. The Old World hyena and the jackal, having been generally associated with larger predaceous beasts, such as the lion and the tiger, were compelled to adopt this habit to protect themselves in their repasts from their stronger rivals in the chase. In this way the wonderful accumulations of gnawed and scattered bones which characterize the European caverns have been brought together. In North America the carnivorous mammals, much fewer in number than in the Old World, have never adopted the use of the caves as lairs. Jackals and hyenas have never been known here; hence in American caverns we have a relatively small amount of osseous breccias.

The living inhabitants of caverns, those which make these regions of continuous darkness their abiding-places, are numerous and of the greatest interest to the naturalist. Of the several hundred species known to students, by far the greater part belong to the group of ar-

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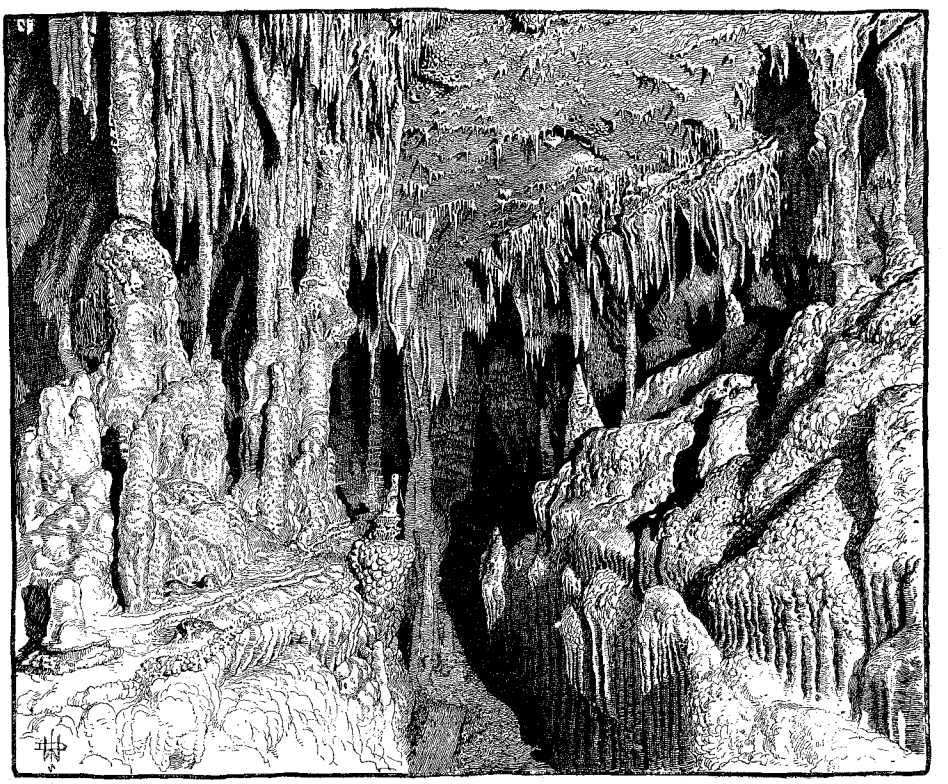

Stalactites, Luray Caverns. (Drawn from a photograph by C. H. Jones.)

ticulated animals, insects, and crustaceans, these being the forms which, of all animals, are the most varied in structure and best suited for the odd chances of life which the caverns afford. As the reader well knows, the great problem now before science is to determine how far the shapes of living creatures are determined by the circumstances of the world about them, and how far this determination has been brought about through a process of selection, in a natural way, of those varieties which have some accidental special fitness for the conditions in which they live. Cavern-animals afford us a capital bit of evidence toward the solution of this problem. The prevailing close affinity of their forms with those which live in the upper world of sunshine and changing seasons shows, beyond a question, that they are all derived from similar forms which once dwelt in the ordinary conditions of animal life. What, then, are the effects arising from this complete change in the circumstances of these underground creatures?

The facts are perplexing in their variety, and by no means well worked out, but the following points seem to be well established, viz.: There is a manifest tendency of all gayly colored forms to lose their hues in the caverns, and to become of an even color. This may be explained by the simple absence of sunshine, and on it no conclusions can be based. The changes of the structural parts are of more importance; these, as might be expected, relate mainly to the organs of sense. The eyes show an evident tendency in all the groups to fade away. In the characteristic cavern-fishes they have entirely disappeared, the whole structure which serves for vision being no longer produced. In the cray-fishes we may observe a certain gradation. Some species which abound in caverns are provided with eyes; others have them present, but so imperfect that they cannot serve as visual organs; yet others

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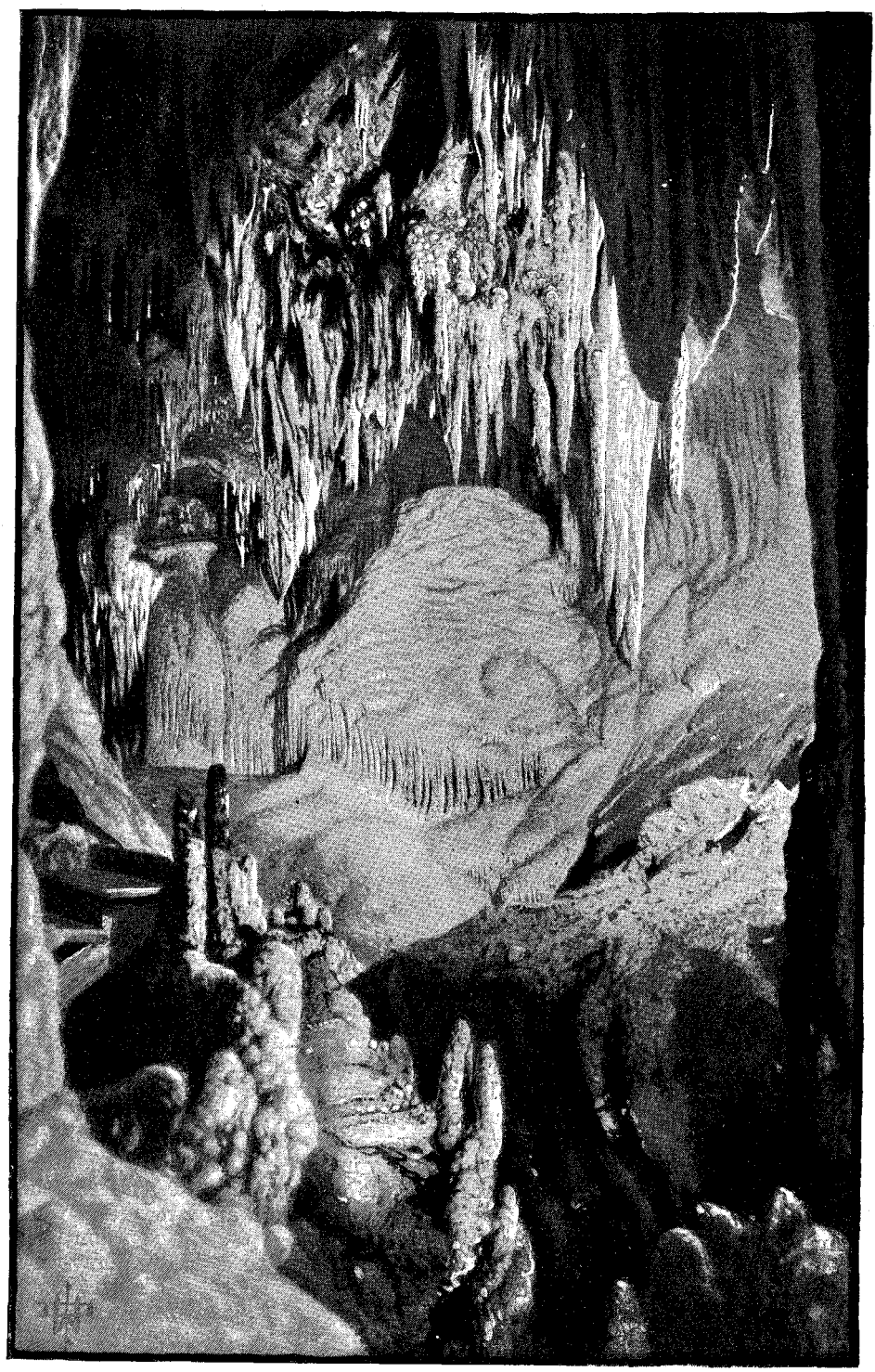

Brand's Cascade, Luray Caverns. (Drawn from a photograph by C. H. Jones.)

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want them altogether. One species of pseudo-scorpion, as shown by Professor Hagan, has in the outer world four eyes, while in the caves it has been found with two eyes, and others in an entirely eyeless condition. Some cavern-beetles have the males with eyes, while the females are quite without them. As a whole, the cavern-forms exhibit a singular tendency of the visual organs, not only to lose their functions, but also to disappear as body-parts. At the same time there is an equal, or even more general, development of the antennæ and other organs of touch; these parts become considerably lengthened, and apparently of greater sensitiveness, a change which is of manifest advantage to the individual.

The bearing of these changes on the Darwinian theory is as follows: That hypothesis, at least in the form in which it is generally held, considers that the important changes in organic species are the results of a successful struggle for existence of creatures possessed, through a chance variation, of some slight advantage over their kindred. The difficulty which the objectors to this view find in their way is that, in the perplexing variety of conditions of the outer world, it is wellnigh impossible to say that this or that peculiarity is not of great advantage under some circumstances, the selective effects of which are not manifest to the observer. The delightful feature in this great natural experiment, which is brought about by the imprisonment of organic forms in caves, is that it very much limits the speculation-breeding confusion of the outer world. Thus it at once becomes clear that the loss of eyes cannot be the direct result of any selective action whatsoever; it must arise from the immediate influence of the darkness. It is scarcely less clear that the corresponding development of the tactile organs must be due to something else than selection; for the cavern-life, at best scanty in any one cave, cannot be conceived to afford the conditions of strenuous battle which exist in the overground world. It must not be supposed that this evidence goes to overthrow the fundamental propositions of the Darwinian hypothesis; it only shows that we must carefully limit the action of the "survival of the fittest," and that we must be prepared to allow a large share in the development of organic forms to forces which have nothing to do with selection,—to the innate organic impulses, or to the immediate action of environment.

A word concerning the geographical distribution of this group of superficial caverns, and we shall have done with this division of our subject. So far as the present writer has been able to observe American caverns, they have been limited to the regions south of the vast field occupied by the ice-sheet of the last glacial period. But in New York and elsewhere there are some small caverns which were within that field of ice. It is an important task for students to find whether these caverns existed before the ice-period, or whether they have been formed since that time. If they survived the glacial period, as seems likely, then they afford valuable evidence to show that the ice did not wear away as great a depth from the surface of the country as is commonly supposed.

The second group of caves exhibits a certain general resemblance to those just described. These are the caverns which have been formed by hot waters on their way to the surface, where they emerge as hot springs, or geysers. These hot spring-waters are in the main rain-water which has penetrated to great depths below the surface, and become heated by the internal temperature of the earth; this rain-water is more or less commingled with the old sea-waters which were built into the strata through which it has passed in its slow underground journey. Unlike the cavern-making streams which excavate the superficial caves just before described, these spring-waters rising from the depths of the earth do their work by ascending currents, with no direct help from gravitation; their action is therefore not mechanical or erosive, but chemical or corrosive. They do not tend to excavate a succession of galleries, one above the other, but work to open single channels of escape. When in their upward path they encounter deposits of limestone, they rapidly enlarge the spaces through which they flow, making great chambers where the rock is soluble, con-

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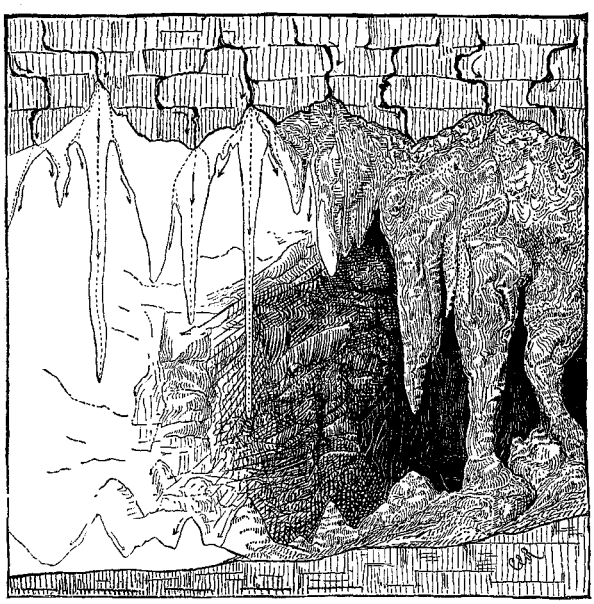
nected by narrower fissures through the less soluble parts of the deposit. The solvent power of the water is in part due to the carbonic-acid gas it obtained from the decayed vegetation before it started on its downward journey, and in part from the further contribution of this and other gases given to it by the various decompositions going on in the heated depths of the earth. The elevated temperature of the water also aids its work of corrosion. In the superficial cold-water caves, as we have already seen, the caverning cannot go on at depths below the general levels of the main streams of the district in which the caverns lie; but in these hot-spring caves the excavation can go on at depths of miles below the surface. Springs of this nature are particularly characteristic of mountainous districts, where the strata lie at high angles. They are also found in regions where volcanoes are or have recently been in action. It is easy to see that either one of these conditions favors the development of such hot-water caverns. In the mountainous districts this is effected by the presence of rifts in the rock, or of highly inclined porous strata, which conduct the surface-waters to great depths. In these depths the rocks are highly heated by the internal temperature. Partaking of this internal heat, the water passes upward through any chance way leading to the surface. In volcanic districts the water, after a much shorter downward journey, may find itself in contact with masses of lava or rocks which are at a high temperature because they have recently been traversed by volcanic fires.



Stalactite Formation in Limestone. (The arrows show the direction of the movement of the water.)

We note that at the mouth of these hot springs and geysers, the waters of which have passed through limy rocks, there is a very extensive deposit of lime, which is laid down at once as soon as the temperature of the solution falls by exposure to the open air. These hot-spring deposits often constitute very extensive accumulations of rocky material; as, for instance, in the Yellowstone district. They afford a rough indication of the cavern-making power of the waters on their way to the surface. It must, however, be remembered that only a portion, probably much less than half of the dissolved rock, is laid down at the mouth of the spring; a larger part passes to the rivers, and thence to the sea.

Our knowledge of these hot-spring caverns is not altogether theoretical. It happens that the abandoned channels of these springs are often the seat of important deposits of the precious metals, which has led, in this country, to their becoming the seat of extensive mining operations. There are at least half a dozen extensive mines which have followed these cavern-deposits in the district of the Rocky Mountains; it is likely that there are very many others which await the explorer. The origin of these mineral deposits is probably as follows: After the heated waters have excavated the caverns, and ceased to flow with their original speed, the chasms become the place of deposit of mineral matters which are brought into them by the creeping movement of waters moving up

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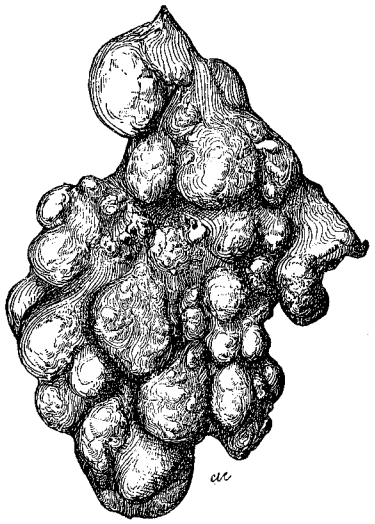
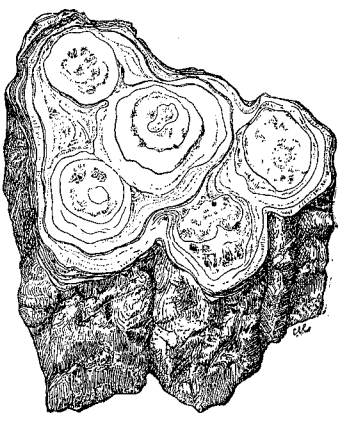


A Stalactite.

from below or oozing out from the rock on the sides of the cavity. While the stream of water flowed rapidly upward there was no chance for the chambers to become filled with mineral materials ; as soon as the currents were arrested, the mineralizing process would begin. The reader will note the likeness which exists between this process and that by which the abandoned upper chambers of the cold-water or superficial caverns are filled with stalactitic material by the creeping into the chambers of water charged with dissolved substances ; the only important difference being that in the superficial caverns the water, being cold, can only take out of the rock and convey into the gallery the very soluble limy materials, while in the deeper caverns the heated water can transfer many less soluble mineral substances.

In mountainous countries, where by the folding and shoving-about of the rocks the strata have been subjected to rending strains, we find another class of subterranean crevices, which are often confounded with the hot-spring excavations. These fault-fissures contain by far the largest number of mineral deposits which are explored for the precious metals. They are generally in the form of very long cracks, which extend horizontally and vertically for great distances, but are usually very limited in width. A precise idea of their shape may be gained by studying the fissures in walls which arise from the settlement of their foundations, and those which form in timber from the drying-out of the sap. We see that the crevices in walls are due to the down-slipping of the materials on one side of the fracture, thus making a very irregular fissure ; while in the fissured wood there is no movement of the two sides past each other, the walls simply gaping apart without other dislocation. In many cases both these classes of fissures are filled with mineral matters sweated out from the side walls, or brought up from below as fast as the crevices are produced ; so that hardly any space is ever formed, or if formed is quickly filled with vein-matter. But where the rocks are dry these rents remain unfilled. In many parts of the Rocky Mountain mining-regions the explorer occasionally finds his drills penetrating one of these cavities. Breaking through the wall, the space may be found to have a width of several feet and an indefinite extension downward and on either side. Sometimes the walls are thinly coated with a vein-deposit, formed before the waters abandoned the cavity ; in other cases they remain bare, as when they were first rent apart. Even the hardy miners, accustomed to the mysteries of the underground, recoil from the risks of exploring the strange depths of these fissures. There seems to be little chance that they may lead to mineral deposits of value, for the reason that they have never been the seat of the actions which



Cross-section of Stalactite. (Produced by several separate stalactites growing together.)

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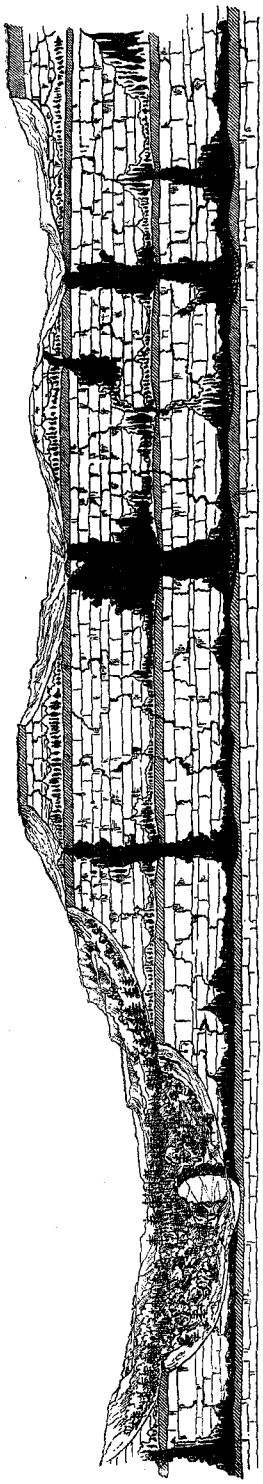

Showing the Formations of Caverns in Limestone. (In the distance a natural bridge, the remains of a great cavern.)

build such deposits. The only use the miner makes of them is to cast the rubbish of his excavations into their cavities. It is greatly to be desired that some of these fissures should be thoroughly explored, for thereby we are likely to gain much knowledge as to the conditions of fault-chasms before they become the seat of mineral deposits.

It has already been said that the caverns scoured out by heated waters have frequently been confounded with these dislocation-fissures. There is good reason for this confusion; for the hot springs, on their way to the surface, generally make avail of such fractures, enlarging them, when they pass through limestone-deposits, into the spacious openings of caverns, and occasionally filling with mineral deposits the parts of the fissure through which the water does not move with speed. We may therefore amend our statement concerning the hot-spring caves, by saying that the caverns of this group are generally local enlargements of fissures when they extend through limestones. In the ordinary fissure-vein deposits we may find traces of the caverning, even in rocks which are much more resistant to the action of heated waters than are the limestone-deposits.

We have now to consider a class of caves which are the result of water-action, but of water operating in an entirely different way from the underground streams. The caverns of this our last division of water-made caves are formed by the beating of the waves against the cliff-bordered shores of lakes and seas. The reader has probably seen some examples of this peculiar form of caverning, or at least is familiar with the blow which the waves strike against the shore. At the outset let us gain an idea of the way in which this force of the waves is committed to them, and by their motion applied to the land.

It is well known that this force is due to the friction of the wind against the surface of the water, causing the water to oscillate in somewhat the same way in which the fiddle-string vibrates when the bow is drawn over its surface. In this manner the energy which was in the wind comes in part to be given to the water, where it is manifested in the force with which the wave moves forward, and the height through which the water is swung in its up-and-down motion. Thus the energy of the winds, over a wide field of the ocean, is committed to the waves and sent against the land, where it is expended in the blows they strike. Owing to the swiftness of motion of the waves, they apply a prodigious force against the obstacles of the shore. Their velocity of movement is sometimes as much as sixty feet per second, and the pressure they apply to any fixed object they en-

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counter exceeds six thousand pounds to the square foot of resisting surface, or perhaps one hundred times the force of a storm-wind which produces this wave-motion.

Where the wave meets a steep cliff of compact rock, at whose base the sea is deep, this pressure, though great, may have little disruptive power; but where the water is shallow, and there are fragments, which various chances have separated from the shore, lying on the bottom, it tosses these with great force against the opposing wall. Stones three feet in diameter, though weighing over a ton, are hurled against the cliff as swiftly as a strong arm can throw a pebble. The rebound due to the elasticity of the rock and the reflux of the wave rolls the stone away from the point where it strikes, so that again and again, several times a minute, with each incoming wave, the blow is repeated, until the sea becomes quiet or the stone is ground to powder. In this way every rocky escarpment whose base rests in shallow water is constantly undermined, and the overhanging fragments fall down, to be in turn used to batter the base of the cliff.

It is almost certain that the resisting power of this rocky wall of the shore will very much vary from place to place along its line. Differences in actual hardness will favor or hinder the assault of the sea, causing the line to have the combined salient and re-entrant angles—to borrow a term from the art of fortification—which give picturesqueness to the rock-bound shores of the ocean. On each of these small re-entrant angles the sea has more cutting-power than on the headlands, at least until the bay extends some distance into the land; for the reason that in this bay the waves are somewhat heaped up by the convergence of the shores, but mainly because the fragments of rock torn from the headlands are swept into these pockets, and thus provide the waves with the armament with which they do their effective work. Imprisoned in these contracted bounds the boulders cannot be dragged out by the waves into deep water, and thus the supply is generally sufficient to insure a constant cutting-action as long as the waves are high.

From the apex of this re-entrant angle, where the blow of the wave-hurled stones is most effective, a cavern is apt to extend into the cliff. It is generally narrow, and thus the overlying rock is readily supported for the width of the arch. It may be driven in for a distance of some hundreds of feet before the friction of the waves on its sides exhaust their power, or the pressure of the air, which is driven before the piston of water as it rushes in, filling the whole space of the crevice, hinders the action of the blow. When these caves are excavated in rock containing many rifts, as do most of those along our American shores, the constant jarring of the waves and the action of frost are apt to tumble the roof into the space below. In this case the crevice assumes the form of a chasm, or a spouting-horn. The only really fine sea-caves which the present writer has seen along the American coast are in the Magdalen Islands of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the other shores of that noble sea, where relatively soft rocks, with few disorganizing rifts, are open to the assaults of the waves. In Europe, because of the much greater extent of shores of soft and tolerably massive rocks, these sea-caves are much more numerous and far more beautiful than any of this country. They are particularly abundant about the Mediterranean. The reader is likely to be familiar with the famous Blue Grotto of Capri, which is an excellent type of these sea-caves, though it probably has been somewhat modified by art. A better known and much more beautiful variety of caverns occurs where columnar basalts, with the columns in a vertical position, face the sea-waves, as at Staffa, an island on the west coast of Scotland. Here the jointing of the several columns enables the sea to rend them to advantage, while a rock of a different character serves as a covering for the cave.*

The last group of caverns which are in any way due to the work of water is the picturesque though unimportant group of grottos known in the Alleghany

* It has recently been claimed that these Scotch basaltic caves were artificial works, excavated to serve as harbors at some unknown time in the past and by some unknown people. Notwithstanding the artificial look, due in the main to the masonry-like character of the columns of basalt, there is no doubt in the minds of geologists that they are the work of the waves alone.

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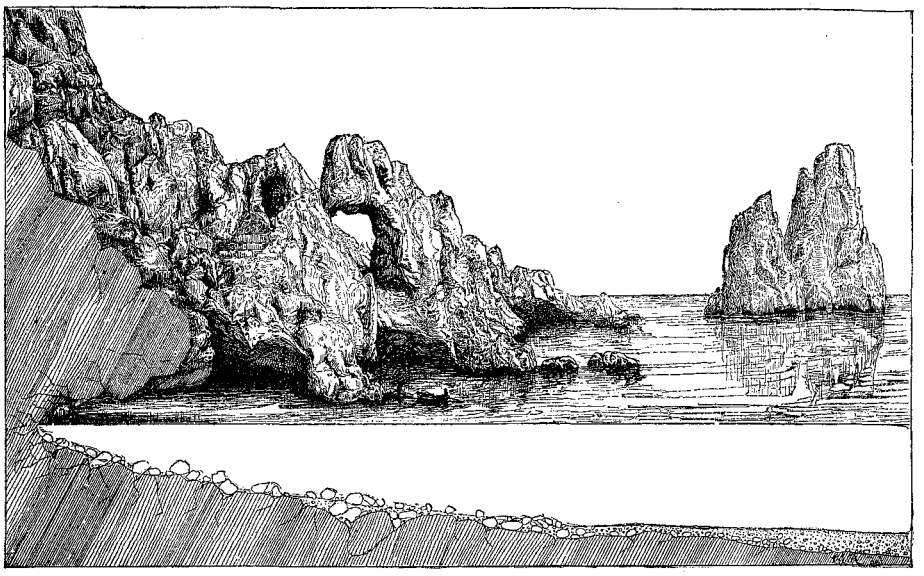

Sea-shore Cave. (Showing action of the sea at different lines.)

Mountains as rock-houses. These interesting recesses—hardly to be termed caverns, for they never penetrate the cliffs beyond the light of day—abound in Kentucky, Virginia, and Tennessee, and are usually limited to the escarpments or outcrop-cliffs of the millstone-grit, a thick formation of sands and conglomerates which underlies the true coal-measures. The hardness of this formation varies greatly. There is often a very resisting stratum above a bed where the rock is so soft that it may be crumbled by the fingers. When this softer portion becomes wet, and then exposed to severe cold, its outer surface often becomes converted into sand, which, as soon as the frost leaves it, falls to the floor. This sand is caught up by the wind and blown away; but before it escapes from the recess it is much beaten against the soft walls, still further assisting the process of decay. In this manner the grotto is enlarged, to the point where the overhanging rock is no longer supported and falls across the front of the arch. It is common to find these recesses with an overhanging roof projecting from thirty to fifty feet beyond the innermost part of the grotto. This soft sandstone, the excavation of which forms the "rock-house," is often penetrated by interlaced harder lines, where the sand has been cemented by oxide of iron which has penetrated along the joints. When the walls have long been scoured by the wind-swept sand, these harder parts stand out from the wall forming a singular and beautiful fret-work, resembling in its decorative effect the arabesque figures of Moorish ornamentation. The rock-house type of grotto in the Eastern United States is almost altogether limited, so far as the present writer's observations go, to the millstone-grit, though they scantily occur in some of the sandstones of the overlying true coal-measures. But in the millstone-grit, from Pennsylvania south to Alabama, they so abound that for almost the whole distance, where the edge of this grit is exposed, there is hardly a mile where there is not a comfortable shelter from a thunder-shower, where the sheep find protection in winter storms, and the lion-spiders make their curious traps of sand. This continuous undercut cliff shows us how the topography of a country is dependent on the structure of the rocks which underlie its surface, and how the physical conditions of any one stage of the earth's history continue for all time to have a permanent influence on its aspect. The millstone-grit deposit was formed at a stage in the earth's history when great quan-

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tities of sand and pebbles were swept about by strong currents, and rapidly built into beds which differ greatly in their coherence. It generally happens that the upper layers of this formation are much harder than the lower; hence the steep and, often, overhanging wall along its outcrop.

In the Rocky Mountains this peculiar structure occurs in later stages of the geologic periods, and affords many noble grottos of the rock-house type. In both the eastern and western districts these overhanging cliffs were more frequently used by the Indians for dwelling-places than the true caves. In Kentucky they were, apparently, in some cases the seats of a tolerably permanent settlement, as is shown by the occasional mortars, for grinding corn, which the people had excavated in the hard masses of sandstone near the sheltering arches of rock. In the Rocky Mountains the aborigines built considerable masonry edifices in these grottos, contriving them so that they might serve at once for dwellings and as defences against attack. Except that these holds were generally destitute of water, they afforded excellent places of defence, as they are assailable on but one face, and that often very easily defended.

We now have to consider the last and smallest group of caverns—those which are formed by the draining out of lava from beneath an arch or roof which the solidification of the fluid rock has formed. It is hardly necessary to show the reader how exceptional this group is; how it is limited to volcanic countries, and even there is of slight importance, if we measure that importance by the number and extent of the underground spaces which come into the class. Although this group of caverns is limited in number, it constitutes some of the most interesting, as well as the least known, of the subterranean spaces of the earth. The commonest way in which volcanic caverns are formed is as follows: When the lava contained in a crater remains for some time at one level, it freezes, or solidifies, as a thick sheet across the floor of the cup-shaped cavity. After it has become firm, the lower-lying fluid rock may, as the gases which urged it upward leak out from the crevices of the solid crust, slowly subside into the depths of the earth, leaving spaces of irregular form and, often, of vast extent. If the volcano remains long dormant—some of them are quiet for thousands of years—the rain-water gathered in the crater may fill these lava-caverns. At first it is hot and charged with acids, which make it unfitted for the habitation of animals, but in time the temperature is lowered and the water purified. It sometimes happens that these great cisterns of water become the dwelling-place of fishes, as well as of more lowly organized creatures. If now the volcano resumes its activity, this water, commingled with the pulverized lava, termed ash and containing an abundance of dead animals, may be poured over the lip of the crater, or be tossed into the air, inundating the neighborhood with a muddy torrent.

Another form of lava-caves is found outside of the crater, where the lava-streams pour down the slopes of the cone. These streams naturally flow in the deep and narrow torrent-cut valleys which so frequently seam the sides of the volcanic elevations. At first the lava may flow with considerable swiftness; but as it becomes cooler the surface curdles, like flowing pig-iron, while the mass below retains its original fluidity. This hardening of the surface progresses until the roof is strong enough to support itself; it may then happen that the lower fluid lava flows on, leaving a rude arch spanning the cavity it occupied. Buried beneath showers of volcanic dust and, perhaps, overflowed by lava, these chambers may become converted into water-reservoirs. When the lava-filled caverns are penetrated by the dykes, or fissures, filled with molten rock, the water is suddenly converted into steam. In this way such small and temporary craters as those which lie on the flanks of Mount Ætna may be formed.

Besides these larger cavities formed in lava in the ways before described, there are many smaller rifts which are caused by the shrinkage of the lava in cooling. This shrinkage often amounts to as much as one-tenth of the mass, and leads to the production of various irregular cavities.

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We have now briefly considered the ways in which the empty spaces of the earth's crust are formed. We see that by several different causes numerous cavities come to exist. It must be observed that these cavities are essentially superficial; it is certain that they are limited to the mere film on the surface of the globe. The reason why all caverns must be superficial phenomena is very simple. As we descend into the earth the pressure due to the overlying matter becomes constantly greater, until at a depth of, say, twenty miles the weight of the superincumbent rock would cause every empty space, however strong its walls, to be crushed in. Even if the rocks were very rigid, still the weight would render caverns improbable at a depth of, at most, a few score miles below the crust. The only exceptions to this rule would be where small cavities were filled with water or other fluids which could not flow out when subjected to pressure, or possibly where very much heated gases pressed, with enormous energy, against the weight of the superincumbent rock. But the vast areas of granite, marble, and other crystalline rocks which have once been buried at great depths beneath the surface show us, by their compact structure and the total absence of caverns, that deeper parts of the earth are destitute of vacant spaces.

Many speculative minds have fancied that the central portions of the earth were hollow, and in this imaginary realm have found a larger field for fancy than the real caverns afford. This notion is an old one; it had a certain currency in Germany more than two hundred years ago. In the early part of this century the speculation was renewed or, more likely, separately invented by Captain Symmes, of the United States Army. Symmes was an original genius, with more determination than most observers. He not only proved to his own satisfaction the existence of this gigantic "hole," but he endowed it with a luminous atmosphere, the glare of which, shining through the entrance-ways at the poles, gave rise to the aurora borealis. In the true explorer spirit he resolved to journey to this nether realm. With eminent foresight he perceived that, when his ship turned round the sharp angle which had to be passed in proceeding from the outer to the inner sea, the sudden change of direction might snap the masts away from their fastenings. He therefore planned a strong vessel whose spars might be quickly lowered to the deck. He issued invitations to many eminent men of science to accompany him on his journey. But, with greater good-fortune than attends most dreamers, he died before setting sail.

Although we must dismiss the notion of a central space, the earth constantly contains in its superficial parts a great number of cavities, which have an important influence on the deposition of minerals of value to man, and which afford a field for the development of a singular group of organic beings. These caverns are constantly forming and constantly being destroyed. None of the superficial, or cold-water, caves are more than two or three geological periods old; they constantly vanish as the surface of the earth wears down to them. But those of the deeper earth, formed by the migrations of the heated waters, are among the older products of water-action; they may have kept their forms since a time when the hills which overlie them had not begun to be carved out by the superficial streams.

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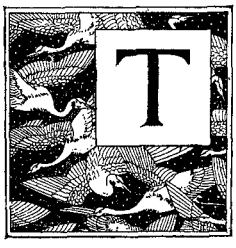
FREEDOM.

By Elyot Weld.

"Someone has touched me; strength has gone from me."
So spake the Christ, yet through the throng he passed,
New power to heal springing until the last
Within his human heart, upraised and free.
Thus thou, when I, all weary, meeting thee
(The roughening path by darkness overcast),
At thy flame lit my lamp; thou onward passed
Blessing the world, unstirred by thought of me.
I wish it thus; yet lest perchance thou throw
A glance across the sea of heads and find
One face blanched by a pain unsought, then know
That though alone hope ever fills my mind.
Being deep and wide, love holdeth not in thrall,
Saving as saved, beloving one in all.

THE MORTGAGE ON JEFFY.

By Octave Thanet.



THERE are few more beautiful sights than an Arkansas forest in late February; I mean a forest in the river-bottoms, where every hollow is a cypress-brake. Prickly joints of bamboo-brier make a kind of green hatching, like shadows in an etching, for a little space above the wet ground between the great trees. Utterly bare are the tree-branches, save for a few rusty shreds clinging to the cypress-tops, a few bunches of mistletoe on the sycamores, or a gleam of holly-leaves in the thicket; but scarlet berries flicker on purple limbs, the cane grows a fresher green, and, in February, red shoots will be decking the maple-twigs, there will be ribbons of weeds which glitter like jewels, floating under the pools of water and ferns waving above, while the moss paints the silvery bark of sycamores, white-oaks, and gum-trees on the north side as high as the branches, and higher, with an incomparably soft and vivid green. The white trunks show the brighter for their gray tops, and for that background everywhere of innumerable shades of gray and purple and shell-red which the blurred lines of twigs and branches make against the horizon. Such a forest is in my mind now. What an effect of fantastic and dainty magnificence the moss and the water and the shining trees produce! The dead trunks are dazzling white, the others have the lustrous haze of silver; it is not a real forest, it is a picture in an old missal illuminated in silver and green. Yet beautiful as it is, there is something weird and dreary in its beauty—in those shadowy pools of water masked by the tangle of brier and cane; in those tall trees that grow so thickly, and grow, I know, just as thickly for uncounted miles; in the shadows and mists which are instead of foliage; in the red streaks on the blunt edges of the cypress-roots and the stains on the girdled gum-trees as if every blow of the axe had

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drawn blood—there is a touch of the sinister, even, and it would not be hard to conjure up a mediæval devil or two behind such monstrous growths as those cypress "knees."

Through this forest winds a rude road, winding because of the river, for those red smears to the right are willow-branches which mark the course of the Black River. On the February day that I recall, a one-armed man was driving a pair of stout horses to an open spring-wagon, the kind of wagon called, in Arkansas, "a hack." The wagon was new and the harness had none of the ropes, odd chains, or old straps apt to garnish harness on a plantation. The driver, also, though wearing nothing better than a faded gray-flannel shirt, jean overalls, and rubber boots, was clean and even tidy in his appearance. His broad shoulders and long back promised a frame of unusual height, should he straighten himself up, instead of slouching forward until his hat-rim and its fringe of black curls made a semicircle between his shoulders. The reins were about his neck, and he guided his horses with his one hand. For all his empty sleeve, Jeff Griffin was the best driver "in the bottom." At the same time, his elbow steadied the object on his knees. This was carefully wrapped in a piece of that bagging which is used for cotton-bales. Presently he checked his horses, to very gently remove the wrappings, bending over them a plain, kind, tear-stained face. He was looking at a little coffin. It was simply made, yet in a workmanlike fashion, too, and was painted white, with silver nails and handles.

"Ain't it beaucherful!" he murmured; "it mought rouse 'er!"

"Howdy, Mist' Griffin," called a voice from the road-side, with those mellow intonations which are as much the property of a black throat as the color of its skin. "Kin ye gimme lift fur's de twurn?"

Griffin perceived that he was abreast of an old negro, on foot, carrying a bag of meal on his shoulder. He knew him, Uncle Nate, who worked on the Widow Brand's farm. It was inevitable, according to the customs of the country, that Jeff should let the old man climb into the wagon.

"Ben downter de Bend," said he, settling himself comfortably on the back seat; "my ole woman ben r'arin' an' chargin' fur mo' meal. Cudn't cotch dat fool mewl; hed tu gether de bag on my wethers an' walk. Whut ye got dar, Mist' Griffin? Looks like—fo' de Lawd, hit's a coffin!"

"Hit's fur—fur little Bulah," said Griffin, choking.

"Not Cap'n Bulah's baby! My Lawd, ain't dat too bad? W'y, I seen de "Eller" a-layin' at de landin' dis ev'nin' w'en I come by. An' Cap'n Bulah, don' she be takin' on turrible?"

"She kep' walkin' the floor with it all las' night, long's it lived. Never made a lisp er complaint. Done anything the doctor commanded, an' all her word was, 'Doctor, don' let 'er suffer!' but w'en she seen doctor war doin' his bestmost, she never said nary nuther word. Looked like she wudn't hinder 'im a-frettin'. She are mighty fair-minded, Cap'n Bulah, Nate."

"Is so," agreed Nate, sympathetically, "but whut er sight er turbbel she done hab; fust de cap'n, an' now de onlies' chile she got dyin' of. Was hit sick long, sah?"

"On'y two days. 'T hed crowp."

"Dey all b'en stoppin' ter yo' house sence de boat tied up fur ter hab de b'iler fixed?"

"Yes. The baby b'en sorter weakly like all winter. Bulah, she war mighty timid of her—but didn't do no good."

"Looks like," said Uncle Nate; "sut'nly de ways er de Lawd is dark, an' we uns cayn't git round 'em, nohow. Now, dar's dat ar baby de mudder leff ter de sto' las' Chewsday, ye heerd on't?" Griffin shook his head. "By gum, ain't dat cuse! W'y, 'twar dat ar Headlights's dey calls 'er, kase of dem big feery eyes er hern. Tall woman; ye knowed 'er, picked cotton fur dey all at de Bend. Peared ter set a heap er store by de little trick,* too; but she taken up with a mover, an' he p'intedly swore dat w'en he got married he didn't want no boot. So Headlights she putt de baby unner de counter an' lit out; an' dey bofe done gone. Mist' Frank, he clerks ter de sto' now, an' he fotched de baby home ter his

* Trick, in Arkansas speech, means a number of things—a child, an article, a stratagem, a machine; in fact, it is as hard-worked a word as "thing."

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maw fur ter keep twel somebuddy'd want hit. An' dar dat baby is, eatin' hearty, dat his own mudder don' keer ter keep; an' dar's Cap'n Bulah a-mournin' an' refuzin' ter be comfurted, like dat woman in de Scripter—I disrembers her name. Dat's what tries de fait', mo' ye studies on hit, mo' yo' tries. Darfur, O Lawd, 'lighten we all's unnerstandin's; fur we's up peart like de grass, an' en de mawnin' we's p'intedly cut down." Here the stream of Uncle Nate's consolations meandered into the safe channel of his prayers (Uncle Nate had a gift) and flowed placidly on for awhile, Griffin not hearing a word.

The latter's thoughts took their own dreary way, in vagrant, unuttered sentences: "She's rockin'; in the little red rocker, sides the bed. She done hilt Bulah en her arms ever sence she dressed of her. She are a-holdin' 'er now. She ain't cried, nur wept, nur spoke; jes' sets thar a-rockin' her baby an' lookin' at its face. Oh, Bulah, won' ye let nobuddy holp ye? Hit's pore little han's a-hangin' down—my Lord, how cole 'tis! Oh, pore little Bulah! pore little Bulah! but ye don' never need suffer no more, baby. Bulah, won' ye lemme cyar the baby a spell?"—his thoughts had gone back to the horrible night just past; he was pleading with the poor mother *again*—"Ye'll *shore drop*; ye cayn't keep up that-away! Lemme take 'er; I kin make out 'ith one arm. I done cyared 'er a heap. 'Tain't no good talkin'—she don' yere me. Oh, Bulah, she don' have no more pain; the Lord taken 'er outen it now. Let S'leeny take 'er; you lay down. Don' cry so, S'leeny, mabbe it frets 'er ter hear us; we kin cry out-doors."

Now it was the doctor's voice speaking: "You must rouse her somehow; she'll die or go crazy if you don't."

"Rouse her? Lord God! how kin I, w'en I cayn't make her hear me? I wisht it b'en me stiddier the baby, Bulah; I b'en prayin' all night ter the Lord ter take me stiddier her. Won' ye jes' lift yo' head, Bulah, an' try ter listin? It's Jeff talkin' ter ye! Ye know how Jeff allus thought a heap er ye—naw, naw, ye never kin know what I thought er ye! Never ye min' what I say, honey, I cayn't b'ar ter see ye settin' that-away, an' I say quar things. *Do* ye hear me, Bulah? Oh, Lord God!" He remembered so vividly just how useless his efforts were that he groaned aloud.

Uncle Nate stopped short.

"I wuz forgittin' everythin' but my trubbel, Nate," said Griffin; "wuz ye sayin' suthin'?"

"I wuz jes' speakin' 'bout dat ar baby, sah; sayin' 'twar a year'n haff ole, jest."

"Yes — the baby — jes' seventeen months," said Griffin, in a dazed way; then, with quite a new expression, he turned his head on the black man, "Ye mean Headlights's baby; what like is hit? Is it pretty?"

"Iz ter dat," said Uncle Nate, judicially, "I ain't no jedge. Looks right puny an' ga'nted,* but I lay it git over dat at we uns'. Yeah's de twurn, Mist' Griffin! I wisht ye well, sah!"

The "twurn" meant the fork of the road. One of the bifurcations goes on deeper into the swamp, the other deflects toward a clearing wherein, back of cotton-fields and garden, stands a comfortable battened house, the widow Brand's house. A certain trig look about land and buildings may be due to the fact—always kept well to the fore—that the widow came from Georgia. Jeff could see her tall figure on the porch, now; she was caressing a baby. His heart gave a kind of leap in his breast, and he turned white and grabbed at Nate's bag.

"Nate," said he, almost in a whisper, "I wanter see thet ar chile! Is't a boy ur a gyurl?"

"Thar 'tis," replied Nate; "li'le boy. Won' ye come by, sah?"

The widow came out to meet them, the baby in her arms. She always wore her hair looped smoothly over her ears and fastened behind with a "tuckin' comb." It was black hair, having a shine to it like her eyes. Spare and tanned as her features were, they were not uncomely and their expression of shrewd alertness softened wonderfully when she recognized her visitors. The boy certainly was thin—pale, too—still a pretty, bright little fellow who ruffled the widow's sleek hair and slapped her cheeks, in the gayest humor. Griffin could not understand why he felt a curi-

* Gaunted—thin; puny is always used for sickly; peart always means lively, well.

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ous pang of relief, seeing how unlike the little castaway was to the dead child. He saluted the widow.

"Oh, we're all stirrin'," she replied. "Aunt Fanny b'en over'n' tole me 'beout you all's 'fliction. They jes' puttin' the gears on the mewls."

"Won' ye come longer me, Mis' Brand, now!" interrupted Jeff, eagerly, "an' cayn't ye fotch 'long the baby? Ye heerd 'beout Bulah? I'm turrible skeered up 'beout 'er, an' I sorter 'lowed mabbe the little trick mought rouse 'er —bein' leff so lonesome like; ye know Bulah's powerful good-hearted."

"We kin try," said the widow, musingly; "ye got good sense fur a man person, Jeff."

She was very soon in the wagon, on the seat behind Griffin, watching him as they drove silently through the swamp. She thought that his had been a lonesome kind of life. Jeff Griffin had come back from the wars with an arm the less, to support his bedridden mother, his widowed sister and her family, and a forlorn little cousin with no nearer kindred than they—Bulah Norman. "Old Man Griffin" and the "big boys" had been killed long before. Jeff himself was seventeen, but he had been a soldier for two years. The Griffins originally came from Tennessee. They bought a little farm on the outskirts of a large plantation on the Black River. They were all of them honest, hard-working people, and Jeff had a natural turn for business, though he could not write his name. Those days there was money in cotton; those halcyon days when we burned our cotton-seed for fuel, yet could get more for the cotton alone than we can get for them both now. Jeff toiled early and late. As the widow from Georgia told her son Frank (a good fellow, clever, too, but a bit touched by the climate), Jeff Griffin's one arm did more than any other man's two. He prospered; he bought more land, he built a house for his mother—just the year before she died, poor soul—and generously started his nieces and nephews in life. One by one they drift-de out into the world until only their mother and Bulah Norman, now grown into quite a pretty lass of eighteen, remained in the house with Jeff. Bulah was eleven years younger than Jeff. He had always been devoted to her. When she was a child he never tired of her prattle; he gave her a calf, a colt, a saddle, a riding-whip, while every other girl in the settlement was content with a pawpaw switch; he could not do enough for her. If he was too busy to go to school himself, he never was too busy to drive "the little tricks" over to the school-house, and, every evening, Bulah, "the least little trick of all," used to teach him what she had learned. Bulah was very fond of Jeff, in a filial way; but Jeff loved Bulah with all his heart and soul and strength. He was such a dry, quiet, matter-of-fact fellow that nobody ever dreamed of such a thing; that is, nobody but the widow. How do women manage to discover a reticent man's passion? Jeff had never confided in the widow; but one day she remarked to him, with the calm bluntness of the backwoods, "Look a yere, Jeff, ef you don' make haste an' court Bulah she'll be takin' up with that thar triflin', biggity Sam Eller that she met up with down ter Newport w'ilst she's stoppin' with S'leeny's gyurl. She will so."

"Po' Jeff!" the widow was saying to herself now, "I come too late. He done got her prommus then. Jeff looked like he was jes' gittin' up by a spell er sickness, them days—p'int blank gashly; but he never let on, jes' talked natchell ter Bulah, an', law me, what a sight er truck he guv 'er. An' thar she leff that nice house that he done fixed up so lady-fine fur her, an' her room, all papered gran's Mrs. Francis's—roses all over the walls, and the ceilin' painted blew like the sky,—ter go an' live with Sam Eller in a boat! I reckon she found out right quick that thar warn't nuthin' ter *him* 'cept good looks an' brags! an' ye cayn't eat neether. Wonder how long 'fore he begun borryin' money er Jeff. He wuz no force, nohow. Say he war blin' drunk w'en he tumbled outen the pilot-house, spang on the deck, an' mashed's shin, an' never got up by it. Lived a whole year ayfter, too. Bulah war mighty long-sufferin' with him, tendin' on him night'n day, an' runnin' the boat, too; an', in course, the baby mus' come in the thick er it! An't made me mad, seein' him so ill * with her. I

* Cross.

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don' guess a man person kin holp r'arin' on ye, *some*, w'en he's sick, kase he wants out so bad r'iles 'im all up; but *he* wuz a-cussin' an' sw'arin' the plum' w'ile, an' steamboat cap'ns natchelly kin cuss wusser anybody else; 'clare I don' see how she cud b'ar't, sich a patient way. What wud she a done outen Jeff? Keepin' the cap'n under, an' lendin' money an' lettin' S'leeny go an' stay on the boat by spells ter holp er an' cherkin' er up—law me, I never seen a man person like Jeff Griffin! An' now thet the Lord done took the cap'n, an' she kin have her time an' her pleasure, she won' go home longer Jeff; naw, she mus' run the boat twell she kin pay off the money—jes' biggity, *she* is! How come she don' marry Jeff? That ar'd pay him best. Nex' thing, he mus' coax S'leeny ter go longer Bulah an' leave him 'lone with jes' Aunt Fanny ter 'tend ter 'im. I know *her* cookin'; ye cud build chimbleys outen her light bread. An', now, this have ter come on 'em—Po' Bulah!"

She bit off her sigh, lest it should disturb Jeff, for they had come to their journey's end and the horses were standing. There were the brown cotton-rows and the whitish-brown stalks strewn over them; there, under the elm-trees, was Aunt Fanny's cabin, and there was the house, long, low, with its black roof and whitewashed walls. The open gallery in the centre had been decorated with bunches of sweet herbs and strings of red pepper. Two or three saddles and a gun are expected to hang in an Arkansas "gallery;" they were a little brighter than common here.

The new-comers stepped softly through the gallery into a large room. Bulah was sitting, precisely as Jeff's imagination had pictured her, rocking her dead baby. An elderly woman had her back to them, leaning over the hearth, and the turkey-wing in her hand, with which she was brushing the bricks, moved by jerks as though the hand were nervous.

Bulah did not look up; her head was bent over the waxen face on her arm. The dead calm of her own face was more ghastly and pitiful to see than any anguish. All the while she was rocking very gently, never ceasing or in the least varying the motion. Her chair made the merest creak; yet, all at once, the other woman hurled the turkey-wing aside to wring her hands, sobbing: "Bulah, I cayn't enjure ter hear ye! For the Lord's sake putt her down! 'Tain't Christian-like—Oh, dear! oh, dear! she don' hear a word."

She did not seem to hear. To her in that awful mystery of grief, where her soul was with her dead child and her dead hopes, all this outside jar and fret vibrated so faintly that before she could comprehend their presence they had ceased. Nor did she seem to notice Jeff when he showed her the coffin, begging her, weeping, to look at it.

The widow, with the child in her arms, stepped across the floor on tiptoe. "Bulah," said she, solemnly, "the Lord taken yo' baby, an' this yere baby's mother have desarted him an' he's all alone on earth. Cayn't ye find it in yo' heart ter have pity on him?"

She put the child down, close to the strange-looking, silent woman, and, naturally enough, he began to cry.

At the first whimper, Bulah's eyes were lifted; with an indescribably wild and agonizing inquiry, she stared at the small creature, now quite terrified, and wailing, "Mammy! mammy!"

"Ye ain't got no mother, baby," said she; then, with her dreadful composure, "nur I ain't got no baby." She would have loosened one arm to touch the little fellow, but the action seemed to recall something; for, screaming "How cud she! how cud she!" she burst into a passion of tears, and while she wept the widow gently took the dead child out of her clasp.

. . . . . .

Little Bulah's grave had been green for months, and it was on an autumn day that Jeff Griffin stood on the platform of the plantation-store waiting for the "Samuel Eller" to round the Bend. Being Saturday afternoon, there was a pretty bustle about the settlement—a hum from the mill where the cotton-wagons were unloading, a continual ring of the hammer from the smithy, and a far-away song floating up from the cotton-fields filled with pickers. At least thirty horses were tied to the fence-rail on the left, and a score of booted legs dangled over

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either platform. Occasionally a sun-bonnet might appear in the doorway, but it was likely to go straightway about its business, having possibly more business than belonged to the boots. All about this wee hubbub of human life was the forest; maples and hackberry-trees kept up their autumn revelries in scarlet and gold, and their gay leaves, fluttering amid the sad-colored foliage of the cypress, looked like courtiers dancing with Puritans. To the right, the woods on either side the river-bank seemed to converge; that was "the Bend."

"Yon she comes!" cried Jeff, spying a corkscrew of smoke above the tree-tops. He spoke to the widow from Georgia, who had just emerged from the store, in a very clean and stiff print gown, and was prudently testing some new snuff before carrying it away.

"Cap'n Bulah never misses," she answered; "ain't it amazin' how well she done! Say she done passed her examination, an' got a license r'glar. The mate says they ain't many like 'er. Expect S'leeny stayed down ter Black Rock 'ith her son. How are you all's little trick?"

"Oh, he's right peart," said Jeff, his plain face quite beaming; "gittin' on smart. Talks a heap. Follers me reoun' everywhar, laffin' an' grabbin' at my pants—sorter good them little fingers feel, don't they? Putt him on ole Nig, las' week. I wisht you a seen 'im; fust he looked mighty gubious; then he begins ter laff. He'll git likened ter ridin' mighty briefly."

"Yo' mos' petted on him's Bulah, ain't ye? How come ye don' keep him an' her both with ye, allus? Actchelly, Jeff, my bones is wearin' out waitin' ter dance at yo' weddin'!"

The reply to such jocularity ought to have been a sheepish grin, but Jeff looked very downcast. "Ye wunt never dance at *my* weddin'," said he, "an' iz ter Bulah, she have laid by ter stay single."

"Wal, I didn't aim ter drag ye, Jeff, but—law me!" The caustic twitch of the widow's lips disappeared in a gurgle of dismay; she will never be nearer swallowing her snuff-stick. On the landing in front of her was a tall woman, whose wild beauty could not be obscured by her wretched dress—the draggled brown, stuff skirt, ragged blue jacket, and towsled red handkerchief, knotted awry. A mass of glossy black hair was straggling out of its coil over the red triangle behind; her battered hat shaded a bold profile, cut cleanly, like the head on a Roman coin. The sun, which plays havoc with dainty beauties, had only deepened the rich tints of her skin and brightened the untamed fire in her eyes. She was as graceful and unconscious as a panther.

"Headlights!" muttered Mrs. Brand, under her breath.

Jeff had not even seen her; all his eyes were for the boat. Yes, that was Bulah on the upper deck, and there was the dear little white head against her skirts. Other people might see merely a slip of a woman, with plenty of freckles on her fair skin, a firm little mouth, and pathetic blue eyes. What Jeff saw—but how can I picture the radiant being as the lover sees her?

Now the plank is down, and Jeff, with his one arm and his Southern gallantry, is helping the widow across, who doesn't need helping one whit, but accepts it as the duty of a "man person." In a minute they are on the deck, and Jeff has little Jeffy on his shoulders and can look at Bulah. But why have Tom Bracelin, the deputy-sheriff, and his two men come on board, and does that shabby woman mean to take passage on the "Samuel Eller"? She pushed the underlings aside with an imperious elbow, and got close to Jeff and the little fellow.

"That's him!" she shouted, "that's my chile! Take him 'way, boss!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Bulah, and flung herself upon Jeffy's small legs, the only portion of him within reaching distance.

"What ye seekin'?" demanded Jeff, sternly.

"I are seekin' my own chile thet I leff unner the store-counter," Headlights answered, "an' you uns taken him."

"Ye wicked critter! do ye reckon we all will guv him up ter ye?"

"I reckon ye'll haveter," said Headlights, composedly; "they's a right smart er folkses kin sw'ar hit's my chile.

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You all ain't 'dopted of 'im, nur nuthin'!"

"Look a yere, you Mis' Headlights, ur whutsomever's yo' name," said Mrs. Brand, "ain't ye got no natchell motherlike feelin's 'bout the po' little trick's own intrusts? Look at him bein' raised so good, gwine ev'ry Sunday ter school or ter preachin', an' gittin' washed hisseff ev'ry mawnin', an' good cloze, and his knees patched beaucherful, an' look a' them copper toes"—shaking poor Jeffy's foot at her—"an' you cayn't so much iz guv him proper victuals; I seen ye, myseff, feedin' up that innercent chile on gouber peas an' hogs' melts! My word, I wonder he got ony insides leff—he hadn't orter have."

Headlights listened quite unmoved to this homily, and equally unmoved she heard the threats of the boat people and the remonstrances of Mr. Francis who had come aboard. The owner of the plantation was no more to her than the deck-hands. There is a depth of poverty as arrogant as riches, and social distinctions count for nothing in that grave.

"Ye kin care all ye like," said she, tossing her black mane, "I'm gwine cyar off my boy. Yere, baby, come ter mammy, mammy got candy."

But Jeffy gripped Jeff's neck all the harder, whimpering "Jeffy 'f'aid! 'Way, lady! 'way, lady!" and, with a very black frown, Headlights beckoned the officer to help her.

He advanced, looking desperately ill at ease. "I'm right sorry, ma'am," said he, "but she's got the law on her side, and I have to do my juty."

Jeff and the mate of the boat exchanged glances; they had the simple Southern plan of dumping the officers overboard and steaming off down the river; they were willing, however, that Mrs. Brand should try her device first.

"Wal, Tom Bracelin," said she, as it were clearing the decks for action by throwing away her snuff-stick, "I never did 'low ter see *you* draggin' off a po' harmless little chile inter perdition—fur ye know 'taint no better 'mon'st them cotton-pickers—you with yo' own six little tricks t' home, too! How'd ye enj'y hevin' them two least ones tolled off by a gang er cotton-pickers? Cap'n Bulah sets much store by thet ar baby, iz you kin by your'n; an' mo', too, 'kase it's all's she got. Nur wud I of b'lieved it er *you*, Layfayette Sands"—wheeling round upon one of the deputies, who tried, ineffectually, to blow his nose to hide his confusion—"them evenin's you an' Bulah Norman wud come home from school tergether, an' be projickin' roun' my kitchen fur light bread an' smear. Naw, sir, I didn't guess them days ye wud do Bulah meaner'n a murderer! Iz fur *you*, sir"—the second deputy jumped—"I ain't got no acquaintance with ye, but yo' a pretty man, an' I jedge ye ter be a clever man"—the second deputy rubbed off a smirk with a very big hand—"an' I don't guess ye aim ter hurt that ar pretty chile, ef *'tis* the law! Onyhow, gentlemen," concluded the widow, in the most unexpected way, "ye wunt let 'er cyar that chile 'way 'outen payin' Cap'n Bulah board."

"Board!" screamed Headlights, "whoever heerd er payin' board fur a baby?"

"Board war guv that baby," retorted the undaunted Georgian; "good board, too. An' feedin' a chile ain't like sloppin' a pig, neether. Ye cayn't devil them little stummicks with leavin's; they has ter have good victuals that cost money. That chile b'en boarded frum last er Feberary ter last er October—makes eight months. Call it two dollars a month; that's p'int blank cheap; twic't eight's sixteen. Then the cloze; Cap'n Bulah done spent most er nine dollars fur truck fur that ar chile, ain't she, Mr. Francis?"

"More," replied Mr. Francis, with a twinkle in his eye—he saw the widow's drift—"she must have eleven dollars charged on the petty ledger, now."

"I'm blamed my skin," the cotton-picker struck in, "if I ever spent dollar'n haff on the chile. Quit yo' funnin', I won't pay board!"

"Reckon some folkses wud count in the boat-fares gwine back'ards and for'ards on the river," continued the widow, "but we uns ain't graspin'. Twicet eight's sixteen, an' eleven is twenty-seven. That ar's cyphered right, ain't it?"

Headlights burst into a fierce sort of laughter, crying, "I ain't got twenty-seven cents!"

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"Oh, we uns air content ter take a morgige on the chile," replied the widow, calmly, "for six months; an' we'll keep the chile twell then, an' ef ye don't pay then we'll keep the chile furever mo'. Mr. Francis is a squire; he'll draw up the papers. Do you all 'gree ter that?"

Bulah released her hold on Jeffy to look around; her pallid features and entreating eyes said more than her voice: "Oh, gentlemen, be merciful, look how he loves me; he ain't nuthin' to *her;* don't part us! He's always b'en puny; he'll die off in the swamps, like she'll take him."

The men whispered together. They were indeed glad of a loophole of escape; and the upshot of the matter was the production by Mr. Francis (after an interval in the cabin) of a document duly drawn up and reading as follows: "I, Sabrina Mathews, alias Headlights, do promise to pay to Mrs. Bulah Eller, of Lawrence County, Arkansas, the sum of twenty-seven dollars on or before the fifteenth day of April, 18—, and if I do not pay the aforesaid sum of twenty-seven dollars by or before the fifteenth day of April, 18—, I hereby promise to give and bequeath and resign to the said Mrs. Bulah Eller my child, now known as Jefferson Griffin Eller, to keep for her child; and I do hereby promise to renounce any and all my claims to the aforesaid Jefferson Griffin Eller."

It was only when Headlights was convinced that the sheriff and his men would do no more for her that she consented to make her mark to this paper. She insisted upon her right to pay before the six months, and Mr. Francis did not venture to refuse. "Oh, let 'er have it her way," said the widow; then, in an undertone to Bulah, "git shet of 'er now, an' we kin gether the chile an' light out, don' ye see?"

So Headlights had her way, and signed; and every man, on the boat, who could write his name, witnessed, with a dim idea that he was helping Captain Bulah.

Having made her mark, Headlights strode up to Jeff who was still holding the boy. Bulah would have stepped between them.

"I ain't aimin' ter hurt him," said the cotton-picker. "Ye won't stop me kissin' of him onct, will ye?"

The two women glared at each other, probably with as venomous feelings as those two historic dames who puzzled King Solomon. But Jeff had said truly that Bulah was a fair-minded woman. "Ye got the right to," said she.

Headlights bent over the baby with surprising gentleness. She was so tall that it was easy for her to reach his hair and his little averted cheek as he clung to Jeff's neck. She whispered something, of which Jeff only caught the words "sorry" and "hurt ye," and immediately ran off the boat so swiftly and recklessly that she nearly fell into the water.

"Well, that critter," said the sheriff, "she come to me yesterday. She's got out with the feller she ran off with. Lum Shinault was telling me *he* heard he gave 'er the hickory, an' she drawed a knife on him. Now, she's back with the rest er the Missouri folks, terrible anxious to git her baby; she'd orter b'en anxious a spell back, *I* take it."

After that day the "Samuel Eller" made her regular trips around the Bend; but no one ever saw the little white curls dancing over the deck. A good many people believed that Jeffy really was on board; if so, he never came out of hiding. Headlights did not go away. She stayed on, picking cotton, until the ragged white streamers were all stripped off the brown stalks. Two or three times Jeff caught a glimpse of her prowling about his own fields. He never attempted to speak to her, and she gave him nothing more than a scowl. He was watching her secretly. He was sure that she must be saving money; for she was sober on Christmas Day, when the rest of the cotton-pickers were a howling mob and, for that matter, there were very few steady legs left on the plantation. One day, visiting Bulah and S'leeny on the boat (good-by, now, to the happy times when Jeff could watch Bulah, with Jeffy on her knees, on the other side of his own fire-place), he observed that Bulah seemed troubled. Finally, she brought out a little package, and told him that while the boat was unloading at Newport, Jeffy had been allowed to walk in the street with S'leeny ("for the chile's

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gittin' right puny cooped up so, an' I had to see to the loadin' ") and a woman had spoken to him and given him the package. "S'leeny don't know her by sight, but she suspicioned 'twas *her*, an' she called her to stop an' take the things back, but she run too quick. See, Jeff!"

She displayed a flimsy red-silk handkerchief and a child's harp.

"Yes, hit war Headlights," said Jeff, gravely; "she bought 'em at the store. Frank Brand tole me. I 'lowed, then, she got 'em for Jeffy—Law me, Bulah, what ye doin'?"

He caught Bulah's hand just in time to prevent harp and handkerchief going into the Black River.

"Lemme 'lone, Jeff," cried she, with flashing eyes, "Jeffy's b'en talkin' of the critter ever sence."

"Oh, hush, honey," said Jeff, soothingly, "'tis r'ilin', but don' throw the critter's pore little truck overboard. She got sorter feelin's, I expeck, too."

"I *hate* her," said Bulah; "I'd liketer *kill* her!"

But she dropped the bundle on the deck instead of in the water.

All this made Jeff feverishly anxious, for he was positive that if Headlights did not go away Bulah would sell the boat and hide herself somewhere with the child; besides, he had a dread of some collision between the two women. "An' ef Bulah mixes with Headlights she'll shore git killed up!" thought Jeff. Therefore it was a mighty relief to him, one day, to see the whole troop of cotton-pickers, Headlights in their midst, ploughing through the mud on the road to the railway station, six miles away. He rode the whole muddy way after them, to see them safely on the train bound for Missouri. Then he rode home, singing. Possibly he was jubilant too soon, since Headlights got out at the next village.

Jeff went straight to the landing. He heard the refrain of the "roustabouts'" aimless song.

"Four o'clock done come at las'!" and he could see the cotton-bales bounding along the plank; down among them he ran, light as a boy.

"She's gone!" cried Bulah; "I see it in yo' face! Oh, Jeff, take us home, Jeffy's plum' sick. Simmons can take the boat to Black Rock."

Of course she went; and, late as it was then, Jeff rode ten miles for the doctor. The next morning he rode again to the railway station, to telegraph to a larger town for some medicines. He must wait for the train to bring them, so that it was after noon before he could start homeward. The road is the worst in the country-side, and just then, to use the phrase of the bottom, "'twud mire a snipe." He was crawling along, two-thirds of the way home, when his mule shied, with a great splash, and nearly reared off the roadway. "Dad gum ye!" cried Jeff, irritably, "whut—by grabs, hit's a human critter!"

The cause of the beast's fright lay athwart some logs, her skirts trailing in the mud. No sooner had Jeff lifted her head than he uttered a loud cry, "My Lord, it's Headlights!"

There was no response; the head lay on his arm like a stone; evidently she had sat down to rest and swooned. Jeff heartily wished she had been dead instead; but he could not leave her thus. He glanced disconsolately about him—at his mule improving the unexpected leisure to munch cane-leaves, at the brilliant, desolate sweep of swamp—silver-trees, green moss, gray pools of water, and the rotten corduroy raised a little out of the ooze. "Wal, the Lord's mussiful," groaned Jeff, "they's a right smart er water 'reoun', onyhow."

He got Headlights's head in a more comfortable position, and splashed water on her face until a gasp arrested his hand and she looked dizzily up at him, murmuring, "Then I done got thar. How are baby?"

"Git whar? Yo' in the swamp, gyurl. Wake up!"

Headlights did sit up, and moaned.

"I cudn't make out," she muttered. "Lemme 'lone, Jeff Griffin; how come ye done slopped me all over? I'll shore be chillin' termorrer."

"Ye'll shore be chillin' ef ye don' git up outen this yere slosh."

"How are my baby?—least, ye mought tell me that much."

"Wal, he are plum' bad, then," answered Jeff, gloomily—angrily, too, since he saw nothing for him to do but to put Headlights on his mule and walk himself; it would be like murder to leave

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her in the swamp, and the mule could not carry two through such mud. Yet he felt a twinge of pity as he saw the tears rolling down Headlights's cheeks at his words. "Ye mus' git on my mule," said he, more kindly; "ye cayn't walk, an' ye mus' git outen the swamp."

She struggled to her feet and let him help her into the saddle, saying, "I'll ride a spell, then I kin walk." Had she attempted to ride in the usual feminine posture, she would certainly have fallen off the mule, being nearly unconscious; luckily, neither Jeff nor she thought of such a thing. By and by she began to shiver violently.

"Thar 'tis, wust sorter chill, an' we uns' heouse the nighest by two miles!" At the idea he groaned aloud, for the relentless hospitality of the bottom left him no alternative.

"Mist' Griffin," spoke Headlights, feebly, "I'll git down, ef yo' tired. I kin make out. On'y wunt ye tell me more 'beout my baby, fust."

"Wal, Headlights, he come down yistiddy, an' his fever ain't cooled, an doctor he's skeered er pneumony; but he say he are a heap apter ter git up by hit fur havin' of sich good tendance like his—like Bulah's an' S'leeny's—don' ye go fur ter cry, Headlights; ye shake all over, an' I cayn't hole ye!"

Headlights somehow choked her sobs. Jeff went on: "Now, Headlights, I'm goin' cyar ye home with me, kase ye ain't fit ter walk. Now, be ye goin' ter devil us, onyhow; try fur ter toll Jeffy way an'——"

"Now, now, I ain't no short; I fight fair. I wudn't do ye sicher way."

"Wal," muttered Jeff to himself, "I expeck S'leeny'll be r'arin' on me, an' Bulah—but Bulah's fair-minded. Onyhow, cayn't be holped, an' they'll git over it, some way."

With this reflection, which has eked out many a man's courage on the brink of a tussel with his womankind, Jeff waded along. A good deal of the time he had to hold Headlights on the mule or she would have slipped off through sheer weakness, and all the while she appeared to be in a kind of stupor. Once he asked her how she happened to hear of Jeffy's illness, how she came to be at the station. She said: "I came ter git Jeffy; I knowed ye'd have him back by ye, quick's ye 'lowed I done lit a shuck. I heerd the men ter the deppo a-talkin 'beout ye. I walked frum Hoxie's on the track; started afore sun up." He thought that her mind must be wandering.

It was a dismal journey, tedious to the last degree; but at last the mule turned in at his own gate, and S'leeny, hearing the hounds' chorus of welcome, ran out to meet him. She lifted up her hands in horror when she recognized his companion. "My, my, my, Jeff Griffin! are ye clean bereft?"

"You hush!" whispered Jeff. "I didn't ax 'er. I run up with 'er in the woods. She war layin' on a log dead's * a hammer. I cudn't leave 'er thataway, cud I?"

"Guv me the med'cines, an' you cyar 'er straight ter Mis' Brand's."

"I cayn't. Look at 'er, she chillin' this minnit."

Headlights had staggered into the gallery; now she would have fallen, had not both brother and sister caught her. "Ye *see*!" said Jeff.

"What'll Bulah say?" groaned S'leeny; "law me, ain't she got 'nuff trubbels an' triberlations outen *you* a-pilin' more onter her!"

But this was only the futile last stroke of a vanquished fighter, the natural impulse of the woman to find the man to blame; S'leeny had her own conscience, and Jeff knew that she would make no more objections. In fact, she helped him to get Headlights to the fire and got the quinine and whiskey before she went to Bulah. Headlights had revived a little and was sitting in the arm-chair when Bulah softly opened the door and came in. Jeff ventured one furtive glance and began to poke the fire.

"Don' take on, Bulah," begged he, with that artless freedom from tact which is the right of his sex; "onyhow, she are Jeffy's mother——"

"I wanter know 'beout my baby," interrupted Headlights.

Bulah's chin went up a little: "I expeck you mean my Jeffy; he's mighty bad——"

* They have a peculiar use of the word "dead" for "senseless." "He knocked him dead," they will say, or "She was plum' dead for an hour."

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"Kin I look on him—jest onct—jes' fur a minnit?"

"He'd most like be scared up to see a stranger," said Bulah, coldly.

"Law me," cried the helpless man between the two women, "Bulah, how *kin* ye be so cruel?"

It was the first word of reproach that he had ever spoken to her, and it must have gone straight to her heart, for she put both hands there quickly, with a sort of gasp, like a person stabbed; a little flicker of color came into her cheeks and went out, leaving her extremely pale. Jeff was already in an agony of remorse, crying, "Naw, naw, ye ain't! It's me that's cruel."

"Yes, I am; yes, I was," said Bulah. "Come, Headlights, ye cayn't walk; lean on me. Ye mus' jes' look at him an' come out!"

"I kin walk," answered Headlights, shortly. Walk she did, though unsteadily, across the gallery into the other room. It was the pretty room, with the roses on the wall-paper and the sky-blue ceiling. S'leeny could have fainted when she beheld that tall shape, all wet and muddy, and the wild face and burning eyes. Headlights, not venturing to advance, for fear of awakening the little sleeper, stood on the threshold, where she could see the bed, and gazed with an agony of longing at the flaxen curls and flushed cheek on the pillow. After a moment she bent down very carefully, and began to remove her miserable shoes. S'leeny almost screamed to see Bulah kneel and take off those dreadful, mud-soaked shoes herself.

"Though, toby shore," reflected S'leeny, "they'd of p'intedly tracked the floor. Mabbe that's how come she done it." So little do the ones nearest us know of the strange and complex emotions which war in our motives. But Jeff understood. His wet eyes met Bulah's, and afterward she remembered his look; though then her own feelings were swept away by the spectacle of the overpowering feeling before her. Headlights crept up to the bed. She bent over the sleeper; and the desperate misery in her face touched even S'leeny. Her breath came in pants, with the fierce pain which she would not show. At that moment, Bulah, living over again her own desolation, felt a horrible kinship with this mother, suffering as she had suffered; yet all the while her heart seemed to stand still with fear and impatience, lest Jeffy should wake and be frightened. After all, Headlights only kissed a stray lock of hair. Then she stole out of the room, and, before they could stop her, ran out of the house, just as she was.

Jeff and Bulah found her in the cow-shed, crouched on a pile of hay. Jeff tried to say something comforting, but he stopped as soon as she turned her face.

Headlights spoke: "Yes, I know he'll git well. 'Tain't that. I seen 'im. 'Tain't no good me hopin' fur ter take him 'way. I cud never have thin's fixed up so good fur 'im when he's sick. He's puny. He'd die up, shore." She drew in her breath and said, with a mighty effort, "Ye kin hev him fur good. I wunt pester ye no more."

"Oh, my Lord!" said Bulah. The tears blinded her, and they were tears for Headlights; she was disarmed by her adversary's surrender. "Come, ye poor thing," said she, gently, "come in an' get rested, an' then ye can help me tend him."

In her turn, she had made the greatest concession in her power. Headlights rose submissively to follow her, but before she took a step she touched Bulah's arm, saying, "They's one thing more—you uns'll be gittin' merried."

"Me!" Bulah said, huskily and choked.

"Ye got yo' mind mighty sot on 'er, ain't ye?" said Headlights to Jeff.

Surely it was his good angel that prompted his answer: "It b'en sot on 'er all the days I knowed her, Headlights. They ain't nobuddy on earth like 'er, ter my mind."

"An' ye jes' done got 'er," said Headlights. "Wal, I don' keer, all I want's fur ye ter prommus ter be allus good ter my boy, whatsumever——"

"We will," said Bulah, solemnly. "Now come on in."

Bulah led her into the house. She was burning with fever. Bulah put her to bed, where, almost instantly, she fell asleep. But it was the widow from Georgia and S'leeny who entered pres-

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ently, bearing each a stick, and, as it were, fished the outcast's clothes from the chair, with countenances on which were vividly painted the sensations natural to two such notable housewives, and bore them out into the yard and hung them on the line to air.

"An' ef do come on ter rain," remarked the widow, complacently "it'll holp ter clean 'em all the mo'!"

Bulah had gone back to Jeffy. Jeff whispered to her that he was sure that the boy was better—his breathing was easier, he was sleeping quietly. "An' look," said Jeff, "them little curls er his'n is plum' wet; the fever's cooled; he won' git pneumony ayfter all!" Bulah looked. She sank down on her knees, and Jeff knew what she was doing; his own heart swelled with gratitude, not the less fervent because confused and dumb.

But Headlights was fated to keep her word. Her chill developed into pneumonia, and as Mrs. Brand (who came over to nurse her) observed, truly, "Cotton-pickers never had no ruggedness, an' she cudn't pear ter git up by it." She added: "Headlights warn't a bit ill; jes' iz easy, patient critter like ye ever seen; didn't know nuthin' most er the time."

Once, just before the end, she seemed conscious. Jeffy had been brought in to see her—polite little Jeffy, who had been well drilled in his lesson beforehand. "Po' lady, so sick," said Jeffy; "Jeffy sorry. Make it aw well;" and, giving her the only remedy his babyish mind knew, he took her face between his little soft hands and kissed it.

The sleeper stirred in her sleep. "Yes, yes, baby," she murmured, drowsily, "mammy knows. 'Tis cole in the cotton. Mammy cyar 'im home. Have a fire." Then she opened her eyes wide and saw them all. The spark in her dim eyes seemed to glow again, but no longer in anger or pain; she looked at Bulah, steadily, with the strange, peaceful, solemn gaze of the dying.

"Yes, I will," said Bulah, as though she had been asked a question; indeed, it seemed to Bulah that she had.

Headlights fumbled at her throat, with an old shoe-string that was around it; when Bulah drew out a feather bag, she smiled. "Fur—him," she murmured, and her hand groped for the child. Almost before it touched him, she was away from him and all earthly troubles, in the merciful shadows; and so gently did those waters of oblivion submerge her soul that no ripple was left to mark where it finally sank forever.

"An' I 'clare," avowed Mrs. Brand to S'leeny, "I are plum' surprised by myseff, I b'en cryin' fur that ar critter like she war my own kin. But she war so sorter bidable an' decent an' done the little trick so decent, ayfter all! I sw'ar some folkses don' git no fair show in this world!"

"Bulah been cryin', too," said S'leeny. "Wal, I don' see no call fur grievin'. All I wisht are that she'd of leff some money fur the buryin'. Bulah she will have Mr. Dake make oner his fust-rate coffins, though I say his second-bes' is plenty good nuff. Jeff done gone fur't now."

"She guv a little bag ter Bulah; whar's it at, Bulah?"

"It's Jeffy's," said Bulah, showing it, "but I don't guess there's any harm in lookin'——"

"My word, *naw!*" cried the widow, with her fingers inside. The contents of the bag were a roll of bank-bills and a folded paper. The roll contained twenty-seven dollars. The paper was a copy of the mortgage on Jeffy. The widow from Georgia dropped into a chair, alternately shook her head and waved her hands, and finished by wiping her eyes without saying a word.

"My, my, my!" cried S'leeny, "ain't it a main mussy the critter died; she cud of taken Jeffy 'way!"

But Bulah, who had grown very pale, said, "S'leeny, ye don't know. That woman trusted in me. I'm a-goin' to tell Jeffy all 'beout 'er when I give him this. Headlights, can ye hear me? Ye paid the morgige an' he b'longs to *you*, too!"

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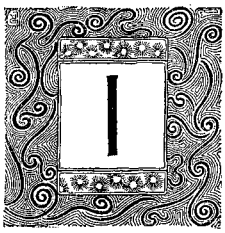
MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

By Gamaliel Bradford.



F the science of municipal government has not yet been brought to ideal perfection in this country, it is not for want of writing upon the subject, the magazines of the last twenty-five years fairly teeming with articles in relation to it. It needs, therefore, a strong conviction of having something new to offer that one should be justified in making a further addition to the mass. These articles may be divided into two classes, which, in medicine, would be grouped under the heads of diagnosis and therapeutics—the one, and by far the larger part, treating of the symptoms and development of disease, the other of remedies and modes of treatment. The former field may be said to be pretty much exhausted. There is little profit and less satisfaction in the simple rehearsal of aldermanic corruption and inefficient administration, of the packing of primaries and the stuffing of ballot-boxes, of increasing debt and taxation with decreasing results in the care of streets, in police protection, in charities, and in correctional institutions.

And yet there is nothing in which the natural philosopher takes more delight than a constantly recurring series of apparently monotonous phenomena, because he knows that behind them must lie some common cause, which, through them, he hopes to reach and to make it the stepping-stone to future achievements. In this respect, at least, the history of our city governments is rich in attractions. Whether in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, or any of the hundred smaller cities which dot the map of this country, the same events are repeated with a uniformity which makes the most careless student exclaim, "But there must be some special reason at the bottom of this!" What that reason is, or is assumed to be, is, moreover, not far to seek. Probably four out of five men would reply at once, "Oh, the reason is, of course, universal suffrage. The numerical majority in every city consists of the poor and ignorant, if not the vicious and depraved. If these classes, holding the majority of votes, are to choose the rulers of the cities, the uniformity of results is not surprising."

Of the remedies proposed, the one which is most frequently urged is to limit the suffrage by a property qualification. Now, this is so grave a matter as to demand very serious consideration. In the first place, how is it to be accomplished? The majority in a city can hardly be expected to vote to deprive themselves of their votes, especially if, as is charged, that voting power controls such rich plunder. Is it expected that the country people of the state will combine to disfranchise their fellows in the cities? Not to mention that quite one-half of the population, say of New York State, lives in cities, the majority, even in the country, consists of the poor and, comparatively speaking, ignorant. That they should combine with the rich of the cities to put the latter class in possession of the government may be possible, but needs a good deal of proof in the way of experiment. Suppose, however, the principle to be accepted, we may imagine a very considerable and protracted battle over the degree of property to be required. Grant, once more, that this is settled, and we come to a new difficulty. One of the greatest grievances in New York is the constant interference of the state legislature in city affairs. Up to 1870 the police commission was appointed by the state authorities, with eminently unsatisfactory results. In Boston the whole police system has been taken from the city authorities and handed over to a police commission appointed by the governor of the state, and there are symptoms of agitation in behalf of further interference in this direction, notwithstanding the baneful

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consequences which experience has proved to attend it. Now, in disfranchising the majority in the cities as to local affairs, is it proposed to deprive it of votes for members of the state legislature and, therefore, of Congress? If it is, then popular government is an exploded humbug, and we had better set our houses in order for military rule. If it is not, what is to prevent the majority in the cities from choosing state legislatures (which must, after all, be the supreme authority) such as to completely frustrate the virtuous efforts of the propertied electors. If it is said that the constitution is behind the legislature, I reply that the whole people of the state make and can alter the constitution. Is it so certain, again, that we should be better off with a property qualification? The lust of power and wealth is quite as corrupting as poverty and ignorance. Municipal government in England, up to 1835, with an extremely limited suffrage, was about as bad as it is here. The government of London is not exactly a model for imitation. If the police and some other departments are better, it is simply because the central government is stronger than anything we know here. If two-thirds of the population of New York were a proletariat mob, without political rights or interests, how long would it be before fierce rivals were organizing them in faction fights? On the other hand, the late elections in New York seem to me extremely encouraging. Mr. Henry George is the beau-ideal of an agitator. His "Progress and Poverty" has been read wherever the English language is spoken, and his sympathies and his promises are all on the side of the poor. Messrs. Hewitt and Roosevelt distinctly represented conservatism and order. Yet Mr. George had 68,000 votes against 150,000 for the others. Is not that an ample working majority? Yes, but the division of Republicans and Democrats came much nearer giving Mr. George the requisite plurality. Still the fact remains that the mass of the people gave up, for an idea or a name, voting for a man who appealed directly to their supposed interest. That such unmeaning distinctions are introduced into city politics is not the fault of voters. Further than this, an election by plurality is in itself a most unjust and dangerous arrangement. In anything so important as an election of mayor or governor a majority should be imperatively required. Once more, if universal suffrage has failed in New York, has it done any better in Albany? And is not a property qualification as necessary for the state as the city? Are we not justified in asking the advocates of such a tremendous change to think out a little how it is to be brought about and what would be its actual effects?

It may be asked, "Is the case, then, hopeless and beyond remedy?" That depends upon the answer to the question, "What is the cause, or, at all events, the main cause, of the above-mentioned series of phenomena." There is one word which has, perhaps, more than any other in the language, to do with the success or failure of human institutions, and that is organization. The Prussian army at present excites the admiration of the world as an efficient machine; yet it differs from a riotous mob only in organization and discipline. Many of our great railroads are marvels of administration, but these results are obtained only through a rigid organization. If it can be shown that every city government in this country has an organization so loose that in private business it would bring speedy failure; if it can be shown that power and responsibility are so diffused that the voters do not and cannot know where the trouble lies, or how by their votes they can apply the remedy; that the arrangements are such as to offer prizes and success to weakness and dishonesty, and, on the other hand, to oppose an almost impassable barrier to integrity and ability, it may well be thought that there are yet some experiments to be made before we give up the whole principle of popular government.

Perhaps the best way of making the subject clear will be to consider, first, what the theory of government demands, and then how far these principles are carried out or departed from in our city governments. In all the representative governments of modern times there are two branches, the executive and the legislative. Not that the third, the judicial, is by any means less important, but from considerations of

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space it will be left out of sight. We will take first the executive, which is absolutely indispensable, and without which no government can get on at all. The most efficient executive is that where a single brain and will direct everything, where all subordinate posts are filled by single individuals, each directly responsible to his immediate superior, and through him to the head, who has the power of promotion or removal along the whole line. Such was the government of Napoleon I., perhaps the most remarkable example of purely efficient administration in modern times. But that unrestrained power plunged Europe into twenty years of blood and flames and desolation, and it is not very rash to predict that Prussian efficiency will at no distant period achieve similar results. It is to control this despotic will of the executive that legislatures chosen by the people are established.

The function of a legislature has been defined as that of "critics with the power of the purse." Its work should be to see that the executive carries on the government faithfully, honestly, intelligently, and in the interest of the people, to vote money as long as it is so applied and to withhold it when it is not. Experience shows, unfortunately, that legislatures are by no means, and never, contented with such modest attributes. The modern world understands pretty well the dangers and abuses of executive power, but of those of legislatures it has a very imperfect knowledge. The case has perhaps been best stated by an English critic. "A legislature is greedy and covetous, it acquires as much, it concedes as little, as possible. The passions of its members are its rulers; the law-making faculty, the most comprehensive of the imperial faculties, is its instrument; it will take the administration if it can take it." The whole history of representative government is that of a struggle for power between executive and legislature; the whole of its future depends upon the possibility of establishing a working relation which shall keep each within its proper bounds. These propositions are equally true of our city, state, and federal governments. They are equally true of France, Great Britain, and the United States. In most, if not all, of our own constitutions it is set forth as a fundamental principle that executive and legislative power should be kept separate. In point of fact, we do not do it, and never have done it. The legislatures from the first have grasped at and absorbed executive power. It will be my purpose to show that this has been the main source of the evils of our city governments, and that upon our success in encountering it must depend the question of future reform or of sinking deeper and hopelessly into the mire. For government by legislature is, in the long run, impossible. It means corruption, inefficiency, quarrelling, the dominance of private over public interest—in a word, anarchy, and so decay goes on till an outraged people calls upon a strong hand for protection from all oppression save its own.

The first and most effective mode of encroachment of a representative body is in excluding the executive from all share in the guidance or control of legislation. It is obvious that the executive, being entrusted with administration, must know best what its wants and possibilities are. Moreover, the executive alone represents the whole of the city, state, or nation, the council, legislature, or Congress representing only partial and local interests. Yet all our arrangements are such as to prevent the mayor, governor, or president from having any active share in making the laws or ordinances under which the government is carried on. A city council is, in one sense, not a legislature, because laws, properly speaking, are made by the state, but through its ordinances, its voting of revenue and expenditure, its character as a representative body, and its modes of performing its functions, its political significance is precisely the same. The executive being thus excluded from a voice in legislation, the control of the whole matter is distributed among committees, each independent of the others and dealing with a separate subject, quite irrespective of its relation to the whole. These committees do their work practically in secret, and are therefore largely irresponsible. Being separated from the work of administration, first by the executive and then by the whole body of which they

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are members, they have only a remote and indirect interest in its total results, but a direct and immediate one in taking care of themselves and their local constituents, especially their most prominent supporters. Of course, men of honor and ability will keep the former end in view, and sternly reject the latter; but when honest work is hard and without reward, either in money or reputation, while dishonest work is easy and well paid, it is asking a good deal of universal suffrage to insure that the holders of office shall be always of a kind to devote themselves to the former. Meantime, what has been left to the executive? In the nervous dread of abuse of power his functions have been confined to two. He can send written recommendations to the legislative branch, and he can veto its action as a whole or in part. The most superficial observation will show that the legislature pays no more attention to his recommendations than to those of any private citizen. As for the veto, its purely negative character makes it useless for administrative purposes. Imagine a general with a veto upon strategical operations devised by a majority of the line and company officers; a ship captain with a veto upon sailing directions prepared by the crew; a railway or factory manager with a veto upon plans of operation imposed by the directors, and as to which he has not been consulted. The only way in which an executive official can get anything positive accomplished is by a process of intrigue with committees of the legislature. Obviously, men of honor, ability, and intelligence will not take a position where the power is little or nothing except by means which carry a *prima facie* suspicion of dishonesty, and where the nominal responsibility at least is very great. It is often remarked that the men who hold public office are by no means the choicest specimens either in intellect or character. An explanation may be given in the words of an English journal: "The absence of great figures in the United States is not owing to democracy, but to the craftiest combination of schemes to defeat the will of democracy ever devised in the world."

Another method of weakening the executive is to make the holders of the leading subordinate offices separately elective. A mayor or governor can have no power over subordinates who are elected independently of him, whom he did not appoint, and whom he cannot remove, while the politicians of the legislature by manipulating the electors can make the executive officers mere creatures in their hands. In fact, it is almost impossible that executive administration in the hands of separately elected officials can be made to work at all. The Philadelphia charter, even in its amended form, furnishes one of the most striking examples of the separate election of officials either by the people or the councils. It is a consequence of this that the legislative body establishes boards or commissions to do executive work. This is well shown in the government of Massachusetts. The secretary of state, the treasurer, and the attorney-general are separately elected and little more than clerks, as, in fact, the governor is also. The whole government is carried on by a number of commissions established by the legislature, the members, indeed, being appointed by the governor, but practically irresponsible either to him or the legislature, and wholly out of sight of the people, of whom probably not one person in a thousand even knows their names. The government of Boston is in like manner carried on by commissions, for whose work the people cannot certainly be held responsible, as they know and can know nothing whatever about them. At the time of the great fire of 1872, in Boston, the fire department was governed by a chief engineer and fourteen assistants, all elected separately by the council. That fire broke out early on a calm evening in November, and the loss of seventy millions may be said to be chargeable, more than to any other one cause, to the inefficiency of a fire department thus constituted. Since that time it has been under the government of a commission, and of its actual condition the public really knows nothing at all. The evil of a commission is that it involves divided action and divided responsibility. "Deliberation is the work of many, execution is the work of one." The work of a commission is almost always done by the

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strongest-willed man upon it, but his responsibility is shared by the others. The federal administration is far better than that of any state or city. Indeed, taking the mint, the post-office, and the customs, considering the absurd tariff, it may perhaps be said to be equal to any in the world. The reason is that it is organized upon a sound principle—that of one man in every place, dependent upon and responsible to his immediate superior, the line of subordination leading straight down from the President. The Inter-State Commerce Bill is a sign of an unfortunate tendency to entrust executive work to commissions.

As if to diffuse responsibility as much as possible, the ingenious idea has found great favor and been widely adopted of making the members of commissions have different terms—say, in the case of three members, one to be appointed each year—so that an appointing mayor cannot control even a majority till the second year. In Boston there has been a gradual though slow progress in principle. Thirty years ago many executive officials were elected directly by the people. Such was the case, for example, with inspectors of elections, so that if the ward politicians could control the election of these, they could work their will with the other elections. This being found to work badly, the next step was to transfer the election of officials to the city council. The evil principle, however, showing itself to be still untouched, slowly, grudgingly, and by instalments the appointment of his subordinates was given to the mayor, till by the last change of the charter, in 1885, the appointment of every city official was given to the mayor. And still, besides that of boards or commissions, there remains a check upon the power of the mayor so fatal in its effect as to account for any amount of misgovernment—the confirmation by the council or aldermen of the mayor's appointments. On November 12, 1884, Hon. John T. Hoffman delivered an address to the Constitution Club of New York, which, as a lesson in practical politics, should be in the hands of every citizen of the United States, and to the following words of which I can only add unqualified approval:

"To require the consent of the common council to the mayor's appointment of heads of departments only opens the way for dictation by the council or for bargains. This is not the way to get good men, nor to fix the full responsibility for maladministration upon the people's chosen prime minister.

"The head of every department should be a single one—no boards or commissions—and so the responsibility to the mayor will be consolidated, as is his to the people. What we need is not a complex system, but one that is simple and direct; all through which runs one sound principle. Such is the principle of the immense business of the greatest merchants of New York—one man at the head of every branch of it, and every one of these responsible to him the head of all."

It is, however, in the department of finance that legislative usurpation of executive power has made itself most apparent, upon the principle which is true, both in public and private life, that he who holds the purse-strings holds the power. There is no city in this country where the finances rest upon any personal responsibility, or where expenditure and revenue are adjusted upon any intelligible system. In Boston there is an auditor who simply adds up the discretionary estimates of the spending departments, while the taxing department is a mere machine for raising revenue. The whole control of the city finance rests with the council and its committees, checked only by statutes limiting the amount of debt and the rate of taxation. In Philadelphia the control of the committees of council is even more complete and irresponsible. In New York, expenditure is in the hands of a board of estimate and apportionment, consisting of: 1st, the mayor, elected by the people; 2d, a comptroller, elected separately by the people; 3d, the president of the board of aldermen, elected by the people; 4th, the President of the department of taxes, appointed by the mayor and confirmed by the aldermen. It is hardly possible to imagine a more heterogeneous authority, or one where responsibility more completely disappears.

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Let us now sum up the conclusions at which we have arrived.

First, there should be but one elected executive official, the mayor. Only thus can power and responsibility be concentrated, and the people understand where credit or blame belongs, and how they are to be apportioned. The people are not good judges of measures. They are excellent judges of men. If one man is made responsible for the whole administration, they will soon make up their minds whether he is to be trusted. It is only after such a test has been applied that judgment can be fairly pronounced upon universal suffrage. To quote again from ex-Governor Hoffman: "Remember, first, that notwithstanding all the evils that exist in this city, the lovers of good order and honest government are, as in other cities, very largely in the majority. The people are desirous of good government, but to act efficiently they need leaders." Now, every city government in this country is so arranged as to render official leaders impossible. It is the most natural thing in the world that these cities should fall a prey to self-constituted leaders who organize the worst elements against an incoherent mass.

Second, every executive position should be held by a single individual, appointed and removable by the mayor without confirmation by anybody. The Philadelphia charter has made a great advance in placing the police and the public works departments each under a single head. Boston is the city, *par excellence*, of commissions, scarcely anything being entrusted to a single man. New York and Brooklyn seem to be the only cities which have had the frightful audacity to allow the mayor to make nominations independently of confirmation. In New York this principle, since its adoption in 1884, has worked so well that there seems to be some prospect of extending it to removals. The Brooklyn government seems, for the moment, to be under a cloud, but this may well be because this one principle, though perfectly sound, needs, as I shall endeavor to show, to be supplemented by another.

Third, the most important thing of all is to get all share in executive administration out of the hands of the committees of council. The new Boston charter declares in the most explicit terms that neither branch of the council, nor any member thereof, nor any committee thereof, shall have anything to do with executive administration. In point of fact they do control it as much as they did before; and they do it, first, through their veto on the mayor's nominations, second, through the irresponsibility of the commissions, but mainly from the fact that the executive in all its parts is excluded from all initiative in legislation or finance. The only way to prevent the council or its committees from exercising executive power is to make the executive branch completely independent of them so far as relates to direct interference, while leaving to them the fullest opportunities of public criticism, and the financial veto, which is now given to the executive, but which properly belongs to the legislature. This is actually the practice in the British Parliament, giving as its results the first financial administration in the world.

Fourth, the great increase of power thus accruing to the mayor, with a corresponding diminution of that of the council, involves a danger that the true functions of the latter may be lost sight of. If popular government and universal suffrage are to have any real meaning, the people must be placed in a position to know what is going on; whereas all our present arrangements, whether by the secrecy of committee-rooms, or by that of executive officials, who never appear before the public at all, are such that the people never know anything of that with respect to which they are yet expected to judge and to decide. In the New England town-meeting, the selectmen appear once or twice a year before the whole assembly of the inhabitants, and are cross-examined by individuals. The test is so severe, and the judgment follows so swiftly at the elections, that corruption and even political intrigue are almost unknown. When a town becomes too large for such a meeting, the change is made to a city government with one or two representative councils. In theory these councils should do the work of the town-meeting—that is, watch the course of administration, enforce re-

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sponsibility, and keep the people informed. In practice they get possession of a large part of the administration, break up and destroy responsibility, and effectually conceal both their own doings and those of the executive. The offset and safeguard in entrusting extensive powers to a mayor is in providing a tribunal before which he and his agents may promptly, easily, and continuously be held to public account. If a body of one or two hundred men from all parts of New York were to assemble, say once a month, being debarred by law from any interference with administration, having no power to dictate any action or to vote any appropriation except upon proposal of the executive, but with full power of suggestion, of criticism, and of veto; if the mayor and his chief officials were to appear publicly before this body at each session to submit their plans, answer questions, and ask for votes of money, the people would be perfectly able to judge of the character and actions of their servants, and to express their opinions at the polls. Then, and not till then, can we hold universal suffrage responsible for failures of government. A kind of consciousness of this want is apparent in the provision embodied in the Brooklyn charter, the new Boston charter, and the new Philadelphia charter, directing the mayor to call together the executive officials at stated intervals for consultation. But when they have come together they may consult as much or as little as they please. They represent a combined interest on one side. Like most officials, they have no inducement to waste time upon the public, and prefer to do their work instead of talking about it. It is a very different thing from having a body whose special duty it is to watch their work and keep the public informed about it.

As finance is the mainspring of city as well as of all other governments, it may be well, in closing this paper, to compare the methods pursued in different cities, at the risk of some repetition, which the subject will bear. In Boston estimates of expenditures are sent in by the various departments to the city auditor. That official does little more than add them together and transmit them to the city council. The council is supposed to investigate them through its committees, and it is obvious at a glance how dangerous is the relation between these irresponsible and secret committees and the department officials, over whose resources they have so much power. But the committees with all their power are not responsible, because the councils, as a whole, have to pass upon the appropriations, and rarely diminish the amount. Then the mayor, the nominal executive head, makes his appearance for the first time. Formerly he could only accept or reject the appropriation bill as a whole. By the new charter he can veto single items, which is certainly a gain, but is yet a mere mockery as regards any real control of administration. It is very curious that up to this point no account of revenue is taken. Expenditure is voted quite independently, and then the amount handed over to the assessors' department to be raised as best it can. No discussion of methods or sources of taxation ever takes place, and that department is completely irresponsible; so that although its policy is constantly shown by outsiders to be almost ruinous to the city, it seems to be quite beyond the reach of any criticism or reform. A more unscientific system of finance can hardly be imagined. In Philadelphia the methods of finance appear to be substantially those of Boston. In Brooklyn there is a board of estimate and apportionment, composed of the mayor, the comptroller, the auditor, the supervisor at large, and the county treasurer, who form a budget or appropriation bill. The board is furnished in May with the requirements of the departments and considers them till July. The result is then submitted to the council, which can diminish, but not increase, any item, and has no power to originate any appropriation. At any time up to October 1st the council may diminish any item, but if it fails to do so it goes into operation. In New York the board of estimate and apportionment consists of the mayor, the comptroller, the president of the board of aldermen, and the president of the department of taxes and assessments. The board makes up a list of appropriations, upon estimates furnished by the departments, which goes to the board of aldermen for criti-

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cism and revision, and then returns to the board of estimate for final action. These methods certainly offer great advantages over those of Boston and Philadelphia in shutting out the action of committees of council, and especially in that provision of Brooklyn which allows the council to decrease but not to increase any item, but they have serious defects of their own. First, the board is composed of too many authorities. The mayor, the head of administration, is only one of a number of persons elected separately and wholly independent of him and of each other. All action must take the form of compromise and with weakened responsibility. Then the action of the board is as secret as that of committees of council. The public do not know either motives or results, can form no definite judgment as to measures or men. Again, the board has no special connection with the various branches of city administration or fitness for adjusting means to ends. Lastly, all these provisions have an eye to appropriations alone. All considerations of revenue, the productiveness and the wisdom of certain taxes, the equity or hardship of their incidence, their effect upon the prosperity of the city—all these things seem to be left out of sight. Keeping in mind these three principles—concentration of power and responsibility, unity and subordination in administration, with such publicity as may enable the people to pass judgment—let us consider what arrangement would answer these requirements. The mayor would appoint and remove upon his sole authority, just as in any other department, a single chief of finance, in whose hands would be placed the whole control of every branch of finance, including both revenue and expenditure. In full consultation with the mayor and the revenue officials, on the one hand, and the spending officials, on the other, he would prepare a budget to be submitted to the council, say, on the 1st of October, for the year beginning with the following January. The council would, after the Brooklyn plan, have power to diminish but not to increase or add any item without the consent of the chief of finance, which would, of course, involve that of the mayor. This budget, on both its sides, would be fully discussed between the authorities, on one side, and the council, on the other; and after the year began the expenditure would be followed up in the same way, the chief of finance standing between the council and his colleagues of the executive departments. The public would thus know just what was done with their money and what they got for it, and that their approval or censure was to be expressed at the election of the one official, the mayor, who was responsible for the whole. All other fiscal officers—comptroller, assessor, tax-collectors, treasurer, and receiver, with the exception, perhaps, of auditors appointed by the council—would be subordinates appointed by the mayor through the chief of finance, just as is now done under the United States Government.

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AN UNBIDDEN GUEST.

By Graham R. Tomson.

I said, my dwelling-place is passing fair,
  My dusk, dim chamber where the daylight dies:
  No sun doth blind, no tears may vex mine eyes;
Cast out alike are Glory and Despair.
My Soul is banishèd—I wot not where.
  I thrust him forth, unheedful of his cries,
  Long years ago: full vain is thine emprise,
O shrouded Stranger from the outer air!

He smiles, a bitter merriment is his!
  His footsteps falter not, but still draw nigh;
  He holds a crystal cresset-flame on high.
"So, friend, at last we meet again—is *this*
  The home forbidden me in years gone by?
Behold, how desolate and bare it is!"

IN THE VILLAGE OF VIGER.

By Duncan Campbell Scott.

THE LITTLE MILLINER.

IT was too true that the city was growing rapidly. As yet its arms were not long enough to embrace the little village of Viger, but before long they would be, and it was not a time that the inhabitants looked forward to with any pleasure. It was not to be wondered at, for few places were more pleasant to live in. The houses, half-hidden amid the trees, clustered around the slim steeple of St. Joseph's, which flashed like a naked poniard in the sun. They were old, and the village was sleepy, almost dozing, since the mill, behind the rise of land, on the Blanche had shut down. The miller had died; and who would trouble to grind what little grist came to the mill, when flour was so cheap. But while the beech-groves lasted, and the Blanche continued to run, it seemed impossible that any change could come. The change was coming, however, rapidly enough. Even now, on still nights, above the noise of the frogs in the pools, you could hear the rumble of the street-cars and the faint tinkle of their bells, and when the air was moist the whole southern sky was luminous with the reflection of thousands of gas-lamps. But when the time came for Viger to be mentioned in the city papers as one of the outlying wards, what a change there would be! There would be no unfenced fields, full of little inequalities and covered with short grass; there would be no deep pools, where the quarries had been, and where the boys pelted the frogs; there would be no more beech-groves, where the children could gather nuts; and the dread pool, which had gathered where old Daigneau had, years ago, mined for gold, would cease to exist. But in the meantime the boys of Viger roamed over the unclosed fields and pelted the frogs, and the boldest ventured to roll huge stones into Daigneau's pit and only waited to

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see the green slime come working up to the surface before scampering away, their flesh creeping with the idea that it was old Daigneau himself who was stirring up the water in a rage.

New houses had already commenced to spring up in all directions, and there was a large influx of the laboring population which overflows from large cities. Even on the main street of Viger, on a lot which had been vacant ever since it was a lot, the workmen had built a foundation. After awhile it was finished, when men from the city came and put up the oddest wooden house that one could imagine. It was perfectly square; there was a window and a door in front, a window at the side, and a window up-stairs. There were many surmises as to the probable occupant of such a diminutive habitation; and the widow Laroque, who made dresses and trimmed hats, and whose shop was directly opposite, and next door to the Post Office, suffered greatly from unsatisfied curiosity. No one who looked like the proprietor was ever seen near the place. The foreman of the laborers who were working at the house seemed to know nothing; all that he said, in answer to questions, was—"I have my orders."

At last the house was ready; it was painted within and without, and Madame Laroque could scarcely believe her eyes when, one morning, a man came from the city with a small sign under his arm and nailed it above the door. It bore these words—"Mademoiselle Viau, Milliner." "Ah!" said Madame Laroque, "the bread is to be taken out of my mouth." The next day came a load of furniture—not a very large load, as there was only a small stove, two tables, a bedstead, three chairs, a sort of lounge, and two large boxes. The man who brought the things put them in the house, and locked the door on them when he went away; then nothing happened for two weeks, but Madame Laroque watched. Such a queer little house it was, as it stood there so new in its coat of gum-colored paint. It looked just like a square bandbox which some Titan had made for his wife; and there seemed no doubt that if you took hold of the chimney and lifted the roof off, you would see the gigantic bonnet, with its strings and ribbons, which the Titaness could wear to church on Sundays.

Madame Laroque wondered how Mademoiselle Viau would come, whether in a cab, with her trunks and boxes piled around her, or on foot, and have her belongings on a cart. She watched every approaching vehicle for two weeks in vain; but one morning she saw that a curtain had been put up on the window opposite, that it was partly raised, and that a geranium was standing on the sill. For one hour she never took her eyes off the door, and at last had the satisfaction of seeing it open. A trim little person, not very young, dressed in gray, stepped out on the little platform with her apron full of crumbs and cast them down for the birds. Then, without looking around, she went in and closed the door. It was Mademoiselle Viau. "The bird is in its nest," thought the old postmaster, who lived alone with his mother. All that Madame Laroque said was—"Ah!"

Mademoiselle Viau did not stir out that day, but on the next she went to the baker's and the butcher's, and came over the road to Monsieur Cuerrier's, the postmaster, who also kept a grocery.

That evening, according to her custom, Madame Laroque called on Madame Cuerrier.

"We have a neighbor," she said.

"Yes."

"She was making purchases to-day."

"Yes."

"To-morrow she will expect people to make purchases."

"Without doubt."

"It is very tormenting, this, to have these irresponsible girls, that no one knows anything about, setting up shops under our very noses. Why does she live alone?"

"I did not ask her," answered Cuerrier, to whom the question was addressed.

"You are very cool, Monsieur Cuerrier; but if it was a young man and a postmaster, instead of a young woman and a milliner, you would not relish it."

"There can be only one postmaster," said Cuerrier.

"In Paris, where I practised my art," said Monsieur Villeblanc, who was a re-

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tired hairdresser, "there were whole rows of tonsorial parlors, and everyone had enough to do." Madame Laroque sniffed, as she always did in his presence.

"Did you see her hat?" she asked.

"I did, and it was very nice."

"Nice! with the flowers all on one side? I wouldn't go to St. Thérèse with it on." St. Thérèse was the postmaster's native place.

"The girl has no taste," she continued.

"Well, if she hasn't, you needn't be afraid of her."

"There will be no choice between you," said the retired hairdresser, maliciously.

But there was a choice between them, and all the young girls of Viger chose Mademoiselle Viau. It was said she had such an eye; she would take a hat and pin a bow on here, and loop a ribbon there, and cast a flower on somewhere else, all the time surveying her work with her head on one side and her mouth bristling with pins. "There, how do you like that?—put it on—no, it is not becoming—wait!" and in a trice the desired change was made. She had no lack of work from the first; soon she had too much to do. At all hours of the day she could be seen sitting at her window, working, and "she must be making money fast," argued Madame Laroque, "for she spends nothing." In truth, she spent very little—she lived so plainly. Three times a week she took a fresh twist from the baker, once a day the milkman left a pint of milk, and once every week mademoiselle herself stepped out to the butcher's and bought a pound of steak. Occasionally she mailed a letter, which she always gave into the hands of the postmaster; if he was not there she asked for a pound of tea or something else that she needed. She was fast friends with Cuerrier, but with no one else, as she never received visitors. Once only did a young man call on her. It was young Jourdain, the clerk in the dry-goods store. He had knocked at the door and was admitted. "Ah!" said Madame Laroque, "it is the young men who can conquer." But the next moment Monsieur Jourdain came out, and, strangely enough, was so bewildered as to forget to put on his hat. It was not the young man who could conquer.

"There is something mysterious about that young person," said Madame Laroque, between her teeth.

"Yes," replied Cuerrier, "very mysterious—she minds her own business."

"Bah!" said the widow, "who can tell what her business is, she who comes from no one knows where? But I'll find out what all this secrecy means, trust me!"

So the widow watched the little house and its occupant very closely, and these are some of the things she saw: Every morning an open door and crumbs for the birds, the watering of the geranium, which was just going to flower, a small figure going in and out, dressed in gray, and, oftener than anything else, the same figure sitting at the window, working. This continued for a year with little variation, but still the widow watched. Everyone else had accepted the presence of the new resident as a benefaction. They had got accustomed to her. They called her "the little milliner." Old Cuerrier called her "the little one in gray." But she was not yet adjusted in the widow's system of things. She laid a plot with her second-cousin, which was that the cousin should get a hat made by Mademoiselle Viau, and that she should ask her some questions.

"Mademoiselle Viau, were you born in the city?"

"I do not think, mademoiselle, that green will become you."

"No, perhaps not. Where did you live before you came here?"

"Mademoiselle, this gray shape is very pretty." And so on.

That plan would not work.

But before long something very suspicious happened. One evening, just about dusk, as Madame Laroque was walking up and down in front of her door, a man of a youthful appearance came quickly up the street, stepped upon Mademoiselle Viau's platform, opened the door without knocking, and walked in. Mademoiselle was working in the last vestige of daylight, and the widow watched her like a lynx. She worked on unconcernedly, and when it became so dark that she could not see she lit her lamp and pulled down the curtain.

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That night Madame Laroque did not go into Cuerrier's. It commenced to rain, but she put on a large frieze coat of the deceased Laroque and crouched in the dark. She was very much interested in this case, but her interest brought no additional knowledge. She had seen the man go in; he was rather young and about the medium height, and had a black mustache; she could remember him distinctly, but she did not see him come out.

The next morning Mademoiselle Viau's curtain went up as usual, and as it was her day to go to the butcher's she went out. While she was away Madame Laroque took a long look in at the side window, but their was nothing to see except the lounge and the table.

While Madame Laroque had been watching in the rain, Cuerrier was reading to Villeblanc from *Le Monde*. "Hello!" said he, and then went on reading to himself.

"Have you lost your voice?" asked Villeblanc, getting nettled.

"No, no; listen to this—'Daring Jewel Robbery. A Thief in the Night.'" These were the headings of the column, and then followed the particulars. In the morning the widow borrowed the paper, as she had been too busy the night before to come and hear it read. She looked over the front page, when her eye caught the heading, "Daring Jewel Robbery," and she read the whole story. As she neared the end her eyebrows commenced to travel up her forehead, as if they were going to hide in her hair, and with an expression of surprise she tossed the paper to her second-cousin.

"Look here!" she said, "read this out to me."

The second-cousin commenced to read at the top.

"No, no! right here."

"'The man Durocher who is suspected of the crime is not tall, wears a heavy mustache, has gray eyes, and wears an ear-ring in his left ear. He has not been seen since Saturday.'"

"I told you so!" exclaimed the widow.

"You told me nothing of the kind," said the second-cousin.

"He had no ear-ring in his ear," said the widow—"but—but—but it was the *right* ear that I saw. Hand me my shawl!"

"Where are you going?"

"I have business; never mind!" She took the paper with her and went straight to the constable.

"But," said he, "I cannot come."

"There is no time to be lost; you must come now."

"But he will be desperate; he will face me like a lion."

"Never mind! you will have the reward."

"Well, wait!" And the constable went up-stairs to get his pistol.

He came down with his blue coat on. He was a very fat man, and was out of breath when he came to the little milliner's.

"But who shall I ask for?" he inquired of Madame Laroque.

"Just search the house, and I will see that he does not escape by the back door." She had forgotten that there was no back door.

"Do you want a bonnet?" asked Mademoiselle Viau. She was on excellent terms with the constable.

"No!" said he, sternly. "You have a man in this house, and I have come to find him."

"Indeed?" said mademoiselle, very stiffly. "Will you be pleased to proceed?"

"Yes," said he, taking out his pistol and cocking it. "I will first look downstairs." He did so, and only frightened a cat from under the stove. No one knew that Mademoiselle Viau had a cat.

"Lead the way up-stairs!" commanded the constable.

"I am afraid of your pistol, will you not go first?"

He went first and entered at once the only room, for there was no hall. In the meantime Madame Laroque had found out that there was no back door, and had come into the lower flat and reinspected it, looking under everything.

"Open that closet!" said the constable, as he levelled his pistol at the door.

Mademoiselle threw open the door and sprang away, with her hands over her ears. There was no one there; neither was there anyone under the bed.

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"Open that trunk!" eying the little leather-covered box.

"Monsieur, you will respect—but—as you will." She stooped over the trunk and threw back the lid; on the top was a dainty white skirt, embroidered beautifully. The little milliner was blushing violently.

"That will do!" said the constable. "There is no one there."

"Get out of the road!" he cried to the knot of people who had collected at the door. "I have been for my wife's bonnet; it is not finished." But the people looked at his pistol, which he had forgotten to put away. He went across to the widow's.

"Look here!" he said, "you had better stop this or I'll have the law on you—no words now! Making a fool of me before the people—getting me to put on my coat and bring my pistol to frighten a cat from under the stove. No words now!"

"Monsieur Cuerrier," inquired Madame Laroque that night, "who is it that Mademoiselle Viau writes to?"

"I am an official of the government. I do not tell state secrets."

"State secrets, indeed! Depend upon it, there are secrets in those letters which the state would like to know."

"That is not my business. I only send the letters where they are posted, and refuse to tell amiable widows where they go."

The hairdresser, forgetting his fear of disarranging his attire, threw back his head and laughed wildly.

"Trust a barber to laugh," said the widow. Villeblanc sobered up and look sadly at Cuerrier; he could not bear to be called a barber.

"And you uphold her in this—a person who comes from no one knows where, and writes to no one knows who——"

"I know who she writes to——" The widow got furious.

"Yes, who she writes to—yes, of course you do—that person who comes out of her house without ever having gone into it, and who is visited by men who go in and never come out——"

"How do know he went in?"

"I saw him."

"How do you know he never came out?"

"I didn't see him."

"Ah! then you were watching?"

"Well, what if I was! The devil has a hand in it."

"I have no doubt," said Cuerrier, insinuatingly.

"Enough, fool!" exclaimed the widow—"but wait, I have not done yet!"

"You had better rest, or you will have the law on you."

The widow was afraid of the law.

About six months after this, when the snow was coming on, a messenger came from the city with a telegram for Monsieur Cuerrier—at least, it was in his care. He very seldom went out, but he got his boots and went across to Mademoiselle Viau's. The telegram was for her. When she had read it she crushed it in her hand and leaned against the wall. But she recovered herself.

"Monsieur Cuerrier, you have always been a good friend to me—help me! I must go away—you will watch my little place when I am gone!"

The postmaster was struck with pity, and he assisted her. She left that night.

"*Accomplice!*" the widow hissed in his ear the first chance she got.

About three weeks after this, when Madame Laroque asked for *Le Monde*, Cuerrier refused to give it to her.

"Where is it?"

"It has been lost."

"*Lost!*" said the widow, derisively. "Well, I will find it." In an hour she came back with the paper.

"There!" said she, thrusting it under the postmaster's nose so that he could not get his pipe back to his mouth. Cuerrier looked consciously at the paragraph which she had pointed out. He had seen it before.

"Our readers will remember that the police, while attempting to arrest one Ellwell for the jewel-robbery which occurred in the city some time ago, were compelled to fire on the man in self-defence. He died last night in the arms of a female relative, who had been sent for at his request. He was known by various names—Durocher, Gillet, etc.—and the police have had much trouble with him."

"There!" said the widow.

"Well, what of that?"

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"He died in the arms of a female relative."

"Well, were you the relative?"

"Indeed! my fine fellow, be careful! Do you think I would be the female relative of a convict? Do you not know any of these names?" The postmaster felt guilty; he did know one of the names.

"They are common enough," he replied. "The name of my aunt's second husband was Durocher."

"It will not do!" said the widow. "Somebody builds a house, no one knows who; people come and go, no one knows how; and you, a stupid postmaster, shut your eyes and help things along."

Three days after this, Mademoiselle Viau came home. She was no longer the little one in gray; she was the little one in black. She came straight to Monsieur Cuerrier to get her cat. Then she went home. The widow watched her go in. "Now," she said, "we will not see her come out again."

Mademoiselle Viau refused to take any more work. She was sick, she said; she wanted to rest. She rested for two weeks, and Monsieur Cuerrier brought her food ready cooked. Then he stopped; she was better. One evening Madame Laroque peeped in at the side window. She saw the little milliner quite distinctly. She was on her knees, her face was hidden in her arms. The fire was very bright, and the lamp was lighted.

Two days after that the widow said to Cuerrier: "It is very strange there is no smoke. Has Mademoiselle Viau gone away?"

"Yes, she has gone."

"Did you see her go?"

"No."

"It is as I said—no one has seen her go. But wait, she will come back; and no one will see her come, either."

That was three years ago, and she has not come back. All the white curtains are pulled down. Between the one that covers the front window and the sash stands the pot in which grew the geranium. It only had one blossom all the time it was alive, and it is dead now and looks like a dry stick. No one knows what will become of the house. Madame Laroque thinks that Monsieur Cuerrier knows. She expects, some morning, to look across and see the little milliner cast down crumbs for the birds. In the meantime, in every corner of the house the spiders are weaving webs, and an enterprising caterpillar has blocked up the key-hole with his cocoon.

The Desjardins.

Just at the foot of the hill, where the bridge crossed the Blanche, stood one of the oldest houses in Viger. It was built of massive timbers. The roof curved and projected beyond the eaves, forming the top of a narrow veranda. The whole house was painted a dazzling white except the window-frames, which were green. There was a low stone fence between the road and the garden, where a few simple flowers grew. Beyond the fence was a row of Lombardy poplars, some of which had commenced to die out. On the opposite side of the road was a marshy field, where by day the marsh marigolds shone, and by night, the fire-flies. There were places in this field where you could thrust down a long pole and not touch bottom. In the fall a few musk-rats built a house there, in remembrance of the time when it was a favorite wintering-ground. In the spring the Blanche came up and flowed over it. Beyond that again the hill curved round, with a scarped, yellowish slope.

In this house lived Adèle Desjardin with her two brothers, Charles and Philippe. Their father was dead, and when he died there was hardly a person in the whole parish who was sorry. They could remember him as a tall, dark, forbidding-looking man, with long arms out of all proportion to his body. He had inherited his fine farm from his father, and had added to and improved it. He had always been prosperous, and was considered the wealthiest man in the parish. He was unhospitable, and became more taciturn and morose after his wife died. His pride was excessive and kept him from associating with his neighbors, although he was in no way above them. Very little was known about his manner of life, and there was a mystery about his father's death. For

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some time the old man had not been seen about the place, when one day he came from the city, dead, and in his coffin, which was thought strange. This gave rise to all sorts of rumor and gossip; but the generally accredited story was, that there was insanity in the family and that he had died crazy. However cold Isidore Desjardin was to his neighbors, no one could have charged him with being unkind or harsh with his children, and as they grew up he gave them all the advantages which it was possible for them to have. Adèle went for a year to the Convent of the Sacre Cœur, in the city, and could play tunes on the piano when she came back; so that she had to have a piano of her own, which was the first one ever heard in Viger. She was a slight, angular girl, with a dark, thin face and black hair and eyes. She looked like her father, and took after him in many ways. Charles, the elder son, was like his grandfather, tall and muscular, with a fine head and a handsome face. He was studious and read a great deal, and was always talking to the curé about studying the law. Philippe did not care about books; his father could never keep him at school. He was short and thick-set and had merry eyes, set deep in his head. "Someone must learn to look after things," he said, and when his father died he took sole charge of everything.

If the Desjardins were unsociable with others, they were happy among themselves. Almost every evening during the winter, when the work was done they would light up the front room with candles and Adèle would play on the piano and sing. Charles would pace to and fro behind her, and Philippe would thrust his feet far under the stove, that projected from the next room through the partition, and fall fast asleep. Her songs were mostly old French songs, and she could sing "Partant pour la Syrie" and "La Marseillaise." This last was a favorite with Charles; he could not sing himself, but he accompanied the music by making wild movements with his arms, tramping heavily up and down behind the piano, and shouting out so loudly as to wake Philippe—"*Aux armes, citoyens!*" On fine summer evenings Philippe and Adèle would walk up and down the road, watching the marsh fire-flies, and pausing on the bridge to hear the fish jump in the pool and the deep, vibrant croak of the distant frogs. It was not always Philippe who walked there with Adèle; he sometimes sat on the veranda and watched her walk with someone else. He would have waking dreams, as he smoked, that the two figures moving before him were himself and someone into whose eyes he was looking.

At last it came to be reality for him, and then he could not sit quietly and watch the lovers—he would let his pipe go out, and stride impatiently up and down the veranda. And on Sunday afternoons he would harness his horse, dress himself carefully, and drive off with short laughs, and twinklings of the eyes, and wavings of the hands. They were evidently planning the future, and it seemed a distance of vague happiness.

Charles kept on his wonted way; if they talked in the parlor, they could hear him stirring up-stairs; if they strolled in the road, they could see his light in the window. Philippe humored his studious habits; he only worked in the mornings; in the afternoons he read, history principally. His favorite study was the "Life of Napoleon Buonaparte," which seemed to absorb him completely. He was growing more retired and preoccupied every day—lost in deep reveries, swallowed of ambitious dreams.

It had been a somewhat longer day than usual in the harvest-field, and it was late when the last meal was ready. Philippe, as he called Charles, from the foot of the stair, could hear him walking up and down, seemingly reading out loud, and when he received no response to his demand he went up the stairs. Pushing open the door, he saw his brother striding up and down the room, with his hands clasped behind him and his head bent, muttering to himself.

"Charles!" He seemed to collect himself and looked up. "Come down to supper!" They went down-stairs together. Adèle and Philippe kept up a conversation throughout the meal, but Charles hardly spoke. Suddenly he pushed his plate away and stood up-

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right, to his full height; a look of calm, severe dignity came over his face.

"I!" said he; "I am the Great Napoleon!"

"Charles!" cried Adèle, "what is the matter?"

"The prosperity of the nation depends upon the execution of my plans. Go!" said he, pointing some imaginary person to the door.

They sat as if stunned, and between them stood this majestic figure with outstretched hand. Then Charles turned away and commenced to pace the room.

"It has come!" sobbed Adèle, as she sank on her knees beside the table.

"There is only one thing to do," said Philippe, after some hours of silence. "It is hard—but there is only one thing to do." The room was perfectly dark; he stood in the window, where he had seen the light die out of the sky, and now in the marshy field he saw the fire-flies gleam. He knew that Adèle was in the dark somewhere beside him, for he could hear her breathe. "We must cut ourselves off; we must be the last of our race." In those words, which in after-years were often on his lips, he seemed to find some comfort, and he continued to repeat them to himself.

Charles lay in bed in a sort of stupor for three days. On Sunday morning he rose. The church-bells were ringing. He met Philippe in the hall.

"Is this Sunday?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Come here!" They went into the front room.

"This is Sunday, you say. The last thing I remember was you telling me to go in—that was Wednesday. What has happened?" Philippe dropped his head in his hands.

"Tell me, Philippe, what has happened?"

"I cannot."

"I must know, Philippe; where have I been?"

"On Wednesday night," said he, as if the words were choking him, "you said, 'I am the Great Napoleon!' Then you said something about the nation, and you have not spoken since."

Charles dropped on his knees beside the table against which Philippe was leaning. He hid his face in his arms. Philippe, reaching across, thrust his fingers into his brother's brown hair. The warm grasp came as an answer to all Charles's unasked questions; he knew that, whatever happened, his brother would guard him.

For a month or two he lay wavering between two worlds; but when he saw the first snow, and lost sight of the brown earth, he at once commenced to order supplies, to write despatches, and to make preparations for the gigantic expedition which was to end in the overthrow of the Emperor of all the Russias. And the snow continues to bring him this activity; during the summer he is engaged, with no very definite operations, in the field, but when winter comes he always prepares for the invasion of Russia. With the exception of certain days of dejection and trouble, which Adèle calls the Waterloo days, in the summer he is triumphant with perpetual victories. On a little bare hill, about a mile from the house, from which you can get an extensive view of the sloping country, he watches the movements of the enemy. The blasts at the distant quarries sound in his ears like the roar of guns. Beside him the old gray horse, that Philippe has set apart for his service, crops the grass or stands for hours patiently. Down in the shallow valley the Blanche runs, glistening; the mowers sway and bend; on the horizon shafts of smoke rise, and little clouds break away from the masses and drop their quiet shadows on the fields. And through his glass Charles watches the moving shadows, the shafts of smoke, and the swaying mowers, watches the distant hills fringed with beech-groves. He despatches his aides-de-camp with important orders, or rides down the slope to oversee the fording of the Blanche. Half-frightened village-boys hide in the long grass to hear him go muttering by. In the fall he comes sadly up out of the valley, leading his horse, the rein through his arm and his hands in his coat-sleeves. The sleet dashes against him, and the wind rushes and screams around him as he ascends the little knoll. But whatever the weather, Philippe waits in the road for him and helps him dismount. There is something heroic in his short figure.

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"Sire, my brother!" he says;—"Sire, let us go in!"

"Is the King of Rome better?"

"Yes."

"And the Empress?"

"She is well."

Only once has a gleam of light pierced these mists. It was in the year when, as Adèle said, he had had two Waterloos and had taken to his bed in consequence. One evening Adèle brought him a bowl of gruel. He stared like a child awakened from sleep when she brought the lamp in. She approached the bed, and he started up.

"Adèle!" he said, hoarsely, and pulling her face down, kissed her lips. For a moment she had hope, but with the next week came winter; and he commenced his annual preparations for the invasion of Russia.

Josephine Labrosse.

"Josephine," said Madame Labrosse, quietly, through her tears—"Josephine, we must set up a little shop."

Said Josephine, with a movement of despair, "Everyone sets up a little shop."

"True, and what everyone does we must do."

"But not everyone succeeds, and ours would be a very little shop."

"There are some other things we could do."

"Mamma," said Josephine, "do not dare! Let us set up a little shop."

And accordingly the front room was cleared out and transformed. What care they took! How clean it all was when they were at last ready for customers, even to a diminutive sign.

"My daughter, who will wait?" asked Madame Labrosse.

"I will wait," answered Josephine, and she hung her bird in the window, put the door ajar, and waited.

That was in the early summer, before the Blanche had forgotten its spring song.

"Mother," said Josephine, "we belong to the people who do not succeed."

"True!" replied Madame Labrosse, disconsolately. "But we must live, and there is the mother," and she cast her eyes to the corner where her own mother sat, drawing at her pipe, so dark and withered as to look like a piece of punk that had caught fire and was going off in smoke. "But there are some things we can do."

"Mamma, do not *dare!*"

But this time Madame Labrosse dared, and she put on her cloak and went into the city. When she came back her face was radiant, but Josephine cried herself to sleep that night.

All this was in the early March, before the Blanche had learned its spring song.

In truth, if the shopkeeping had been a failure, was it the fault of Josephine or Madame Labrosse? Their window was brighter than other shop-windows, and one would have thought that people would have come in, if only to look at the sweet eyes of Josephine and hear her bird sing. But no! In vain for months had the candy hearts and the red-and-white walking-sticks hung in the window. It was the crumble and crash of one of these same walking-sticks that had startled Josephine into the confession that the shop was not a success. In vain had Madame Labrosse placed steaming plates of pork and beans in the window. Their savor only went up and rested in beads on the pane, making a veil behind which they could stiffen and grow cold in protest against an unappreciative public. In vain had she made *latire* golden-brown, crisp, and delicate; it only grew mealy and unresisting, and Josephine was in danger of utterly spoiling her complexion by eating it.

"There must be something wrong with the window," said Madame Labrosse.

"Well, I will walk out and see," said Josephine, and she came sauntering past with as little concern as possible.

"Mother, there is nothing wrong with the window."

"Wait! I will try," said Madame Labrosse, and she in turn came sauntering by. But Josephine had stood in the door, and her mother, chancing first to catch sight of her, lost her view of the window in her surprise at the anxious beauty of her daughter's face.

"Well! mamma."

"Josephine, why did you stand in the door?" asked her mother, kissing her on either cheek.

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"But the window?" persisted Josephine.

"Let the fiend fly away with the window!" said her mother; and Josephine's bird, catching the defiance of the accent, burst into a snatch of reckless song.

Now that Madame Labrosse had dared so much, Josephine was not to be outdone, and she commenced to sew. Her mother always went away early in the morning and came back before noon, and one day she caught Josephine sewing. She snatched the work.

"Josephine, do not dare!" When she next found her at work she said nothing, but instead of kissing her cheek, kissed her fingers.

But why was it that trouble seemed never very far away? Josephine sewed so hard that she commenced to take stitches in her side, and of a sudden Madame Labrosse fell sick—so sick that she could not go to her work, and Josephine had to go to the city with a message. Her heart beat as she passed the office-doors covered with strange names; her heart stopped beating when she came to the right one. She tapped timidly. Someone called out, "Come in!" and Josephine pushed open the door. There was a sudden stir in the room. The lawyers' clerks looked up, and then tried to go on with their work. A supercilious young man minced forward, and Josephine gave her message. The clerks pretended to write, but the only one who was working wrote Josephine's words into a lease that he was drawing —"the said party of the second part *cannot come.*"

When she went away, he leaned over the supercilious young man and asked: "Where did she say she lived?"

"At St. Renard," said the young man; at which everyone laughed, except his inquirer. He sat back in his chair, peering through his glasses at the place where Josephine had stood. St. Renard —St. Renard; was there ever such a saint in the calendar? was there ever such a suburb to the city? When he left the office he walked as straight home as he could go. He kept repeating Josephine's words to himself: "My mother, Madame Labrosse, being sick, cannot come; she lives at"—St. Renard? No, no; not St. Renard. When he had arrived at the house, where he had boarded for ten years, he went up to his room, and did not come down until the next morning. When he had shut himself in, he commenced to rummage in his trunk, and at last, after tossing everything about, he gave a cry of joy and pulled out a flat, thin book. He spread this out on the table and turned the leaves. On the first page were some verses, copied by himself. The rest of the book was full of silhouettes, cut from black paper and pasted on the white. He found a fragment of this paper, and taking his scissors he commenced to cut it. It took the form of a face; but, alas! not the face that was in his mind, and he let it drop in despair. Then he tried to sleep, but he could not sleep. Through his head kept running Josephine's message, and he would hesitate at St. Renard, trying to remember what she had said. At last he slept and had a dream. He dreamed that he was sailing down a stream which grew narrower and narrower. At last his boat stopped amid a tangle of weeds and water-lilies. All around him on the broad leaves was seated a chorus of frogs, singing out something at the top of their voices. He listened. Then, little by little, whatever the word was, it grew more distinct until one huge fellow opened his mouth and roared out, "VIGER!" which brought him wide awake. He repeated the word aloud, and it echoed in his ears, growing softer and softer until it grew beautiful enough to fill a place in his recollections and complete the sentence—"My mother, Madame Labrosse, being sick, cannot come; she lives at Viger."

The next Sunday, Victor dressed himself with care. He put on a new *peuce*-velvet coat, which had just come home from the tailor's, and started for Viger. What he said when he found Madame Labrosse's he could never distinctly remember. The first impression he received, after a return of consciousness, was of a bird singing very loudly—so loudly that it seemed as if its cage was his head, and that, in addition to singing, it was beating against the bars. He was less nervous the next time he came, and the oftener he came the more he wondered at the sweetness of Jo-

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sephine's face. At last he grew dumb with admiration.

"He is very quiet, this Victor of yours."

"Mamma!" said Josephine, consciously.

"Does he never say a *word?*"

"Why, yes."

"Now, what does he say?"

"Mamma, how can I remember?"

"Well, try, Josephine."

"He said that now the leaves were on the trees he could not see so far as he used to. That before, he could see our house from the Côte Rouge, but not now."

"Well, and what else?"

"Mamma, how can I remember? He said that the birds had their nests all built now. He said that he wondered if any birds boarded out; that he had boarded out for ten years. Mamma, what are you laughing at? How cruel!"

"My little José, the dear timid one is in love."

"Mamma, with whom?"

"How can I tell? I think he will tell you some day."

But the some-day seemed to recede, and all the days of May had gone and June had begun, and still Josephine did not know.

Victor grew more timid than ever. Josephine thought a great deal about his silence, and once her mother caught her blushing when he chanced to stir in his chair. She intended to ask her about it, but her memory was completely unhinged by a letter she received. It was evidently written with great labor, and it caused the greatest excitement in the house.

"Mon Dieu!" Madame Labrosse exclaimed, "François Xavier comes to dine to-morrow!" And preparations were at once commenced for the reception of this François Xavier, who was Madame Labrosse's favorite cousin.

His full name was François Xavier Beaugrand de Champagne. He had just come down from his winter's work up the river, and on the morning of the day he was to dine with his cousin he stood leaning against the brick wall of a small hotel in the suburbs. The sunlight was streaming down on him, reflected up from the pavement and back from the house, and he basked in the heat with his eyes half shut. His face was burnt to a fiery brown; but as he had just lost his full beard, his chin was a sort of whitish-blue. He was evidently dressed with great care, in a completely new outfit. He appeared as if forced into a suit of dark-brown cloth; on his feet he wore a tight pair of low shoes, with high heels, and red socks; his arms protruded from his coat-sleeves, showing a glimpse of white cuffs and a flash of red underclothes. His necktie was a remarkable arrangement of red and blue silks mixed with brass rings. On his head he wore a large, gum-colored, soft felt hat. He had little gold earrings in his ears, and a large ring on his finger. As he leaned against the wall he had thrust his fingers into his pockets, and the sun had eased him into a sort of gloomy doze; for he knew he had to go to Madame Labrosse's for dinner, and he was not entirely willing to leave his pleasures in the first flush of their novelty. He had made arrangements to break away from the restraint early in the evening, which softened his displeasure somewhat, but when his friends came for him he was loath to go.

How beautiful Josephine had grown, how kind that cousin was, and how quickly the time went—now dinner, now tea; and who is this that comes in after tea? This is Victor Lucier. And who is this that sits so cheerfully, filling half the room with his hugeness? This is François Xavier Beaugrand de Champagne; he has just returned. Just returned! Just returned from where? What right has he to return? Who is this François Xavier, who returns suddenly and fills the whole room? Can it be so? A vague feeling of jealousy springs up in Victor. Can this be the one of Josephine's choosing? Yes, true it is—he calls her José. *José*, just like Madame Labrosse.

But he is going now, and he is very loath to go; but he will be back some day soon, and off he goes. And by and by away goes Madame Labrosse, "just for a moment," she says. They are alone now as they have never been before. Josephine sits with the blood coming into her face, wondering what Victor will say. Victor also wonders what he will say.

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Josephine's bird gives a faint, sleepy twitter. They both look up, then he hops down from his perch and pecks at his seed-font. Suddenly he gives a few sharp cries, as if to try his voice. They both start to their feet. Now he commences to sing. What a burst of rapture! In a moment Josephine is in Victor's arms, her cheek is against the velvet coat. Is it her own heart she hears, or is it Victor's? No need of words now. How the bird sings! High and clear he shakes out his song in a passionate burst, as if all his life were for love. And they seem to talk together in sweet unsaid words until he ceases. Now they are seated on the sofa, and Madame Labrosse comes in.

"Josephine!"

"Mamma, how can I help it?" and the tears of joy creep out on her eyelashes.

Suddenly the grandmother, catching sight, through her half-blind eyes, of Victor and Josephine on the sofa, cries out and menaces him with her shrivelled fist, when they all rush upon her with kisses and pacify her with her pipe.

And now, what is this noise that breaks the quiet? It is a wild song from the street, echoing in the room. There is a shout, and a cab draws up at the door. It is François Xavier, returned for the second time. He stands swaying in the middle of the floor. There is a vinous lustre in his eyes. His coat is thrown back from his shoulder. Someone has been dancing on his hat, for it is all crushed and dusty. He mutters the words of the song which the chorus is roaring outside—"C'est dans la vill' de Bytown." Madame Labrosse implores him with words to come some other time. Josephine implores him with her eyes, clinging to Victor, who has his arm around her. But François Xavier stands unimpressed. Suddenly he makes an advance on Josephine, who retreats behind Victor.

"Scoundrel! base one," calls out Victor, "leave the house, or I myself will put you out!" François Xavier gazes for a moment on the little figure peering at him so fiercely through his spectacles. Then, as the chorus lulls for a moment, a smile of childish tenderness mantles all his face, and with the gesture of a father reclaiming his long-lost son he stretches his arms toward Victor. He folds him to his breast, and, lifting him from the floor, despite his struggles he carries him out into the night, where the chorus bursts out anew—"C'est dans la vill' de Bytown."

It is late when Victor at last escapes, and hears them go roaring away as he flees, hatless, through the fields to his home. It is still later when he falls asleep, overcome by excitement and the stimulants which have been administered to him; and through his feverish dreams runs the sound of singing, of Josephine's voice, inexpressibly sweet and tender, like the voice of a happy angel, but the song that she sings is—"C'est dans la vill' de Bytown."

THE VALLEY.

By Charles Edwin Markham.

I KNOW a valley in the summer hills,
Haunted by little winds and daffodils;
Faint footfalls and soft shadows pass at noon;
Noiseless, at night, the clouds assemble there;
And ghostly summits hang below the moon—
Dim visions lightly swung in silent air.

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THE BUCOLIC DIALECT OF THE PLAINS.

By Louis Swinburne.

LOOKING southward from Capital Hill, above Denver, following the eastern flank of the Rockies in a gradually diminishing distance for over a hundred miles, the eye traverses an enormous extent of plain, mesa, and mountain, embracing within their territory several counties, and innumerable villages, rivers, and creeks. If a friendly *cicerone*, acquainted with the landscape, happens to be at hand, he will be able to explain to you that the diversity of surface is accompanied by an almost equally striking diversity of nomenclature.

As the various place-names are mentioned in succession, you begin to realize that behind the visible panorama there is an inner history more deeply interesting and suggestive. You are reminded, in particular, of the vicissitudes of the three races—the Spanish, French, and Indian—which have crossed and recrossed one another over this entire country, from Cheyenne to Corpus Christi. The names they have left behind—and little else but the names now—bear present witness to their swift transitions, their overlappings, and ultimate fusion and partial disappearance in a common civilization. Partial, only because these relict-names still survive to prove their former separateness. You may journey by horse from Denver to Pueblo and never meet a Spaniard, unless it be that debased travesty, a Mexican sheep-shearer; you may go on to Trinidad and Salida, and fail to find a Frenchman; and it is pretty certain you will never espy an Indian outside the remotest reservations or the southern pueblos. These races, even to the individuals, have vanished from the broad paths of men; their life, their personality, their moral force were of no avail; only the impalpable breath they formed into words remains, but how persuasive these are, how endearing, how potent in association!

Of the three races, the Indians have transmitted the least in number. Their place-names are mostly identical with the tribes which were settled near them. The familiar Pawnee, Comanche, Crow, Ute, Uncompahgre, Cheyenne, and others, recur. One county in Colorado is named after a great chief, the famous *Ouray*, but such an origin is not usual. The local prejudice against the prairie tribes among all frontiersmen has probably discouraged any attempts to perpetuate Indian appellations. This is to be in some respects regretted. We would like to have known and had retained the aboriginal name for Pike's Peak, on whose summit the Utes used to kindle their beacon-fires for the gathering of the tribes to war. Pike is very well, and Zebulon M. Pike, after whom it was named, was no doubt a worthy officer and zealous explorer; but yet we exclaim, with Mr. Matthew Arnold, "By the Ilyssus there were no Pikes," and the great, bald mountain-mass which is constrained to pass under that title is noble enough for Olympus himself and many native Helicons. In every Colorado town there is also a score or two of streets called by Indian names, generally bestowed by the early settlers. The town in which the writer lives can boast *Nevada, Wahsatch, Kiowa, Uintah,* and others—all more flexile on the tongue than their Spanish similars, which undergo grotesque contortions on the lips of tourists from the East. Thus a very stickler is *Huérfano,* and *Tejon* lapses from its aspirated sonority into the vulgar *T-John*, in which the butcher-boys and the grocers take an inexplicable delight.* But all the aboriginal names put together cannot match that strange appellation which has fast-

* In Colorado Springs, I now learn through General William J. Palmer, one of its founders, the avenues were named by the town-company from the mountain-ranges between Colorado and the Pacific in their order of succession, and the cross streets from the principal rivers in their order of succession. But who gave the rivers and mountains their Spanish and Indian names?

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ened itself upon a remarkable wind. This is the warm west wind which, after a long duration of unusual cold, blows upon Montana and adjoining States and Territories. It is called *Chinook*, but what it means I know not. In the depths of winter it is the forerunner of mild weather, and is eagerly watched and (perhaps) piously prayed for by stockmen whose lean kine are driving, shelterless and fodderless, before the blasts. There is said to be a wind something like it in Switzerland, but, however that may be, there is no resemblance in sound or root between the Alpine *Foehn* and the Rocky Mountain *Chinook*.

The Indian place-names in Colorado, however, are seldom musical or even pretty, as they are so often in Maine or New York State. I know of but one exception, and in that the beauty is of significance rather than of sound. Looking from the bluffs west of Colorado Springs, if the sky is clear, you descry, away in the south, two little dimly blue, softly swelling hills, which are commonly called the *Spanish Peaks*. But the Indians have given them a more gracious name, a name almost exquisite in its subtle sense of feminine loveliness. They called them *Wa-ha-toya*, which means "maiden's twin-breasts." It makes one wish they had exercised the same faculty elsewhere and more frequently to such fine purpose.

Of the evidences of French migration in these parts there are less signs, and they are more scattered. Whether there is anything characteristic in it or not, I cannot say, but it is a fact that no mountains in Colorado have been named by Frenchmen, at least by any recognizable French name. The only exceptions I know of—though there may be one or two others in the less-known ranges—is *Les Trois Tetons*. *Bijou*, for some reason or other, has been a favorite denomination; you find it applied to creeks, basins, and streets. Similarly, there is *Frenchman's Fork*, not necessarily French in origin, though implying some Gallic association. I recall also such names as *Roche*, *Purgatoire*, *Cache la Poudre*, and others. The French explorer St. Vrain has lent his homonym to several spots, and to at least one river; and the torrent that rushes through Manitou just under Pike's Peak was called by him, poetically enough, *La Fontaine qui bouille*. The hard-headed Anglo-Saxons, reckoning this altogether too poetical, abridged it to *Fountain*, by which "englishment" it is commonly known. It is curious to compare these western place-names with the town-names in New England, such as those Professor Dexter, of Yale College, commented on recently in an interesting essay. He shows that of the hundred given by public authority before the War of Independence, fifty-seven were taken direct from British sources, seventeen came from peculiarities of location, eight from the Bible, and only three from names of prominent early settlers and founders. In Colorado these last are numerous, though perhaps not equal to the number named from distinguished men of the past and present. But I have too little space at my disposal to linger any longer among these relics of French and Indian passage. A passage, indeed, through the country is all that is marked by these meagre designations of mountain and stream.

If we trust the testimony of surviving epithets alone, the Spaniards had more of a local habitation and a name than the others, and left more frequent and more permanent traces. All over the country we are contemplating they have left the marks of their occupancy; their sentiment and speech are closely intertwined with valley, peak, and plain. In nearly all their place-names there is the music and sonorousness with which the Castilian tongue endows even the commonplace. Among creeks we have Alamosa, Carnero, Ceballa, Chicosa, Gores, Piedra, Pintada, Gata, Graneros, Los Piños, Hermosa, Gregario, La Jara, etc.; among mountains, Blanca, Canejos, Dolores, the La Garita Hills, Sharano, Pagosa, La Plata, etc.; and among counties and rivers a rich variety of soft-vowelled, liquid vocables. With regard to their generic name for mountain-masses, I foresee a speculative problem of a minor sort more curious than the absence of French appellations for individual peaks. The Anglo-Saxon uses the term "range" in describing them, but to the Spaniard they constitute a *sierra*, an epithet which he applies to the crests of sea-waves also. Where the former sees mainly distance,

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extent, continuity, the latter fixes his attention on the saw-like, serrated crowns, or summits, which are to him more typical, apparently, of true mountainous form. There are plenty of such features in the Rocky Mountains, and natives call them "buffalo-horns;" but I have often wondered if the hills of Spain—the *Sierra Madre*, for instance—possessed any dominant peculiarity of the kind, which led to its becoming a universal term for all mountain-ranges everywhere. It would be a nice question for Mr. Freeman or Max Müller, who possibly might discover (heaven help us!) a new myth in it. But I have said that in spreading over this wide territory and tossing his superb, high-sounding appellations about everywhere—leaving them to stick where they would—the Spaniard brought his sentiment with him, and transmitted it, or rather its husk, to a race of harsher tongue, on whom it hangs like some strange, barbaric jewel. Yes, it is here in Anglo-Saxondom in both its religious and chivalric forms. What was it but the fine Spanish audacity of worship that gave the sacred designation to the snowy hills encircling the Wet Mountain Valley, the *Sangre de Cristo* (Mountains of the Blood of Christ). It only remained for the prosaic, harvesting American to step in and "locate" its neighboring plateau as Wet Mountain Valley, for the historical imagination to find a new point for a long departure backward into the fatality of racial traits. The same survival of a vanished faith is seen in the beautiful names *Rio de las Ánimas* and *Rio Dolores*. After the persons of the Trinity they sought to celebrate all the saints of the calendar—not quite all, however, but enough to answer for scores of shrine-offered candles—San Miguel, San Luis, Santa Maria, Santa Clara, San Juan, and many others. San Cristobal is another among the titles of honor, but it is mentioned only because it suggests that if this simple personage was an early canonization of the Church, then the origin of the name in Coleridge's poem is far more ancient than either the poet or his annotator, Mr. Dante Rossetti, supposed.* At any rate, here these signs of old Spanish Christianity are, and here they will probably cling, rare and curious reminders of the bits of mediæval piety that have endured after the conquests of another race and an antagonistic culture.

All these town- and river- and mountain-names form part of the current coin of the people of Colorado. On their lips, however, and on the lips of all travellers, they have mostly, except in obvious cases of parallelism, lost their primitive meanings. Few persons stop to think, when they cross the Marshall Pass and sleep at Salida, that Salida is the *outlet* or *outgate* in the cleft of the environing hills. But the town was named, I believe, by Americans, reminding me—what I ought to have said before—that this is probably oftener the case than we know. There are some Americans, it seems, who are romantic enough to prefer the old Spanish names, and where a new one becomes necessary they have zeal enough to find one that shall accord with the ancient system of nomenclature. Women, in particular, have honored the custom by a generous observance, and it is not surprising to learn that the names of many of the small villages along the line of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, and the whole nomenclature of one of Colorado's principal towns, were invented and affixed by feminine tact and fertility of suggestion.

Place-names, however, are in a manner permanently settled; you employ them as you do some other modern implements, because they are a convenience, because they are indispensable to finding your way or directing others to find theirs—not an easy task under the best circumstances. But the kind of frontier coin I am about to speak of has hardly this excuse; not, at least, in the same degree. It is not universally compulsory; it is a convenience only to the restricted class who use it, and to those who deal or consort with them. It constitutes, in short, the bucolic dialect of the great prairie States.

The large class of words that have sprung up among cattle-owners and cow-boys, to designate the various acts and general conduct of their occupation, has never been catalogued. On coming

* See a very curious discussion, in T. Hall Caine's Reminiscences of Rossetti, concerning the origin of the name of Coleridge's Christabel.

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into contact with this pastoral life you find yourself, even within the limits of your own English, in a world of novel and not altogether comprehensible terms. It does not take long to master it, if you are thrown for a time among the rovers of the plains, and its strangeness gradually wears off. It becomes, indeed, a familiar and useful addition to your conversational stock of the vernacular. Nay, you even find the field of its usefulness enlarging, for the terms of the "round-up" and the "branding" and sheep-shearing are more or less piquant, and lend themselves easily to applications remote from their primitive usage. Transposed to the ordinary business or social concerns of modern life, they come to have a sort of zest in them; they reveal new sources of humor; they place old saws and old customs in a sharp light, a fresh illumination; but always by that undercurrent of suggestion, by contrast or association with the original pursuits, which the words described. So I heard, last year, a politician speak of a bolter of the Republican ticket as a "bucker." A "bucking horse" is one that "jumps sidewise or forward, up and down, with his legs stiffened into an unrelaxed perpendicular," and the image certainly has a kind of affinity with the moral action of a refractory voter.

"I'll put a check-strap on him, if he won't do it!" a little chap exclaimed to another, unconsciously using a phrase drawn from the training of horses; for the "check-strap," in cow-boy parlance, controls the bit in the horse's mouth. The cook on a ranch used to be called a "rustler;" but as it was necessary for a man who served three meals a day to a whole camp of hungry herders to be peculiarly alert and energetic, any uncommonly active man is now not seldom spoken of as a "rustler." A slight misuse of the powers of activity and craft has amplified its sense so that it may denominate a thief. "Pilgrim" and "tenderfoot" were formerly applied almost exclusively to newly imported cattle, but by a natural transferrence they are usually used to designate all newcomers, tourists, and business-men. "To go over the range" is to die, as any reader of Bret Harte's frontier stories knows; but once it was limited to cattle. Almost every visitor in the West has seen steers "roped" or "roped in" for the branding; but to "rope in" a man, nowadays, is to secure him in a business or social venture, and sometimes to his disadvantage. I don't know whether the epithet "thoroughbred" imposed on a fine woman is of western origin or not. I have heard Englishmen use it, but it is not uncommon here. A friend tells me he has heard a sheriff talk of "close-herding" several prisoners in his charge. On the plains it means the difficult art of keeping cattle in a compact body, close together. This is a novel transferrence of meaning, but it is well fortified by good example. The original meaning of our verb *hold* was something like herd, or rather the verb *corral*, Englished from the Spanish. It meant to *fend and feed* cattle, and from this primitive usage its multitudinous senses are derived. But these terms of widened application are few and far between; they give no idea of the extent of the cow-boy's specialized vocabulary. Here is a short list of the words used in connection with the ordinary occupations of his life on the plains: *Brand*, noun and verb; *brand-book*, containing the recorded brands of the county; *branding chute, branding-iron; counter-brand*, v. and n.; *flying-brand; lazy-brand; brand-bunch*, small herd of cattle; *bunch-grass; crease*, v. t., to stun a horse or steer by a blow in the neck in order to catch him; *cut out*, to separate an animal from the herd; *cutting-horse; crop*, n. and v., an ear-mark, or to make a mark by cutting the ear; *dewlap*, a cut in the lower part of the neck; *vent*, a brand announcing sale; *singlebob*, a slit ear dropping down. Other marks signifying ownership are *over-bit, over-hack, over-half-crop, over-slope, swallow-fork, under-bit, under-hack*, etc. These are mostly technical, but the common terms are almost equally unfamiliar—such as *grade*, adj. and v., improved cattle; *grass-cattle*, fed only on grass; *hack-amore*, bridle made of horse-hair; *heel*, to lariat an animal by the hind leg; *hondou* (derivation unknown, though probably from Spanish *honda*, the eye of a needle), the slip-knot of the lariat; *paunch*, to shoot a refractory steer

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through the paunch, producing a temporary quietude; *rig, single-rig, double-rig* (in very general use throughout the Western States); *round-up*, n. and v.; *slicker*, a water-proof oil-coat; *string*, a small collection of horses or steers; *string-beam*, pairs of horses or mules in long succession; *tail*, to hold a steer down by the tail after it is lassoed and heeled; *trail*, n. and v.; *trail-cattle, trail-cinch; wrangler*, a dog-herder; *wrangle-footed*, mixture of several gaits. The list is by no means complete, but it comprises the most common vernacular terms in use.* It will be observed that they are nearly all simple, intelligible words with, for the most part, obvious meanings. In this respect they differ from the mass of the London slang or street designations for different pursuits published last year in the report of the Commissioner of the Census in England. There were at least thirty or forty of these, from which, taken by themselves, it would have been impossible to have guessed the kind of occupation they described or, rather, concealed. But besides being clear and pertinently formed, it is plain that very few of the terms in the cow-boy's vocabulary are susceptible of extended applications. They are not likely ever to penetrate polite society. Some of them will pass into manuals as Americanisms, and some, perhaps, will soon find themselves alongside "gerrymander," "boycott," and "dude," if the report respecting ex-President Porter's new edition of Webster is true. For the most part, however, they are at present calculated only to amuse young ladies at Eastern dinner-tables; and under the delicate manipulations of a "collegiate" ranchman they are indeed, on such occasions, capable of affording inexhaustible diversion, being continual reminders of stories of wild life and roving adventure.

When we come to consider the class of words drawn from the Spanish, we find them not only more numerous, but more interesting. It is astonishing, indeed, how many of these foreignisms have crept into the common speech of the Rocky Mountain States.

* Many of the words enumerated here and elsewhere in this paper appeared in the Northwestern Live Stock Journal in the fall of 1885.

The central house on a landed estate, and the estate itself, is a ranch. The Spanish *rancho* means a mess, and so the American herder speaks of his companions collectively as the "ranch" or the "outfit." To "*vamos*" the ranch means to clear out, though in Spanish it is a familiar conversational interjection, as "Well, come now." *Ranchero* is the steward of the mess; it is used in New Mexico, and less frequently elsewhere. So, instead of herder, some say *vaquero* (Sp., cow-herd); instead of "pard," the usual mining slang, *compañero;* and for a friend, *compadre*—which are all good Castilian. *Corral* (Sp., small yard) is a universal term for the enclosure in which cattle are kept, but *corralero*, keeper of the yard, is scarcely ever heard. When the cow-boy is at home, or, as he usually puts it, at the "home-ranch," his house is often partly built of *adobe*, a species of sun-burnt brick, of which the Mexicans understand the value and craft of composition better than their sharper neighbors on this side the Rio Grande. If the weather is cold, you will probably find him inside, hugging his *estufa* (Sp., stove), regaling himself with a scanty breakfast of *tortillas* (diminutive of *torto*, cake). In Mexico, it is a pancake made of Indian meal, mashed, and baked on an earthen pan. If, on the other hand, the day is mild, as it is most likely to be so far south, where these epithets mostly prevail, he sits out on his *piazza*, with a light *serape* of striped woollen thrown over his shoulders, and gazes over his fields of *alfalfa*, which is excellent Spanish for lucern, or letting his eye wander past *arroyos*, on the one side (Sp., a brook or rivulet, but in the Northwest used for any dried-up creek—coulie [Fr., *couloir*] has the same sense, and is used quite as much in some States)—and *barrancas*, deep holes made by mountain-floods; and, on the other, along the gleaming lines of his *acéquias*, the same water-canals you see in the central parts and elevated plateaus of old Spain.

In the distance, beyond the *chaparral* (Sp., for plantation of evergreen oak, *Quercus ilex*, and so any thick tangle of bramble-bushes or thorny shrubs in clumps), he may descry the *cañon* (Sp., tunnel or cannon); or the *mesa* (Sp.,

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table-land), with its growth of *cactus*, *loco*, and *yucca*; or, if he lives far enough south, allow his eye to travel to the *pueblo* and the tower of the *mezquita* (mosque, in Spain generally applied, I think, to Mohammedan places of worship), or figure to himself what is going on in the *plaza* of the neighboring town. If there is to be a *baile* there that evening, he is pretty sure to go. *Baile*, corrupted into "bailee" among cow-boys, is allied to our ball, but it means also sheriff (bailiff), which is significant. The connection between balls and bailiffs in New Mexico is, unfortunately, more intimate and frequent than would be thought desirable in Boston or New York. The true cow-boy delights in the lingering waltz which the *señoritas* accord him; he will hop and roll about until he has worn out his *zapatos* (Sp., shoes), and still he is ready to swear that his partner is his *ojo*, the very eye of his heart. I mentioned *loco* above. The history of the word is rather singular. In the Spanish it is an adjective, meaning mad, crack-brained. There is a plant on the plains which poisons cattle, and produces all the ordinary symptoms of insanity; and someone, observing this, called it loco-weed. From the substantive a verb sprang into use; cattle showing signs of madness are said to be "locoed," and so finally the word extended to human beings. Some have derived these meanings from the plant itself, as if it had originally borne the name "loco;" but this is incorrect, the real process having been just the reverse of it. So much for the cow-boy at home; but the cow-boy at home is, however, a very tame, a hardly recognizable personage. Let us follow him as he equips himself and starts for a "round-up," and catch whatever flying vocables we can as we "lope," a contraction of gallop, on our *bronchos*, they being for the most part, as the Spanish word implies, rough and crabbed little beasts. *Cuddy* and *burro* are the two epithets which distinguish the small donkey; of the former the origin is buried in obscurity, but *burro* means primitively stupid, and all the world knows how well it is applied. *Es un burro en el tratajo*, says the Spanish proverb—"He drudges like an ass."

How much of the pastoral life of old Spain adheres to the cow-boy's language appears most plainly when he talks of animals, particularly of his horse, his horse's trappings, and his personal "outfit." More and more he is getting to prefer the American horse of large bone and sinew, and the pony is being increasingly set aside; but the *mustang* (Sp., *mesteño*), or cow-pony of the mixed Spanish and Indian breed, or the *broncho* (native Californian) used to be his favorite and constant companion. It was an undoubtable sign of his identity; the minute the eye could discern, on the farthest horizon, outlined against a clear sky, the cow-pony's small, slight frame, the drooping head and scraggy neck, you knew with whom you had to deal. The Cheyenne Indians in the old days, the Apaches now, might show a similar relief under the proper conditions, but if you were a wise man you would hardly find yourself within many miles of any such possible vision. A common Indian pony is called a *cayuse*, one of the few terms which stock-men have inherited from the tribes. It has come to be used in a depreciative sense, being applied to any poor, broken-down jade. But of whatever breed or strain it may be, when the beast is caught, by heeling or corralling, his troubles may be said to begin. Preparatory to saddling, the *hackamore*—which is said to come from the Spanish *jaquima*, a halter—on the plains usually wrought of twisted hair, is thrown over his head and firmly tied. Then the saddle-blanket is laid over his withers, with sometimes a *tilpah*, or parti-colored rug, woven and dyed by the Navajo or Taos Indians; and over this the saddle—the huge Mexican saddle, or perhaps the McClellan army-saddle. If it is the former, it has to be "cinched." This is from the Spanish substantive *cincha*, meaning a belt or girdle; *cinchar*, to girdle. To "cinch" a horse is by no means the same as girthing him. The two ends of the tough cordage which constitute the "cinch" terminate in long, narrow strips of leather, called *látigos* (Sp., thongs), which connect the "cinches" with the saddle and are run through an iron ring, called, if I remember correctly, the *larigo* ring, though why, deponent saith not, and then tied by a

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series of complicated turns and knots known only to the craft. Sometimes there is a *cource* (Indian?), or leather cover, to protect the saddle in wet weather; and if the traveller has a pack-mule to accompany him, he will have further to master the art, not despicable, of securing his *aparejo*, which in Spain is the pack-saddle for sumpter horses or mules.

The herder in question has been a long time mounting; but now that he is up and pricking about before the start, let us have a good look at him. Examining more closely this picturesque figure of the plains, that flies rapidly past us as we whirl by in some westward-bound train, and analyzing his dress and accoutrements, we begin to see that even in this trivial matter of externals he bears the imprint of mixed associations. Whether he follows the trail in Texas, Arizona, or Wyoming, something of the habits and customs of the semi-civilized Mexican cow-herd or shepherd, something of the original pastoral centre in which his kindred first moved, still sticks to him, partly as indefinable atmosphere, but mostly as very definable substance and detail. With unvarying uniformity, cow-boys wear the broad *sombrero*. What an admirable head-gear it is—warm and stout in winter, and a sheltering shade against summer suns! When they ride through a country hedged with impenetrable thicket, where the cattle seek refuge from the driving "blizzards," or when the season comes for the shearing of Southdowns or rough-fleeced Mexicans, it is necessary to don their *chaps* (Sp., contracted from *chaparro*, oak-bush), which are trousers made of stout leather, and stitched with leather cording. A jacket of the same material is sometimes worn, cut short in the jaunty Spanish fashion, and braided, just as you see them in the streets of Seville. Add to these the woollen shirt, gay in color and laced in front, the high boots, the sash, and the great, jingling spurs, and you have of the outer apparel of the herders nearly everything except the *quirt*, the *reata*, the *látigos*, and the *tapaderos*. *Quirt* is probably Spanish also, if we may now have to find its Spanish equivalent in *cuerda*, a rope; it is a short whip, made generally of dressed leather, woven into many curious shapes, and, like the *hackamore*, often entwined with horse-hair. The *reata* in Spain is generally a rope used to tie one horse or mule to another to keep them in line, but in the West it is simply Englished *lariat*. Lasso is of course Spanish (*lazo*, a noose). *Convesta*, perhaps a corruption of *cuerda*, is another epithet for it. The old women in Spain cover or uncover their cooking-pots with *tapaderos*, loose lids, but among the Mexicans and herders the word is applied to the leather covering for the protection of the feet. *Legaderos* is probably not Castilian at all. It is the term used for the stirrup-straps; and it looks as if it might have been derived from the root of the noun *legadura*, ligature, but it is not. It seems to be the solitary instance of an English word passing into the Spanish or Mexican, and coming back to us, disguised, as a fine Spanish changeling. The straps which hold the stirrups on many of the large Mexican saddles are, in fact, leg-guards, and this seems to be the homely Cinderella whom the Spanish tongue, like a true prince, transformed into its *legaderos*.

The indispensable habiliments, of which I spoke above, seldom go alone and unadorned. The most ordinary "outfit" of a herder costs about one hundred and twenty-five dollars, which seems like needless extravagance, and is so, in part. The extraordinary dearness of certain articles, such as a fine *sombrero* or a heavy water-proof coat, is quite beyond their intrinsic value. The taste is indulged as a matter of whim mostly, but the cow-boy is far more the slave of caprice and the fashion of his kind than is imagined. Touches of ornament here and there betray how much of the civilized convention still clings to him, or, if you please, how much of the savagery to which he is exposed, and gradually conforms to, has grown into his nature. His life is so rough, so rude and brutal, that a sort of internal reaction occurs at intervals, out of which there flashes a coarse but genuine need for pleasure, for gayety, color; and its manifestations assume the strangest, most comical, and pathetic forms. The old and tattered *sombrero* has its sun-parched tassels of gilt and tinsel; the sash encircling the

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waist, and streaming in the wind as he rides, is sometimes of orange or green, like that of a Spanish *toreador* in the bull-ring. But of all parts of his costume the boots are emphatically the most wonderful. It is in boots that the instinctive dandyism lying at the bottom of a savage's nature crops out unmistakably. Over a pair of stiff, straight boots—jacks, Bluchers, or raw-hides—an Indian is complacently and outrageously exultant. The cow-boy is discriminating and fastidious; he soars higher, and, what is better, really attains his aspiration. I am not travelled enough to say what the mode is everywhere among the drivers of cattle, but in Texas they really surpass the most ambitious conceptions of the modern Beau Brummel in the matter of leather and prunella. There the cow-boy sets himself out like the jay in the fable, with as small and narrow and high-heeled a boot as ever the cavaliers who followed Rupert could boast, so small and so tightly pinching that it is only donned and endured on certain solemn occasions. You will not see these extraordinary foot-coverings if he is whipping up a *caballo* or *caballada* (bunch of horses following a "round-up") or a *remontha* (bunch of saddle-horses), or if he has any other active work to do. The solemn occasion is commonly when he enters town after a long absence on "the trail." Nothing then can be allowed to dispense with the ceremony of boots; they must be worn, displayed, exulted in mightily and unctuously, as a monk exults in hair-cloth girdle. They are delectable things to the eyes of the nascent cow-boys, the novices of the trail. See how high they are! Look at the parti-colored laces in front! And listen to the *conchas*, the silver ornaments outside the spur, as they jingle and ring to the *broncho's* tread! This is indeed a glorious moment in his experience. But once out of town, and far from admiring eyes, off come these terrible tormentors, and a few miles out of San Antonio you will meet your hero or martyr, as the case may be, with the beautiful boots hanging to his saddle, and his eye surveying them with a defiant satisfaction. The heels, I omitted to say, are the chief points of pride. No Athenian buskin could have stood so majestically high; they lift a man several inches into the air of this poor world, and lend him a sort of moral loftiness. When, through over-much usage, they wear down on one side and the occupant stumbles and goes down, as may easily happen, what a fall and a humiliation is there, my friends! It is said that the audacious among "bull-whackers" dance from this elevation, but only he can believe it who has seen them egging around in a doleful *bolero*. There is, I doubt not, a suitably musical appellation for this foot-gear, but I have to confess myself ignorant of it. As for the boots themselves, I am quietly convinced in my own mind that they are neither American nor Mexican, but pure, untarnished Castilian. They have their proper and venerable parentage in the boots of the stately *hidalgos* who came over with Cortez, or with the old friars who sought the seven cities of Ciboa. Unfortunately, Prescott and other historians have failed to record this peculiar tradition; but that it is a fact you have only to see a native Texan mincing along in aristocratic agony and with a quaking heart of apprehension for that fickle, turnable heel. If it is not then clear to you that it was primitively made for those old courtiers of blood and ducats, in the days of the Spanish Inquisition, to prevent them from growing grossly fat and running away, I shall lose all faith in ocular testimony. It accompanied and expressed, no doubt, the contemporary taste in *cultos* in verse, and in sticking to it, as he so often does, particularly when it declines to come off at once, the cow-boy is only proving his affinity with the "swells" of a by-gone world.

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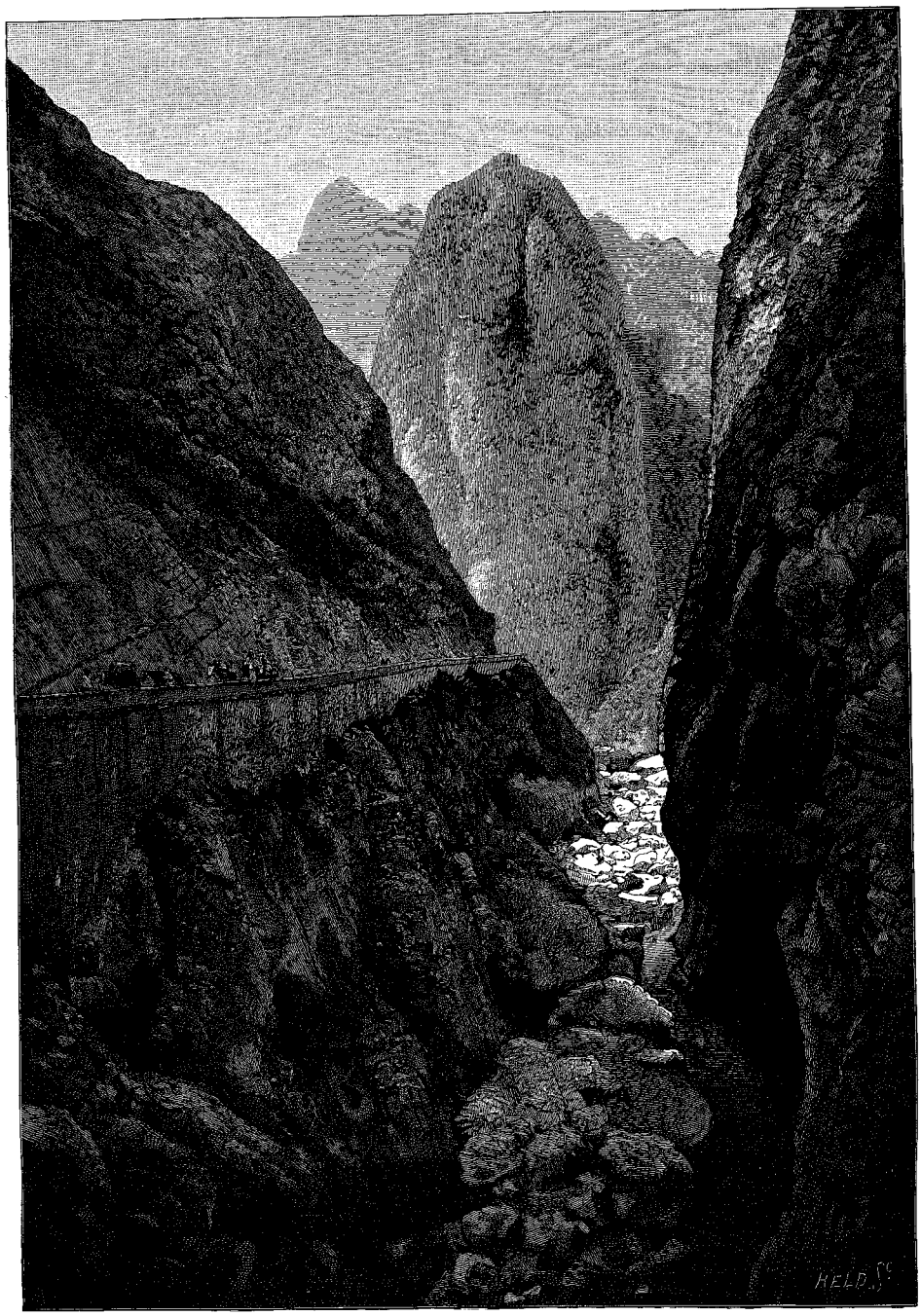

GORGE IN THE MOUNTAINS OF NORTHERN ALGERIA.

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